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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

4

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CONTAINING

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.
TEMPEST.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

BASIL:

Printed and sold by J. J. TOURNEISEN.

M. DCC. IC.

TEMPEST.*

* TEMPEST.) *The Tempeſt* and *The Midſummer Night's Dream* are the nobleſt efforts of that ſublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakſpeare, which ſoars above the bounds of nature without forſaking ſenſe; or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her eſtabliſhed limits. Fletcher ſeems particularly to have admired theſe two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*. But when he preſumes to break a lance with Shakſpeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The Falſe One*, which is the rival of *Antony and Cleopatra*, he is not ſo ſucceſsful. After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton catched the brighteſt fire of their imagination from theſe two plays; which ſhines fantaſtically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and ſerenely in *The Maſk at Ludlow Caſtle*.

WARBURTON.

No one has hitherto been lucky enough to diſcover the romance on which Shakſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have founded this play, the beauties of which could not ſecure it from the criticiſm of Ben Jonſon, whoſe malignity appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, he ſays: "If there be never a *ſervant monſter* "in the fair, who can help it, he ſays, nor a neſt of "*antiques*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, "like thoſe that beget *Tales*, *Tempeſts*, and ſuch like "drolleries." STEEVENS.

I was informed by the late Mr. Collins of Chicheſter, that Shakſpeare's *Tempeſt*, for which no origin is yet aſſigned, was formed on a romance called *Aurelio and Iſabella*, printed in Italian, Spaniſh, French, and Engliſh, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, an uſeful concluſion may be drawn from it, that Shakſpeare's ſtory is ſome-where to be found in an Italian novel, at leaſt that the ſtory preceded Shakſpeare. Mr. Collins had ſearched this ſubject with no leſs fidelity than judgement and induſtry: but his memory failing in his laſt calamitous indiſpoſition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumſtance, which may lead to a diſcovery, — that the principal character of the romance, anſwering to Shakſpeare's Proſpero, was a chemical negromancer, who had bound a ſpirit like Ariel to obey his call, and perform his ſervices. It was a common pretence of dealers in the occult ſciences to have a demon at command.

At leaſt Aurelio, or Orelio, was probably one of the names of this romance, the production and multiplicity of gold being the grand object of alchemy. Taken at large, the magical part of the *Tempeſt* is founded on that ſort of philoſophy which was practiſed by John Dee and his aſſociates, and has been called the Roſicrucian. The name Ariel came from the Talmudiſtick myſteries with which the learned Jews had infected this Science.

T. WARTON.

Mr. Theobald tells us, that *The Tempeſt* muſt have been written after 1609, becauſe the Bermuda Iſlands, which are mentioned in it, were unknown to the Engliſh until that year; but this is a miſtake. He might have ſeen in Hackluyt, 1600, folio, a deſcription of Bermuda, by Heory May, who was ſhipwrecked there in 1593.

It was however one of our author's laſt works. In 1598 he played a part in the original *Every Man in his Humour*. Two of the characters are *Proſpero* and *Stephano*. Here Ben Jonſon taught him the pronunciation of the latter word, which is always *right* in *The Tempeſt*.

"Is not this *Stephăno*, my drunken butler?"

And always *wrong* in his earlier play, *The Merchant of Venice*, which had been on the ſtage at leaſt two or three years before its publication in 1600.

"My friend *Stephāno*, ſignify I pray you," &c.

—— So little did Mr. Capell know of his author, when he idly ſuppoſed his *ſchool literature* might perhaps have been loſt by the *diſſipation of youth*, or the *buſy ſcene* of public life!

FARMER.

This play muſt have been written before 1614, when Jonſon ſneers at it in his *Bartholomew Fair*. In the latter plays of Shakſpeare, he has leſs of pun and quibble than in his early ones. In *The Merchant of Venice*, he expreſsly declares againſt them. This perhaps might be one criterion to diſcover the dates of his plays.

BLACKSTONE.

See Mr. Malone's *attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, and a Note on *The cloud-capt Towers*, &c. Act. IV.

STEEVENS.

PERSONS repreſented. *

Alonſo, *king of* Naples.
Sebaſtian, *his brother.*
Proſpero, *the rightful duke of* Milan.
Antonio, *his brother, the uſurping duke of* Milan.
Ferdinand, *ſon to the king of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old counſellor of* Naples.
Adrian, Franciſco, } *lords.*
Caliban, *a ſavage and deformed ſlave.*
Trinculo, *a jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken butler.*
Maſter of a ſhip, Boatſwain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *daughter to* Proſpero.

Ariel, *an airy ſpirit.*
Iris, Ceres, Juno, *Nymphs*, *Reapers*, } *ſpirits.*

Other ſpirits attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, the ſea, with a ſhip; afterwards an uninhabited iſland.

* This enumeration of perſons is taken from the folio 1623. STEEVENS.

Painted by G. Romney. Gravé à Livourne chez J.J. de Michel par M. Tartini.

An Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some trick of desperation: All but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,

SHAKSPEARE.

Tempest.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Then all a fire with me: the King's sons Ferdinand,
With hair up-starting (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that trap'd, cry'd, Hell is empty.
And all the devils are here.

The inchanted Island. before the Cell of Prospero.—Prospero & Miranda

TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A Storm with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-maſter *and a* Boatſwain.

MASTER. Boatſwain,[2] —

BOATS. Here, maſter: What cheer?

MAST. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[3] or we run ourſelves aground: beſtir, beſtir. (*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

BOATS. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-ſail; Tend to

[2] *Boatſwain*,) In this naval dialogue, perhaps the firſt example of ſailor's language exhibited on the ſtage, there are, as I have been told by a ſkilful navigator, ſome inaccuracies and contradictory orders. JOHNSON.

The foregoing obſervation is founded on a miſtake. Theſe orders ſhould be conſidered as given, not at once, but ſucceſſively, as the emergency required. One attempt to ſave the ſhip failing, another is tried. MALONE.

[3] — *fall to't* yarely,) i. e. Readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his uſe of this word. So in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*: "They'll make his muſe as *yare* as a tumbler." STEEVENS.

Here it is applied as a ſea-term, and in other parts of the ſcene. So he uſes the adjective, Act V. ſc. v: "Our ſhip is tight and *yare*." And in one of the *Henries*: "*yare* are our ſhips." To this day the ſailors ſay, "ſit *yare* to the helm." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. ſc. iii: "The tackles *yarely* frame the office." T. WARTON.

the maſter's whiſtle. — Blow, till thou burſt thy wind,[4] if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

ALON. Good boatſwain, have care. Where's the maſter? Play the men.[5]

BOATS. I pray now, keep below.

ANT. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

BOATS. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins: you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.[6]

GON. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS. When the ſea is. Hence! What care theſe roarers for the name of king? To cabin: ſilence: trouble us not.

GON. Good; yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

[4] *Blow, till thou burſt* thy *wind*; &c.) Perhaps it might be read *Blow till thou burſt, wind, if room enough.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather — *blow till thou burſt* thee, *wind! if room enough.* Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this paſſage in *The Pilgrim:*

" — *Blow, blow weſt wind,*
" *Blow till thou rive!* "

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" 1ſt *Sailor.* Blow, and *ſplit thyſelf!* "

Again, in *K. Lear:*

" Blow winds, and *burſt your* cheeks! "

The alluſion in theſe paſſages, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, is to the manner in which the winds were repreſented in ancient prints and pictures. STEEVENS.

[5] *Play the men.*) i. e. act with ſpirit, behave like men.

So in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. Act 1. ſc. vi:

" When they ſhall hear how we have *play'd the men,* "

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, p. 2:

" Viceroys and peers of Turkey, *play the men.* " Ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες, ἔστε, *Iliad.* V. v. 529. STEEVENS.

Again, in Scripture, 2 Sam. x. 12: " Be of good courage, and let us *play the men* for our people. " MALONE.

[6] — *aſſiſt the ſtorm.*) So in *Pericles:*

" Patience, good Sir; do not *aſſiſt the ſtorm.* " STEEVENS.

BOATS. None that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the preſent,[7] we will not hand a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap. — Cheerly, good hearts — Out of our way, I ſay. (*Exit.*

[8] GON. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. (*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

BOATS. Down with the top-maſt; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe.[9] (*A cry within.*) A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office. —

[7] — *of the preſent*,) i. e. *of* the preſent *inſtant*.
So in the 15th Chapter of the 1ſt Epiſtle to the Corinthians: "— of whom the greater part remain unto this *preſent*."
STEEVENS.

[8] *Gonzalo.*) It may be obſerved of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preſerves his cheerfulneſs in the wreck, and his hope on the iſland. JOHNSON.

[9] — *bring her to* try with main-courſe.) Probably from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "And when the barke had way, we cut the hauſer, and ſo gate the ſea to our friend, and *tried out* all that day *with our maine courſe*." MALONE.

This phraſe alſo occurs in Smith's *Sea-Grammar*, 1627, 4°, under the article *How to handle a ſhip in a ſtorme*. "Let us lie at *Trie with our maine courſe*; that is, to hale the tacke aboord, the ſheat cloſe aft, the boling ſet up, and the helme tied cloſe aboord." p. 40. STEEVENS.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to ſink?

SEB. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blaſphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATS. Work you, then.

ANT. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreſon, inſolent noiſe-maker, we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

GON. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.[2]

BOATS. Lay her a-hold, a-hold;[3] ſet her two courſes; off to ſea again,[4] lay her off.

Enter Mariners *wet.*

MAR. All loſt! to prayers, to prayers! all loſt! (*Exeunt.*

BOATS. What, muſt our mouths be cold?

GON. The king and prince at prayers! let us aſſiſt them,
For our caſe is as theirs.

[2] — an *unſtanch'd* wench.) *Unſtanch'd*, I am willing to believe, means incoutinent. STEEVENS.

[3] *Lay her a-hold, a-hold;*) *To lay a ſhip a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as ſhe can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to ſea. STEEVENS.

[4] — *ſet her two* courſes; *off to ſea again*,) The courſes are the main ſail and fore ſail. This term is uſed by Raleigh, in his *Diſcourſe on ſhipping*. JOHNSON.

The paſſage, as Mr. Holt has obſerved, ſhould be pointed, *Set her two courſes; off*, &c.

Such another expreſſion occurs in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"— off with your Drablers and your Banners; *out with your courſes.*" STEEVENS.

SEB. I am out of patience.

ANT. We are merely [5] cheated of our lives by drunkards. —
This wide-chopp'd raſcal; — 'Would, thou might'ſt lie drowning,
The waſhing of ten tides!

GON. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him.[6]

(*A confuſed noiſe within.*) Mercy on us! — We ſplit, we ſplit! — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! [7] — We ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit! —

ANT. Let's all ſink with the king. (*Exit.*

[5] — *merely* —) In this place ſignifies *abſolutely*. In which ſenſe it is uſed in *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. iii:

"— Things rank and groſs in nature
"Poſſeſs it *merely*."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*:

"— at requeſt
"Of ſome *mere* friends, ſome honourable Romans."

STEEVENS.

[6] — *to glut him.*) Shakſpeare probably wrote, *t'englut him*, *to ſwallow him*; for which I know not that *glut* is ever uſed by him. In this ſignification *englut*, from *engloutir*, French, occurs frequently, as in *Henry VI*:

"— Thou art ſo near the gulf
"Thou needs muſt be *englutted*."

And again, in *Timon* and *Othello*. Yet Milton writes *glutted offal* for *ſwallowed*, and therefore perhaps the preſent text may ſtand. JOHNSON.

Thus in Sir A. Gorges's tranſlation of Lucan, B. VI:

"— oylie fragments ſcarcely burn'd,
"Together ſhe doth ſcrape and *glut*."

i. e. ſwallow. STEEVENS.

[7] *Mercy on us*, &c. — *Farewell, brother!* &c.) All theſe lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo, who has no brother in the ſhip. It is probable that the lines ſucceeding the *confuſed noiſe within* ſhould be conſidered as ſpoken by no determinate characters. JOHNSON.

The hint for this ſtage direction, &c. might have been received from a paſſage in the ſecond book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, where

SEB. Let's take leave of him. (*Exit.*

GON. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,[8] any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. (*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The iſland: before the cell of Proſpero.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

MIRA. If by your art, my deareſt father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea,[9] mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O, I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer! a brave veſſel,
Who had no doubt ſome noble creatures[a] in her,

the ſhipwreck of Pyrocles is deſcribed, with this concluding circumſtance: "But a monſtrous cry, begotten of many roaring voyces, was able to infect with feare," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *An acre of barren ground; long heath*, brown *furze*, &c.) Sir T. Hanmer reads *ling*, heath, *broom*, furze. — Perhaps rightly, though he has been charged with tautology. I find in Harriſon's deſcription of Britain, prefixed to our author's good friend Holinſhed, p. 91: "*Brome*, *heth*, *furze*, brakes, whinnes, *ling*," &c. FARMER.

Mr. Tollet has ſufficiently vindicated Sir Thomas Hanmer from the charge of tautology, by favouring me with ſpecimens of three different kinds of heath which grow in his own neighbourhood. I would gladly have inſerted his obſervations at length; but, to ſay the truth, our author, like one of Cato's ſoldiers who was bit by a ſerpent,

Ipſe latet penitus congeſto corpore merſus. STEEVENS.

[9] *But that the ſea*, &c.) So, in *King Lear*:

"The ſea in ſuch a ſtorm as his bare head
"In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
"And quench'd the ſtelled fires." MALONE.

[a] — *creatures in her*,) The old copy reads — creature; but

[illegible] inv. Wolf sculpsit

SHAKSPEARE.

Tempest.

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Wo[illegible] for this be sure to-night thou shalt have cramps.
[illegible] stitches that shall pen thy breath up, urchins
[illegible] for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

The enchanted Island: before the Cell of Prospero. — Prospero, Miranda, Caliban & Ariel.

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Daſh'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart! Poor ſouls! they periſh'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or e'er [3]
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The freighting ſouls within her.

PRO. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

MIRA. O, woe the day!

PRO. No harm. [4]
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better [5]

the preceding as well as ſubſequeot words of Miranda ſeem to demand the emendation which I have received from Theohald. STEEVENS.

[3] — *or e'er* —) i. e. *before*. So, in *Eccleſiaſtes*, xii. 6: "Or *ever* the ſilver cord be looſed, or the goldeo bowl be hrokeo —." Again, in our author's *Cymbeline:*

"— *or e'er* I could
"Give him that partiog kiſs —." STEEVENS.

[4] PRO. *No harm.*) I know not whether Shakſpeare did oot make Miraoda ſpeak thus:

O, woe the day! no harm?

To which Proſpero properly aoſwers:

I have done nothing but in care of thee.

Miranda, wheu ſhe ſpeaks the words, *O, woe the day!* ſuppoſes, not that the crew had eſcaped, but that her father thought differently from her, aod couoted their deſtruction *no harm*. JOHNSON.

[5] — *more better* —) This uogrammatical expreſſion is very frequent among our oldeſt writers. So, io the *Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swan*, bl. l. no date: *imprinted by William Copland*. "And alſo the *more ſooner* to eome, without prolixity, to the true Chrooicles," &c. Again, in the *True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, 1594.

"To wait a meſſage of *more better* worth."

Again, ibid.

"That hale *more greater* than Caſſandra now." STEEVENS.

Than Proſpero, maſter of a full poor cell,[6]
And thy no greater father.

MIRA. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.[7]

PRO. 'Tis time
I ſhould inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me. — So;
(*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there my art. [8] — Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion [9] in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there is no ſoul — [1]

[6] — *full poor cell*,) i. e. a cell in a great degree of poverty. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*: « I am *full ſorry*.»
STEEVENS.

[7] *Did never* meddle *with my thoughts.*) i. e. *mix* with them. To *meddle* is often uſed, with this ſenſe, by *Chaucer*. Hence the ſubſtantive *medley*. The modern and familiar phraſe by which that of Miranda may be explained, is — *never entered my thoughts* — *never came into my head*. STEEVENS.

It ſhould rather mean *to interfere*, *to trouble*, *to buſy itſelf*, as ſtill uſed in the North, *e. g. Don't meddle with me*; i. e. Let me alone, Don't moleſt me. RITSON.

See Howell's *Dict.* 1660, in v. *to meddle*; « ſe *meſler* de. »
MALONE.

[8] *Lie there my art.*) Sir W. Cecil, lord Burleigh, lord high treaſurer, &c. in the reign of queen Elizabeth, when he put off his gown at night, uſed to ſay, *Lie there, lord treaſurer*. Fuller's *Holy State*, p. 257. STEEVENS.

[9] — virtue *of compaſſion* —) Virtue; the moſt efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like ſenſe we ſay, *The* virtue *of a plant is in the extract*. JOHNSON.

[1] — *that there is no* ſoul —) Thus the old editions read; but this is apparently defective. Mr. Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *that there is no ſoul loſt*, without any notice of the variation. Mr. Theobald ſubſtitutes *no foil*, and Mr. Pope follows him. To come ſo near the right, and yet to miſs it, is

No, not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel [3]
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink.
Sit down;
For thou muſt now know further.

MIRA. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but ſtopp'd
And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.* —

PRO. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
Obey, and be attentive. Can'ſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou can'ſt; for then thou waſt not
Out three years old.[4]

MIRA. Certainly, ſir, I can.

unlucky: the author probably wrote *no foil*, no ſtain, no ſpot: for ſo Ariel tells,

Not a hair periſh'd;
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before.

And Gonzalo, *The rarity of it is, that our garments being drench'd in the ſea, keep notwithſtanding their freſhneſs and gloſſes.* Of this emendation I find that the author of notes on *The Tempeſt* had a glimpſe, but could not keep it. JOHNSON.

— *no foul* —) Such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakſpeare. He ſometimes begins a ſentence, and before he concludes it, entirely changes its conſtruction, becauſe another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in converſation, it may be ſuffered to paſs uncenſured in the language of the ſtage. STEEVENS.

[3] — *not ſo much perdition as an* hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel —) Had Shakſpeare in his mind St. Paul's conſolatory ſpeech to the ſhip's company, where he aſſures them that though they were to ſuffer ſhipwreck "*not an* hair *ſhould fall from the head of any of them?*" Acts, xxvii. 34. Ariel afterwards ſays, "*Not a* hair *periſh'd.*" HOLT WHITE.

[4] Out *three years old.*) i. e. Quite three years old, three years old full-out, complete.
So, in the 4th act: "And be a boy right *out.*" STEEVENS.

PRO. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRA. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

PRO. Thou had'ſt, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark backward and abyſm of time?[4]
If thou remember'ſt aught, ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.

MIRA. But that I do not.

PRO. Twelve years ſince, Miranda, twelve years ſince,[5]
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

MIRA. Sir, are not you my father?

PRO. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid — thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princeſs; — no worſe iſſued.[6]

[4] — *abyſm* of time?) i. e. abyſs.
This method of ſpelling the word, is common to other ancient writers. They took it from the French *abyſme*, now written *abime*. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:
« And chaſe him from the deep *abyſms* below. » STEEVENS.

[5] *Twelve* years *ſince*, *Miranda*, *twelve* years *ſince*,) *Years*, in the firſt inſtance, is uſed as a diſſyllable, in the ſecond as a monoſyllable. But this, I believe, is a licence peculiar to the proſody of Shakſpeare STEEVENS.

[6] A *princeſs*; — *no worſe* iſſued.) The old copy reads — « And *princeſs*. » For the trivial change in the text I am anſwerable. *Iſſued* is deſcended. So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:
« For I am by birth a gentleman, and *iſſued* of ſuch parents, » &c. STEEVENS.

MIRA. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?

PRO. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou ſay'ſt, were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly holp hither.

MIRA. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen [7] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Pleaſe you, further.

PRO. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio, —
I pray thee, mark me, — that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious! — he whom, next thyſelf,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; as, at that time,
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt,
And Proſpero the prime duke; being ſo reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy,
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger, being tranſported,
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle —
Doſt thou attend me?

MIRA. Sir, moſt heedfully.

PRO. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom [8]
To traſh for over-topping; [9] new created

7 — *teen* —) is ſorrow, grief, trouble. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, "— to my *teen* be it ſpoken." STEEVENS.

8 — whom *to advance*, *and* whom —) The old copy has *who* in both places. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

9 *To traſh for over-topping;*) *To traſh*, as Dr. Warburton obſerves, is to cut away the ſuperfluities. This word I have met with in

The creatures that were mine; I ſay, or chang'd them,

books containing directions for gardeners, publiſhed in the time of queen Elizabeth.

The preſent exclamation may be countenanced by the following paſſage in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. X. ch. 57:

« Who ſuffreth none by might, by wealth or blood to *overtopp*,
« Himſelf gives all preferment, and whom liſteth him doth *lop*."

Again in our author's *K. Richard II:*

« Go thou, and, like an executioner,
« Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays
« That look too lofty in our commonwealth."

Mr. Warton's note, however, on — « *traſh* for his quick hunting," in the ſecond act of *Othello*, leaves my interpretation of this paſſage ſomewhat diſputable.

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves that *to traſh for overtopping*, « may mean to lop them, becauſe they did overtop, or in order to prevent them from overtopping. So Lucetta, in the ſecond ſcene of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ſays

« I was taken up for laying them down,
« Yet here they ſhall not lie, *for* catching cold."

That is, leſt they ſhould catch cold. See Mr. Maſon's note on this paſſage.

In another place (a note on *Othello*) Mr. M. Maſon obſerves that Shakſpeare had probably in view, when he wrote the paſſage before us, « the manner in which Tarquin conveyed to Sextus his advice to deſtroy the principal citizens of Gabii, by ſtriking off, in the preſence of his meſſengers, the heads of all the talleſt poppies, as he walked with them in his garden." STEEVENS.

I think this phraſe means — « to correct for too much haughtineſs or overbearing." It is uſed by ſportſmen in the North when they correct a dog for miſbehaviour in purſuing the game. This explanation is warranted by the following paſſage in *Othello*, Act II. ſc. i:

« If this poor traſh of Venice, whom I *traſh*
« For his quick hunting."

It was not till after I had made this remark, that I ſaw Mr. Warton's note on the above lines in *Othello*, which corroborates it. DOUCE.

A *traſh* is a term ſtill in uſe among hunters, to denote a piece of leather, couples, or any other weight faſtened round the neck of a dog, when his ſpeed is ſuperior to the reſt of the pack; i. e. when he *over-tops* them, when he *hunts too quick*. C.

Or elſe new form'd them: having both the key [2]
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts [3]
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuck'd my verdure out on't. — Thou attend'ſt not:
I pray thee, mark me. [4]

MIRA. O good Sir, I do.

PRO. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate [5]
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being ſo retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my truſt,
Like a good parent, [6] did beget of him
A falſhood, in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,

[2] — *both the* key —) This is meant of a *key* for tuoing the harpſichord, ſpionet, or virgioal; we call it oow a tuoiog hammer. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[3] *Of Officer and office, ſet all hearts* —) The old copy reads — "all hearts *i'th' ſtate*," but redundantly in regard to metre, and uooeceſſarily reſpecting ſenſe; for what hearts, except ſuch as were *i'th' ſtate*, could Alonſo ioclioe to his purpoſes?

I have followed the advice of Mr. Ritſoo, who judiciouſly propoſes to omit the words now ejected from the text. STEEVENS.

[4] *I pray thee, mark me.*) In the old copy, theſe words are the beginoing of Proſpero's next ſpeech; but, for the reſtoration of metre, I have chaoged their place. STEEVENS.

[5] *I thus neglecting worldly ends, all* dedicate —) The old copy has — "dedicated;" but we ſhould read, as io the preſeot text, "— dedicate." Thus in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Prayers from faſting maids, whoſe minds are *dedicate*
"To nothing temporal." RITSON.

[6] *Like a good* parent, &c.) Alludiog to the obſervatioo, that a father above the common rate of men has commooly a ſon below it. *Heroum filii noxæ.* JOHNSON.

But what my power might elſe exact, — like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,[6] — he did believe
He was the duke; out of the ſubſtitution,[7]
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: — Hence his ambition
Growing, — Doſt hear?

MIRA. Your tale, ſir, would cure deafneſs.

PRO. To have no ſcreen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Abſolute Milan: Me, poor man! — my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for ſway[8]) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.

[6] ——————— *like one,*
Who having, unto *truth*, *by telling of* it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie.) There is, perhaps, no correlative, to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety beloog. *Lie*, however, ſeems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically.

The old copy reads — «*into* truth." The neceſſary correction was made by Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

[7] *He was the duke; out of the ſubſtitution,*) The old copy reads — «He was *indeed* the duke." I have omitted the word *indeed*, for the ſake of metre. The reader ſhould place his emphaſis on — *was*. STEEVENS.

[8] (*So* dry *he was for ſway*)) i. e. So *thirſty*. The expreſſion, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties. Thus in *Leiceſter's Commonwealth*: «againſt the deſignments of the haſty Erle who *thirſteth a kingdome* with great iotemperance." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: «His ambition is *dry*." STEEVENS.

MIRA. O the heavens!

PRO. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

MIRA. I ſhould ſin
To think but nobly[9] of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad ſons.

PRO. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premiſes,[2] —
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, —
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight
Fated to the purpoſe, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkneſs,
The miniſters for the purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.

MIRA. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,[3]
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,[4]

9 *To think* but *nobly* —] *But*, in this place, ſignifies *otherwiſe than*. STEEVENS.

2 — in lieu *o' the premiſes*, &c.] In *lieu of*, means here, in conſideration of; an unuſual acceptation of the word. So, in Fletcher's *Prophetеſs*, the chorus, ſpeaking of Druſilla, ſays —
"But takes their oaths, *in lieu* of her aſſiſtance,
"That they ſhall not preſume to touch their lives."
M. MASON.

3 — *cried* out —] Perhaps we ſhould read — cried *on't*. STEEVENS.

4 — *a* hint,] *Hint* is *ſuggeſtion*. So, in the beginning ſpeech of the ſecond act:
"— our *hint* of woe
"Is common —."

That wrings mine eyes.[1]

PRO. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs
Which now's upon us; without the which, this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.

MIRA. Wherefore did they not
That hour deſtroy us?

PRO. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion. Dear, they durſt not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſs of a boat,[6] not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it:[7] there they hoiſt us,

A ſimilar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V. ſc. i:

« — it is a tidings
« To waſh the eyes of kings." STEEVENS.

[1] *That* wrings *mine eyes.*) i. e. ſqueezes the water out of them. The old copy reads —

« That wrings mine eyes *to't.*"

To what? every reader will aſk. I have therefore, by the advice of Dr. Farmer, omitted theſe words, which are unneceſſary to the metre; *hear*, at the beginning of the next ſpeech, being uſed as a diſſyllable.

To *wring*, in the ſenſe I contend for, occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act. I. ſc. ii: « his cook, or his laundry, or his waſher, and his *wringer*." STEEVENS.

[6] — *of a* boat,) The old copy reads — of a *butt*. HENLEY. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] — had *quit it:*) Old copy — *have* quit it. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

To cry to the ſea that roar'd to us;[8] to ſigh
To the winds, whoſe pity, ſighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRA. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

PRO. O! a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me! Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the ſea[9] with drops full ſalt;

[8] *To* cry *to the ſea that* roar'd *to us;*] This conceit occurs again in the *Winter's Tale:* — "How the poor ſouls *roar'd*, and the ſea *mock'd* them," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] — deck'd *the ſea* —] *To deck the ſea*, if explained, to honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck* is, *to cover;* ſo in ſome parts they yet ſay *deck the table*. This ſenſe may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *ſpeck'd*, which I think is ſtill uſed in ruſtic language of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads *mock'd;* the Oxford edition *brack'd*. JOHNSON.

Verſtegan, p. 61. ſpeaking of Beer, ſays, "So the *overdecking* "or *covering* of beer came to be called berham, and afterwards "barme." This very well ſupports Dr. Johnſon's explanation. The following paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra* may countenance the verb *deck* in its common acceptation:

"— do not pleaſe ſharp fate
"To *grace* it with your ſorrows."

What is this but *decking* it with *tears;*

Again, our author's Caliban ſays, Act III. ſc. ii:

"— He has brave utenſils,
"Which, when he has a houſe, he'll *deck* withal."

STEEVENS.

To *deck*, I am told, ſignifies in the North, to *ſprinkle*. See Ray's DICT. *of North Country words*, in *verb.* to *deg*, and to *deck;* and his DICT. *of South Country words*, in *verb dag*. The latter ſignifies *dew* upon the graſs; — hence *daggle-tailed*. In Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1679, we find — "*To* dag, *collutulo, irroro*." MALONE.

A correſpondent, who ſigns himſelf *Eboracenſis*, propoſes that this conteſted word ſhould be printed *degg'd*, which, ſays he, ſignifies *ſprinkled*, and is in daily uſe in the North of England. When cloaths that have been waſhed are too much dried, it is

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach,[2] to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.

MIRA. How came we aſhore?

PRO. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign,) did give us;[3] with

neceſſary to moiſten them before they can be irroned, which is always done by *ſprinkling*; this operation the maidens univerſally call *degging*. REED.

[2] *An undergoing* ſtomach.) *Stomach* is *ſtubborn reſolution*. So Horace, "— gravem Pelidæ *ſtomachum*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that*
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign,) did give us;) Mr. Steevens has ſuggeſted, that we might better read — *he* being then appointed; and ſo we ſhould certainly now write: but the reading of the old copy is the true one, that mode of phraſeology being the idiom of Shakſpeare's time. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"— This your ſon-in-law,
"And ſon unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)
"Is troth-plight to your daughter."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"— waving thy hand,
"*Which* often, thus, *correcting thy ſtout heart*,
"Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry,
"That will not hold the handling; or, ſay to them," &c.
MALONE.

I have left the paſſage in queſtion, as I found it, though with ſlender reliance on its integrity.

What Mr. Malone has ſtyled "the idiom of Shakſpeare's time," can ſcarce deſerve ſo creditable a diſtinction. It ſhould be remembered that the inſtances adduced by him in ſupport of his poſition, are not from the early quartos which he prefers on the ſcore of accuracy, but from the folio 1623, the inaccuracy of which, with equal judgment he has cenſured.

The genuine idiom of our language, at its different periods, can only be aſcertained by reference to contemporary writers whoſe

Rich garments, linens, ſtuffs, and neceſſáries,
Which ſince have ſteaded much: ſo, of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRA. 'Would I might
But ever ſee that man!

PRO. Now I ariſe:[4]—

works were ſkilfully reviſed as they paſſed through the preſs, and are therefore uoſuſpected of corruption. A ſufficient number of ſuch books are before us. If they ſupply examples of phraſeology reſembling that which Mr. Malone would eſtabliſh, there is an end of controverſy betweeo us: Let, however, the diſputed phraſes be brought to their teſt before they are admitted; for I utterly refuſe to accept the jargon of theatres and the miſtakes of printers, as the tdiom or grammar of the age in which Shakſpeare wrote. Every groſs departure from literary rules may be couoteoaoced, if we are permitted to draw examples from vitiated pages; and our readers, as often as they meet with reſtorations fouoded on ſuch authorities, may juſtly exclaim, with Othello, — "Chaos is come agaio." STEEVENS.

[4] *Now I* ariſe:) Why does Proſpero *ariſe*? Or, if he does it to eaſe himſelf by ehange of poſture, why need he interrupt his narrative to tell his daughter nf it? Perhaps theſe words belong to Miranda, and we ſhould read;

Mir. Would I might
Bot ever ſee that man! — Now I ariſe.
Pro. Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow:

Proſpero, in p. 13. had directed his daughter to *ſit down*, and learn the whole of this hiſtnry; having previouſly by ſome magical charm diſpoſed her to fall aſleep. He is watching the progreſs of this charm; and in the mean time tells her a long ſtory, nften aſking her whether her attentioo be ſtill awake. The ſtory beiog ended (as Miranda ſuppoſes) with their comiog nn ſhore, aod partaking of the conveniences provided for them by the loyal humanity of Goozalo, ſhe thereſore firſt expreſſes a wiſh to ſee the good old man, and then obſerves that ſhe may *now ariſe*, as the ſtory is done. Proſpero, ſurpriſed that his charm does not yet work, bids her *ſit ſtill*; and then eoters oo freſh matter to amuſe the time, telling her (what ſhe knew before) that he had been her

Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy ſchool-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes[5] can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.

MIRA. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, ſir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?

PRO. Know thus far forth. —
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady,[6] hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and by my preſcience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit,[7] my fortunes
Will ever after droop. — Here ceaſe more queſtions;
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep; 'tis a good dulneſs,[8]

tutor, &c. But ſoon perceiving her drowſineſs coming on, he breaks off abruptly, and leaves her *ſtill ſittiag* to her ſlumbers. BLACKSTONE.

As the words — "now I ariſe" — may ſignify, now I *riſe* in my narration," "now my ſtory *heighteas* in its conſequence," I have left the paſſage in queſtion, undiſturbed. We ſtill ſay, that the intereſt of a drama *riſes* or declines. STEEVENS.

[5] — *priaces* —) The firſt folio reads, — princeſſe. HENLEY. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[6] *Now my dear lady,*) i. e. *now my auſpicious miſtreſs.* STEEVENS.

[7] — *I find my zenith doth depend upon*
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influeace
If now I court aot, bat omit, &c.) So, in *Julius Cæſar*:
"There is a tide in the affairs of man,
"Which taken at the flood, leads on to *fortune*;
"*Omitted*, all the voyage of their life
"Is bound in ſhallows and in miſeries." MALONE.

[8] — *'tis a good dulneſs,*) Dr. Warburton rightly obſerves, that this ſleepineſs, which Proſpero by his art had brought upon Miranda, and of which he knew not how ſoon the effect would begin, makes him queſtion her ſo often whether ſhe is attentive to his ſtory. JOHNSON.

And give it way; — I know thou can'ſt not
choofe. — (MIRANDA *ſleeps.*
Come away, ſervant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. All hail, great maſter! grave ſir, hail! I
come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly,[9]
To ſwim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds;[2] to thy ſtrong bidding, taſk
Ariel, and all his quality.[3]

PRO. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
Perform'd to point[4] the tempeſt that I bade thee?

ARI. To every article.

9 *All hail, great maſter! grave ſir, hail! I come*
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly, &c.) Imitated by Fletcher in *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*:

« — tell me ſweeteſt,
« What new ſervice now is meeteſt
« For the ſatyre; ſhall I ſtray
« In the middle ayre, and ſtay
« The ſailing racke, or nimbly take
« Hold by the moone, and gently make
« Suit to the pale queene of night,
« For a beame to give me light?
« Shall I dive into the ſea,
« And bring thee coral, making way
« Through the riſing waves," &c. HENLEY.

2 *On the curl'd clouds;*) So, in *Timon* — *Criſp* heaven. STEEVENS.

3 — *and all his* quality.) i. e. all his confederates, all who are of the ſame profeſſion. So, in *Hamlet*:
« Come, give us a taſte of your *quality*." See notes on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

4 *Perform'd to point* —) i. e. to the minuteſt article.
So, in the *Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher;
« — are you all fit?
« To *point*, ſir." STEEVENS.

I boarded the king's ſhip; now on the beak,[5]
Now in the waiſt,[6] the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places;[7] on the top-maſt,
The yards and bowſprit, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precurſors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps,[8] more momentary
And ſight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty Neptune
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.[9]

PRO. My brave ſpirit!

[5] — *now on the* beak,) The beak was a ſtrong pointed body at the head of the ancient gallies; it is uſed here for the forecaſtle, or the boltſprit. JOHNSON.

[6] *Now in the* waiſt,) The part between the quarter-deck and the forecaſtle. JOHNSON.

[7] *Sometimes, I'd divide,*
And burn in many places;) Perhaps our author, when he wrote theſe lines, remembered the following paſſage in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "I do remember that in the great and boyſterous "ſtorme of this foule weather, in the night there came upon "the toppe of our maine yard and maine-maſt a certaine little "light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the "Spaniards call the *Cuerpo Santo*. This *light* continued aboord our "ſhip about three houres, *flying from maſte to maſte, and from "top to top; and ſometimes it would be in two or three places at once.*" MALONE.

Burton ſays, that the Spirits of *fire*, in form of fire-drakes and blazing ſtars, "oftentimes ſit on ſhip-maſts," &c. *Melancb.* P. I. § 2. p. 30. edit. 1638. T. WARTON.

[8] ——— *precurſors.*
O' the dreadful thunder-claps,) So, in *King Lear*:
"'Vant couriers of nak-cleaving thunderbolts." STEEVENS.

[9] *Yea, his dread trident* ſhake.) Leſt the metre ſhould appear defective, it is neceſſary to apprize the reader, that in Warwickſhire and other midland counties, *ſhake* is ſtill pronounced by the common people as if it was written — ſhoake, a diſſyllable. FARMER.

Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coil
Would not infect his reaſon?

ARI. Not a ſoul
But felt a fever of the mad,[2] and play'd
Some tricks of deſperation; All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,[3]
Then all a-fire with me: the king's ſon, Ferdinand,
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

PRO. Why, that's my ſpirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?

ARI. Cloſe by, my maſter.

PRO. But are they, Ariel, ſafe?

ARI. Not a hair periſh'd;
On their ſuſtaining[4] garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before: and as thou bad'ſt me,
In troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the iſle:

[2] *But felt a fever of the mad,*] If it be at all neceſſary to explain the meaning, it is this: *Not a ſoul but felt ſuch a fever as madmen feel, when the frantick fit is upon them.* STEEVENS.

[3] — *and* quit *the veſſel,*] *Quit* is, I think, here uſed for *quitted.* So, in *K. Lear:*

" — 'Twas he inform'd againſt him,
" And *quit* the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
" Might have the freer courſe."

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. *liſt*, for *lifted:*

" He ne'er *liſt* up his hand, but conquered." MALONE.

[4] — *ſuſtaining* —] i. e. their garments that bore them up and ſupported them. So, in *K. Lear*, Act IV. ſc. iv:

" In our *ſuſtaining* corn."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" ——— Her *clothes* ſpread wide,
" And, mermaid-like, a while they *bore her up.*"

Mr. M. Maſon, however, obſerves that "the word *ſuſtaining* in this place does not mean *ſupporting*, but *enduring*; and by their *ſuſtaining* garments, Ariel means their garments which *bore*, without being injured, the drenching of the ſea." STEEVENS.

The king's ſon have I landed by himſelf;
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs,
In an odd angle of the iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.

PRO. Of the kings ſhip,
The mariners, ſay, how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o' the fleet?

ARI. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vex'd Bermoothes,[1] there ſhe's hid:

[1] *From the ſtill-vex'd* Bermoothes,) Fletcher, in his *Women Pleaſed*, ſays, "*The devil ſhould think of purchaſing that egg-ſhell to victual out a witch for the Bermoothes.*" Smith, in his account of theſe iſlands, p. 172, ſays, "*that the Bermudas were ſo fearful to the world, that many called them* The Iſle of Devils. — P. 174. — *to all ſeamen no leſs terrible than an inchanted den of furies.*" And no wonder, for the clime was extremely ſubject to ſtorms and hurricanes; and the iſlands were ſurrounded with ſcattered rocks lying ſhallowly hid under the ſurface of the water. WARBURTON.

The epithet here applied to the Bermudas, will be beſt underſtood by thoſe who have ſeen the chafing of the ſea over the rugged rocks by which they are ſurrounded, and which render acceſs to them ſo dangerous. It was in our poet's time the current opinion, that Bermudas was inhabited by *monſters*, and *devils*. — *Setebos*, the god of Calibao's dam, was an American devil, worſhipped by the giants of Patagonia. HENLEY.

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612: "Sir, if you have made me tell a lye, they'll ſend me on a voyage to the iſland of Hogs and *Devils*, the *Bermudas*."
STEVENS.

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil ſpirits continued ſo late as the civil wars. In a little piece of Sir John Berkinghead's, intitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard, una cum indice expurgatorio*, &c. 12°, in page 62, under the title *Caſes of Conſcience*, is this:

"34. Whether *Bermudas* and the parliament-houſe lie under one planet, ſeeing both are *haunted with devils*." PERCY.

Bermudas was on this account the cant name for ſome privileged place, in which the cheats and riotous bullies of Shakſpeare's time aſſembled. So, in *The Devil is an Aſs*, by Ben Jonſon:

The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their ſuffer'd labour,
I have left aſleep: and for the reſt o' the fleet,
Which I diſpers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[6]
Bound ſadly home for Naples;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the king's ſhip wreck'd,
And his great perſon periſh.

PRO. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?[7]

ARI. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.

PRO. At leaſt two glaſſes: The time 'twixt ſix and now,
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.

ARI. Is there more toil? Since thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

" — keeps he ſtill your quarter
" In the *Bermudas?*"

Again, in one of his Epiſtles:

" Have their *Bermudas*, and their ſtraights i' th' Strand."

Again, in *The Devil is an Aſs:*

" ——— I gave my word
" For one that's run away to the *Bermudas.*" STEEVENS.

6 — *the Mediterranean* flote,) *Flote* is *wave. Flot.* Fr. STEEVENS.

7 *What is the time o' the day?*) This paſſage needs not be diſturbed, it being common to aſk a queſtion, which the next moment enables us to anſwer: he that thinks it faulty, may eaſily adjuſt it thus:

PRO. *What is the time o' the day? Paſt the mid ſeaſon?*
ARI. *At leaſt two glaſſes.*
PRO. *The time 'twixt ſix and now* —. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton propoſes to regulate this paſſage differently:

Ariel. *Paſt the mid ſeaſon, at leaſt two glaſſes.*
Proſ. *The time,* &c. MALONE.

PRO. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'ſt demand?

ARI. My liberty.

PRO. Before the time be out? no more.

ARI. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;
Told thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd[8]
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.

PRO. Doſt thou forget[9]

[8] *Told thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd* —) The old copy has —

"Told thee no lies, made *thee* no miſtakings, ſerv'd —."

The repetition of a word will be found a frequent miſtake in the ancient editions. RITSON.

[9] *Doſt thou forget* —) That the character and conduct of Proſpero may be underſtood, ſomething muſt be known of the ſyſtem of enchantment, which ſupplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This ſyſtem ſeems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen ſpirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulſion, ſome being confined in hell, *ſome* (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expreſſes it) *diſperſed in air, ſome on earth, ſome in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth.* Of theſe, ſome were more malignant and miſchievous than others. The earthy ſpirits ſeem to have been thought the moſt depraved, and the aerial the leaſt vitiated. Thus Proſpero obſerves of Ariel:

— Thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands.

Over theſe ſpirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed or charms learned. This power was called *The black Art*, or *Knowledge of Enchantment.* The enchanter being (as king James obſerves in his *Demonology*) one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch ſerves him.* Thoſe who thought leſt of this art, the exiſtence of which was, I am afraid, believed very ſeriouſly, held, that certain ſounds and characters had a phyſical power over ſpirits, and compelled their agency; others, who condemned the practice, which in reality was ſurely never practiſed, were of opinion, with more reaſon, that the power of charms aroſe *only* from compact,

From what a torment I did free thee?

ARI. No.

PRO. Thou doſt; and think'ſt
It much, to tread the ooze of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;
To do me buſineſs in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.

ARI. I do not, ſir.

PRO. Thou lieſt, malignant thing! Haſt thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax,[a] who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?

ARI. No, ſir.

PRO. Thou haſt: Where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me.

ARI. Sir, in Argier.[3]

and was no more than the ſpirits volootarily allowed them for the ſeduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and therefore Caſaubon, ſpeaking of one who had commerce with ſpirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the beſt kind, who dealt with them by way of command.* Thus Proſpero repents of his art in the laſt ſcene. The ſpirits were always conſidered as in ſome meaſure enſlaved to the enchanter, at leaſt for a time, and as ſerving with unwillingneſs; therefore Ariel ſo often begs for liberty; and Caliban obſerves, that the ſpirits ſerve Proſpero with no good will, but *hate him rootedly.* — Of theſe trifles enough. JOHNSON.

[a] *The foul witch Sycorax,*) This idea might have been caught from Dioyſe Settle's *Reporte of the laſt Voyage of Captaine Frobiſher,* 12mo. bl. l. 1577. He is ſpeaking of a woman found on one of the iſlands deſcribed, "The old wreteh, whome diuers of our Saylers ſuppoſed to be a Diuell, or a *Witche*, plocked off her buſkius, to ſee if ſhe were elooen-footed, and for her oughly hewe and deformitie, we let her goe." STEEVENS.

[3] — in Argier.) *Argier* is the ancient Engliſh name for *Algiers.* See a pamphlet entitled, "A true Relation of the Travailes, &c. of William Davict, barber-ſurgeon," &c. 1614. In this is a chapter "on the deſcription, &c. of *Argier.*" STEEVENS.

PRO. O, was ſhe ſo? I muſt,
Once in a month, recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For miſchiefs manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd; for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?
ARI. Ay, ſir.
PRO. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the ſailors: Thou, my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thyſelf, waſt then her ſervant:
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years; within which ſpace ſhe died,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike: Then was this iſland,
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.
ARI. Yes; Caliban her ſon.
PRO. Dull thing, I ſay ſo; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and hear'd thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

ARI. I thank thee, maſter.
PRO. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelve winters.
ARI. Pardon, maſter:
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſpriting gently.
PRO. Do ſo; and after two days
I will diſcharge thee.
ARI. That's my noble maſter!
What ſhall I do? ſay what? what ſhall I do?
PRO. Go make thyſelf like to a nymph o' the ſea;[4]
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine; inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe.[5] Go, take this ſhape,
And hither come in't: hence, with diligence.[6]
Exit ARIEL.

4 — *to a nymph o' the ſea;*) There does not appear to be ſufficient cauſe why *Ariel* ſhould aſſume this new ſhape, as he was to be inviſible to all eyes but thoſe of Proſpero. STEEVENS.

5 *Be ſubject to no ſight but* mine; *inviſible*
To every eye-ball elſe.) The old copy reads —
« Be ſubject to no ſight but *thine and* mine: inviſible, » &c.
But redundancy in the firſt line, and the ridiculous precaution that Ariel ſhould not be *inviſible to himſelf*, plainly prove that the words — *and thine* — were the interpolations of ignorance. STEEVENS.

Go make thyſelf like a nymph o' the ſea: be ſubject
To no ſight but thine and mine; inviſible, &c.) The words — « be ſubject. » — having been tranſferred in the firſt copy of this play to the latter of theſe lines, by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or printer, the editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the metre of the former, introduced the word *to*; — reading, « like *to* a nymph o' the ſea. » The regulation that I have made, ſhews that the addition, like many others made by that editor, was unneceſſary. MALONE.
My arrangement of this paſſage, admits the word *to*, which, I think, was judiciouſly reſtored by the editor of the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

6 *And hither come in't: hence with diligence.*) The old copy reads —
« And hither come in't: *go*, hence with diligence. »
The tranſcriber or compoſitor had caught the word *go* from the preceding line. RITSON.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well;
Awake!

MIRA. The ſtrangeneſs [7] of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.

PRO. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll viſit Caliban, my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.

MIRA. 'Tis a villain, ſir,
I do not love to look on.

PRO. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: [8] he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and ſerves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! ſlave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! ſpeak.

CAL. (*Within*) There's wood enough within.

PRO. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoiſe! when? [9]

[7] *The ſtrangeneſs* —) Why ſhould a wonderful ſtory produce ſleep? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind eaſily ſubſides in ſlumber, eſpecially when, as in Proſpero's relation, the laſt images are pleaſing. JOHNSON.

The poet ſeems to have been apprehenſive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would ſleep over this long but neceſſary tale, and therefore ſtrives to break it. Firſt, by making Proſpero diveſt himſelf of his magic robe and wand; then by waking her attention no leſs than ſix times by verbal interruption: then by varying the action when he riſes and bids her continue ſitting: and laſtly, by carrying on the buſineſs of the fable while Miranda ſleeps, by which ſhe is continued on the ſtage till the poet has occaſion for her again. WARNER.

[8] *We cannot miſs him:*) That is, we cannot do without him. M. MASON.

This provincial expreſſion is ſtill uſed in the midland counties. MALONE.

[9] *Come forth, thou tortoiſe!* when? This interrogation, indicative of impatience in the higheſt degree, occurs alſo in *K. Richard II.* Act I. ſc. i: "*When*, Harry?" See note on this paſſage.

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

ARI. My lord, it ſhall be done. (*Exit.*

PRO. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

CAL. As wicked dew as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,
Drop on you both! [2] a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er!

In Proſpero's ſummons to Caliban, however, as it ſtands in the old copy, the word *forth* (which I have repeated for the ſake of metre) is wanting. STEEVENS.

[2] Cal. *As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd*
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,
Drop on you both!) It was a tradition, it ſeems, that lord Falkland, lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden, coocurred in obſerving, that Shakſpeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had alſo deviſed and adapted a *new manner of language* for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that Shakſpeare gave his language a certain groteſque air of the ſavage and antique; which it certainly has. But Dr. Bentley took this, *of a new language*, literally; for ſpeakiog of a phraſe in Milton, which he ſuppoſed altogether abſurd and uomeaning, he ſays, *Satan had not the privilege as Caliban in Shakſpeare, to uſe new phraſe and diction unknown to all others* — — and agaio — *to practiſe diſtances is ſtill a Caliban ſtile.* Note on *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt*, l. iv. v. 945. But I know of no ſuch *Caliban ſtile* in Shakſpeare, that hath new phraſe and diction unknown to all others. WARBURTON.

Whence theſe critics derived the notion of a oew language appropriated to Caliban, I cannot find: they certainly miſtook brutality of ſentiment for uncouthneſs of words. Caliban had learned to ſpeak of Proſpero, and his daughter; he had no names for the ſun and moon before their arrival, and could not have inveuted a laugnage of his own, without more underſtanding than Shakſpeare has thought it proper to beſtow upon him. His diction is indeed

PRO. For this, be ſure, to-night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins[3]
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,[4]

ſomewhat clouded by the gloominess of his temper, and the malignity of his purpoſes; but let any other being entertain the ſame thoughts, and he will find them eaſily iſſue in the ſame expreſſions. JOHNSON.

As wicked *dew,*) *Wicked;* having baneful qualities. So Spenſer ſays, *wicked weed;* ſo, in oppoſition, we ſay herbs or medicines have *virtues.* Bacon mentions *virtuous Bezoar,* and Dryden *virtuous herbs.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *Booke of Haukyng,* &c. bl. l. no date: «If a *wycked* «fellon be ſwollen in ſuch manner that a man may hele it, the «hauke ſhall not dye.» Under K. Henry VI. the parliament petitioned againſt hops, as a *wicked* weed. See Fuller's Worthies: Eſſex. STEEVENS.

3 — *urchins* —) i. e. hedgehogs.

Urchins are enumerated by *Reginald Scott* among other terrific beings. So, in Chapman's *May Day,* 1611:

«—to fold myſelf up like an *urchin.*»

Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks,* 1638:

«What, are the *urchins* crept out of their dens,
«Under the conduct of this porcupine!»

Urchins are perhaps here put for *fairies.* Milton in his *Maſque* ſpeaks of «*urchin* blaſts,» and we ſtill call any little dwarniſh child, an *urchin.* The word occurs again in the next act. The *echinus,* or *ſea hedge-hog,* is ſtill denominated the *urchin.* STEEVENS.

In the M. *W. of Windſor* we have «*urchins,* ouphes, and fairies;» and the paſſage to which Mr. Steevens alludes, proves, I think, that *urchins* here ſignifies beings of the fairy kind:

«His *ſpirits* hear me,
«And yet I needs muſt curſe; but they'll nor *pinch,*
«Fright me with *urchin-ſhews,* pitch me i'the mire,» &c.

MALONE.

In ſupport of Mr. Steevens's note, which does not appear ſatisfactory to Mr. Malone, take the following proofs from *Hormanni Vulgaria,* 4to 1519. p. 309: — «*Urchyns* or *Hedgehoggis,* full of ſharpe pryckillys, whan they know that they be hunted, make them rounde lyke a balle.» — Again, — «*Porpyns* have longer prykels than *urchyns.*» DOUCE.

4 —*for that* vaſt of night *that they may work,*) The *vaſt of night*

All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made them.
CAL. I muſt eat my dinner,
This iſland's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt, [5]
Thou ſtrok'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; would'ſt give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' the iſle,

means the night which is naturally empty and deſerted, without action, or when all things lying in ſleep and ſilence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited *waſte*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"In the dead *waſte* and middle of the night."

It has a meaning like of *nox vaſta*.

Perhaps, however, it may be uſed with a ſignification ſomewhat different, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609;

"Thou God of this great *vaſt*, rebuke the ſurges."

Vaſtum is likewiſe the ancient law term for *waſte* uncultivated land; and, with this meaning, *vaſt* is uſed by Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:

"—When unlightſome, *vaſt*, and indigeſt,
"The formleſs matter of this world did lye."

It ſhould be remembered, that, in the pneumatology of former ages, theſe particulars were ſettled with the moſt minute exactneſs, and the different kinds of viſionary beings had different allotments of time ſuitable to the variety or conſequence of their employments. During theſe ſpaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belonged to others. Among theſe, we may ſuppoſe *urchins* to have had a part ſubjected to their dominion. To this limitation of time Shakſpeare alludes again in *K. Lear*: "*He begins at curfew, and walks till the ſecond cock.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt,)* We might read—

"Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cam'ſt *here* firſt,—"

RITSON.

The freſh ſprings, brine pits, barren place, and
fertile;
Curſed be I that did ſo!—All the charms [6]
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Which firſt was mine own king: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of the iſland.

PRO. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs: I have
us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd
thee
In mine own cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.

CAN. O ho, O ho! [7]—'wou'd it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me; I had peopled elſe
This iſle with Calibans.

PRO. Abhorred ſlave; [8]
Which any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

[6] —*All the* charms—) The latter word, like many others of the ſame kind, is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Why ſhould we encourage a ſuppoſition which no inſtance whatever countenances? viz. that *charms* was uſed as a diſſyllable. The verſe is complete without ſuch an effort to prolong it:

"Curſed | be I | that did | ſo! all | the charms—."

STEEVENS.

[7] *O ho, O ho!*) This ſavage exclamation was originally and conſtantly appropriated by the writers of our ancient Myſteries and Moralities, to the Devil; and has, in this inſtance, been transferred to his deſcendant Caliban. STEEVENS.

[8] *Abhorred ſlave;*) This ſpeech, which the old copy gives to Miranda, is very judiciouſly beſtowed by Theobald on Proſpero. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, this ſpeech transferred to Proſpero in the alteration of this play by Dryden and D'Avenant. MALONE.

Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didſt not, ſavage,
Know thine own meaning,[9] but would'ſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,[2]
Though thou didſt learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon.

CAL. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: The red plague rid you,[3]

[9] —*When thou didſt not, ſavage,*
Know thine own meaning,) By this expreſſion, however defective, the poet ſeems to have meant—*When thou didſt utter ſounds, to which thou hadſt no determinate meaning:* but the following expreſſion of Mr. Addiſon, in his 389th Spectator, concerning the Hottentots, may prove the beſt comment on this paſſage; "—having no language among them but a confuſed gabble, which is *neither well underſtood by themſelves*, or others." STEEVENS.

[2] *But thy* vile race,) The old copy has *vild*, but it is only the ancient mode of ſpelling *vile*. *Race*, in this place, ſeems to ſignify original diſpoſition, inborn qualities. In this ſenſe we ſtill ſay—*The race of wine*: Thus in Maſſinger's *New Way to pay old Debts:*

"There came, not ſix days ſince, from Hull, a pipe
"Of rich Canary.—
"Is it of the right *race?*"

and Sir W. Temple has ſomewhere applied it to works of literature. STEEVENS.

Race and racineſs in wine, ſignifies a kind of tartneſs. BLACKSTONE.

[3] —*the* red *plague* rid *you*,) I ſuppoſe from the redneſs of the body, univerſally inflamed. JOHNSON.

The *eryſipelas* was anciently called the *red plague*. STEEVENS.

So again, in *Coriolanus:*

"Now the *red peſtilence* ſtrike all trades in Rome!"

For learning me your language!

PRO. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, th' wert beſt,
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar.
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

CAL. No, 'pray thee!—
I muſt obey: his art is of ſuch power, (*Aſide.*
It would control my dam's god Setebos,[4]
And make a vaſſal of him.

PRO. So, ſlave; hence!
(*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL *inviſible,*[5] *playing and ſinging;* FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL's Song.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Court'ſied when you have, and kiſs'd,
(The wild waves whiſt) [6]

The word *rid*, which has not been explained, means to *deſtroy*. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

« —If you ever chance to have a child,
« Look, in his youth, to have him ſo cut off,
« As, deathſmen! you have *rid* this ſweet young prince."

MALONE.

[4] — *my dam's god*, Setebos,] A gentleman of great merit, Mr. *Warner*, has obſerved on the authority of *John Barbot*, that « the *Patagons* are reported to dread a great horned devil, called *Setebos*."—It may be aſked however, how *Shakſpeare* knew any thing of this, as *Barbot* was a voyager of the preſent century?—Perhaps he had read *Eden's* Hiſtory of Travayle, 1577, who tells us, p. 434, that « the *giantes*, when they found themſelves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them."—The *metathesis* in *Caliban* from *Canibal* is evident. FARMER.

We learn from Magellan's voyage, that *Setebos* was the ſupreme god of the Patagons, and Cheleule was an inferior one. TOLLET.

Foot it featly here and there;
And, ſweet ſprites, the burden bear.[7]
Hark, hark!
BUR. Bowgh, wowgh. *(diſperſedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
BUR. Bowgh, wowgh. *(diſperſedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

FER. Where ſhould this muſick be? i' the air, or the earth?
It ſounds no more:—and ſure, it waits upon
Some god of the iſland. Sitting on a bank,

Setebos is alſo mentioned in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1589. MALONE.

[5] *Re-enter Ariel* inviſible,) In the wardrobe of the Lord Admiral's men (i. e. company of comedians) 1598, was—"a robe for to goo *inviſebell*." See the Mſ. from Dulwich college, quoted by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

[6] *Court'ſied when you have, and* kiſs'd,) As was anciently done at the beginning of ſome dances. So, in *K. Henry VIII.* that prince ſays to Anna Bullen—

"I were unmannerly to take you out,
"And not to *kiſs you.*"

The wild waves whiſt;) i. e. the wild waves being *ſilent.* So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. VII. c. 7. ſ. 59:

"*So was the Titaneſs put down, and* whiſt."

And Milton ſeems to have had our author in his eye. See ſtanza 5. of his Hymn on the Nativity:

"*The winds with wonder* whiſt,
"*Smoothly the waters kiſs'd.*"

So again, both Lord Surrey and Phaer, in their tranſlations of the ſecond book of Virgil:

"—*Conticuere omnes.*
"They *whiſted* all."

and Lylly, in his *Maid's Metamorphoſis*, 1600:

"But every thing is quiet, *whiſt*, and ſtill." STEEVENS.

[7] —*the burden bear.*) Old copy—bear the burden. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Weeping again the king my father's wreck, [8]
This muſick crept by me upon the waters; [9]
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion,
With its ſweet air, thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL ſings.

Full fathom five thy father lies; [1]
Of his bones are coral made;
Thoſe are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade, [2]

[8] *Weeping* again *the king my father's wreck,*) Thus the old copy; but in the books of Shakſpeare's age *again* is ſometimes printed inſtead of *againſt* (i. e. oppoſite to), which I am perſuaded was our author's word. The placing Ferdinand in ſuch a ſituation that he could ſtill gaze upon the wrecked veſſel, is one of Shakſpeare's touches of nature. *Again* is inadmiſſible; for this would import that Ferdinand's tears had ceaſed for a time; whereas he himſelf tells us, afterwards, that from the hour of his father's wreck they had *never* ceaſed to flow:

" ——Myſelf am Naples,
" Who with mine eyes, *ne'er ſince at ebb*, beheld
" The king my father wreck'd."

However, as our author ſometimes forgot to compare the different parts of his play, I have made no change. MALONE.

By the word—*again*, I ſuppoſe the Prince means only to deſcribe the *repetition* of his ſorrows. Beſides, it appears from Miranda's deſcription of the ſtorm, that the ſhip had been *ſwallowed* by the waves, and conſequently could no longer be an object of ſight. STEEVENS.

[9] *This muſick* crept *by me upon the waters;*) So, in Milton's *Maſque*:

" —*a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound*
" *Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes,*
" *And* ſtole *upon the air.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *Full fathom five thy father lies*, &c.) Ariel's lays, (which have been condemned by Gildon as trifling, and defended not very ſucceſsfully by Dr. Warburton) however ſeaſonable and efficacious, muſt be allowed to be of no ſupernatural dignity or elegance: they expreſs nothing great, nor reveal any thing above mortal diſcovery.

But doth ſuffer a ſea-change [4]
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell. [5]
(*Burden*, ding-dong.

FER. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;—
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owes; [6] — I hear it now above me.

The reaſon for which Ariel is introduced thus trifliog is, that he and his compaoioos are evidently of the fairy kiod, an oider of beings to which tradition has always aſcribed a ſort of dimioutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humorous and frolick controlment of nature, well expreſſed by the ſoogs of Ariel. JOHNSON.

The ſongs io this play, Dr. Wilſoo, who reſet aod publiſhed two of them, tells us, in his *Court Ayres*, or *Ballads*, publiſhed at Oxford, 1660, that "*Full fathom five*," aod "*Where the bee ſucks*," had been firſt ſet by Robert Johnſon, a compoſer cootemporary with Shakſpeare. BURNEY.

3 *Nothing of him that doth fade,*
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change—) The meaning is—Every thiog about him, that is liable to alteration, is changed. STEEVENS.

4 *But doth* ſuffer *a ſea*-chaoge—) So, in Milton's *Maſque:*
"Aud *underwent* a quick immortal *change*."
STEEVENS.

5 *Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:*
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding, doog *bell.*
Burden, ding-dong.)
So, in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight*, &c. 13th editioo, 1690:
"Corydon's doleful knell io the tune of *Ding, dong.*"
"I muſt go ſeek a new love,
"Yet will I *ring her knell*,
Ding, dong."
The ſame borthen to a ſoog occurs in *The Merchant of Veniee*, Act III. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

6 *That the earth* owes:) *To owe*, in this place, as well as io many others, ſignifies *to own*. So, in *Othello:*
"—that ſweet ſleep
"Which thou *ow'dſt* yeſterday."

PRO. The fringed curtains[7] of thine eye advance,
And ſay, what thou ſeeſt yond'.
MIRA. What is't? a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, ſir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a ſpirit.
PRO. No, wench; it eats and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have, ſuch: This gallant, which thou ſeeſt,
Was in the wreck; and but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find them.
MIRA. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
PRO. It goes on,[8] (*Aſide.*
As my ſoul prompts it:—Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Again, in the *Tempeſt:*

« —thou doſt here uſurp
« The name thou *ow'ſt* not."

To uſe the word in this ſenſe, is not peculiar to Shakſpeare, I meet with it in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Buſh:*

« If now the beard be ſuch, what is the prince
« That *owes* the beard?" STEEVENS.

[7] *The* fringed curtains, &c.) The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

« ——*her eyelids*
« Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia* Lib. I: « Sometimes my eyes would lay themſelves open—or caſt my lids, as *curtains*, over the image of beauty her preſence had painted in them." STEEVENS.

[8] *It goes on,*) The old copy reads—" It goes on, *I ſee*, &c. But as the words *I ſee*, are uſeleſs, and an incumbrance to the metre, I have omitted them. STEEVENS.

FER. Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend! [9]—Vouchſafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this iſland;
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime requeſt,
Which I do laſt pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be made, or no?

MIRA. No wonder, ſir;
But, certainly a maid. [a]

9 *Moſt ſure*, &c.) It ſeems, that Shakſpeare, in *The Tempeſt*, hath been ſuſpected of tranſlating ſome expreſſions of Virgil; witneſs the *O Dea certe*. I preſume we are here directed to the paſſage, where Ferdinand ſays of Miranda, after hearing the ſongs of Ariel:

Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend!

And ſo *very ſmall Latin* is ſufficient for this formidable tranſlation, that, if it be thought any honour to our poet, I am loth to deprive him of it; but his honour is not built on ſuch a ſandy foundation. Let us turn to a *real tranſlator*, and examine whether the idea might not be fully comprehended by an Engliſh reader, ſuppoſing it neceſſarily borrowed from Virgil. *Hexameters* in our language are almoſt forgotten; we will quote therefore this time from Stanyhurſt:

"O to thee, fayre virgin, what terme may rightly be fitted?
"Thy tongue, thy viſage no mortal frayltie reſembleth.
"—No douht, a goddeſſe!" *Edit.* 1583. FARMER.

a —*certainly a maid.*) Nothing could be more prettily imagined, to illuſtrate the ſingularity of her character, than this pleaſant miſtake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philoſophy, which teaches us the knowledge of ourſelves; and was an utter ſtranger to the flattery invented by vicious and deſigning men to corrupt the other ſex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaiſance, and a deſire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which ſhe had been inſtructed, in her moral leſſons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into ſuch exceſs, as that any one ſhould be wiſhing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddeſs, or an immortal. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty, which I think the author never intended. Ferdinand aſks her not whether ſhe was a *created being*, a queſtion, which if he meant it, he has ill expreſſed, but whether ſhe was unmarried; for after the dialogue which

FER. My language! heavens!—
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.

Proſpero's interruption produces, he goes on purſuing his former queſtion:

« *O, if a virgin,*
« *I'll make you queen of Naples.*" JOHNSON.

A paſſage in *Lyly's Galathea* ſeems to countenance the preſent text: « The queſtion among men is common, *are you a maide?*" —yet I cannot but think, that Dr. *Warburton* reads very rightly: « If you be *made*, or no." When we meet with a harſh expreſſion in *Shakſpeare*, we are uſually to look for a *play upon words*. *Fletcher* cloſely imitates *The Tempeſt* in his *Sea Voyage*: and he introduces *Albert* in the ſame manner to the ladies of *his* Deſert Iſland:

« Be not offended, goddeſſes, that I fall
« Thus proſtrate," &c.

Shakſpeare himſelf had certainly read, and had probably now in his mind, a paſſage in the third book of *The Fairy Queen*, between *Timias* and *Belphabe*:

« *Angel* or *goddeſs!* do I call thee *right?*
« There-at ſhe bluſhing, ſaid, ah! gentle ſquire,
« Nor *goddeſs* I, nor *angel*, but the *maid*
« And *daughter* of a woody nymph," &c. FARMER.

So Milton. *Comus*, 265:

« —*Hail foreign wonder!*
« *Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed,*
« *Unleſs the Goddeſs*," &c.

Milton's imitation explains Shakſpeare. *Maid* is certainly a *created being*, a Woman in oppoſition to Goddeſs. Miranda immediately deſtroys this firſt ſenſe by a quibble. In the mean time, I have no objection to read *made*, i. e. *created*. The force of the ſentiment is the ſame. *Comus* is univerſally allowed to have taken ſome of its tints from *The Tempeſt*. T. WARTON.

The firſt copy reads—if you be *maid*, or no. Made was not ſuggeſted by Dr. Warburton, being an emendation introduced by the editor of the fourth folio. It was, I am perſuaded, the author's word: There being no article prefixed adds ſtrength to this ſuppoſition. Nothing is more common in his plays than a word being uſed in reply, in a ſenſe different from that in which it was employed by the firſt ſpeaker. Ferdinand had the moment before called Miranda a goddeſs; and the words immediately ſubjoined, —« Vouchſafe, my prayer"—ſhow, that he looked up to her as a perſon of a ſuperior order, and ſought her protection, and

PRO. How! the beſt?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

FER. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myſelf am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er ſince at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

MIRA. Alack, for mercy!

FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave ſon, being twain.[3]

PRO. The duke of Milan,

inſtruction for his conduct, not her love. At *this* period, therefore he muſt have felt too much awe to have flattered himſelf with the hope of poſſeſſing a being that appeared to him celeſtial; though afterwards, emboldened by what Miranda ſays, he exclaims, "O, if a virgin," &c. words that appear inconſiſtent with the ſuppoſition that he had already *aſked* her whether ſhe was one or not. She had indeed told him, ſhe was; but in his aſtoniſhment at hearing her ſpeak his own language, he may well be ſuppoſed to have forgotten what ſhe ſaid; which, if he had himſelf made the inquiry, would not be very reaſonable to ſuppoſe.

It appears from the alteration of this play by Dryden and Sir W. D'Avenant, that they conſidered the preſent paſſage in this light:

"—Fair excellence,
"If, as your form declares, you are divine,
"Be pleas'd to inſtruct me, how you will be worſhip'd;
"So bright a beauty cannot ſure belong
"To human kind."

In a ſubſequent ſcene we have again the ſame inquiry:

Alon. "Is ſhe the *goddeſs* that hath ſever'd us,
"And brought us thus together?"
Fer. "Sir ſhe's *mortal*."

Our author might have remembered Lodge's deſcription of Fawnia, the Perdita of his *Winter's Tale*: "Yet he ſcarce knew her, for ſhe had attired herſelf in rich apparel, which ſo increaſed her beauty, that ſhe reſembled rather an *angel* than a *creature*." *Doraſtus and Fawnia*, 1592. MALONE.

[3] *And his brave ſon, being twain.*) This is a ſlight forgetfulneſs. Nobody was loſt in the wreck, yet we find no ſuch character as the ſon of the duke of Milan. THEOBALD.

And his more braver daughter, could control thee,[4]
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the firſt ſight
(*Aſide.*
They have chang'd eyes;—Delicate Ariel,
I'll ſet thee free for this!—A word, good ſir;
I fear, you have done yourſelf ſome wrong:[5] a word.

MIRA. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? This
Is the third man that e'ver I ſaw; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for; pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

FER. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

PRO. Soft, ſir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſy make, leſt too light winning (*Aſide.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not: and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

FER. No, as I am a man.

MIRA. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple:
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.

[4] —*control thee,*) Confute thee, unanſwerably contradict thee. JOHNSON.

[5] *I fear you have done yourſelf ſome wrong:*) i. e. I fear that, in aſſerting yourſelf to be *king of Naples*, you have uttered a falſhood, which is below your character, and conſequently injurious to your honour. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*—"This is not well, maſter Ford, this *wrongs you.*" STEEVENS.

PRO. Follow me.— (*To* FERD.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſcles, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

FER. No;
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. (*He draws.*

MIRA. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful. [6]

PRO. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor![7]—Put thy ſword up, traitor;
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike, thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſs'd with guilt: come from thy ward; [8]
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick.
And make thy weapon drop.

[6] *He's gentle, and not* fearful.) *Fearful* ſignifies both terrible and timorous. In this place it may mean *timorous*. She tells her father, that as he is gentle, rough uſage is unneceſſary; and as he is brave, it may be dangerous.

Fearful, however, may ſignify *formidable*, as in *K. Henry, IV:*

"A mighty and a *fearful* head they are."

and then the meaning of the paſſage is obvious. STEEVENS.

"Do not raſhly determine to treat him with ſeverity, he is *mild and harmleſs*, and not in the leaſt *terrible* or *dangerous*."

RITSON.

[7] *My* foot *my tutor!*) So, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1587, p. 163:

"What honeſt heart would not conceive diſdayne,
"To ſee *the foote* ſurmount above the *head*." HENDERSON.

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act IV. ſc. ii. one of the quartos reads—

"My *foet* uſurps my *head*." STEEVENS.

[8] —*come from thy* ward;) Deſiſt from any hope of awing me by that poſture of defence. JOHNSON.

MIRA. Beſeech you, father!

PRO. Hence; hang not on my garments.

MIRA. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.

PRO. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt, there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and Caliban; Fooliſh wench!
To the moſt of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

MIRA. My affections
Are then moſt humble; I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.

PRO. Come on; obey: (*To* FERD.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again, [9]
And have no vigour in them.

FER. So they are;
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up. [8]
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me, [3]
Might I but through my priſon once a day

[9] *Thy nerves are in their infancy again,*) Perhaps Milton had this paſſage in his mind, when he wrote the following line in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle:*

"Thy nerves are all bound up in alabaſter." STEEVENS.

[8] *My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.)* Alluding to a common ſenſation in dreams; when we ſtruggle, but with a total impuiſſance in our endeavours, to run, ſtrike, &c. WARBURTON.

[3] —are *but light to me,*) This paſſage, as it ſtands at preſent, with all allowance for poetical licence, cannot be reconciled to grammar. I ſuſpect that our author wrote—"*were* but light to me," in the ſenſe of—*would be.*—In the preceding line the old copy reads—*nor* this man's threats. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Behold this maid: [4] all corners elſe o' the earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a priſon.

PRO. It works:—Come on.—
Thou haſt done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
(*To* FERD. *and* MIR.
Hark, what thou elſe ſhalt do me. (*To* ARIEL.

MIRA. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, ſir,
Than he appears by ſpeech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

PRO. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARI. To the ſyllable.

PRO. Come, follow: ſpeak not for him. (*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

GON. 'Beſeech you, ſir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy: for our eſcape

[4] *Might I but through my priſon once a day*
Behold this maid:) This thought ſeems borrowed from *The Knight's Tale* of Chaucer; v. 1230:
" For elles had I dwelt with Theſeus
" Yfetered in his priſon evermo.
" Than had I ben in bliſſe, and not in wo.
" Only the ſight of hire, whom that I ſerve,
" Though that I never hire grace may deſerve,
" Wold have ſufficed right ynough for me." STEEVENS.

Is much beyond our loſs: Our hint of woe[5]
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſters of ſome merchant,[6] and the merchant,
Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preſervation, few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good ſir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

ALON. Pr'ythee, peace.

SEB. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANT. The viſitor[7] will not give him o'er ſo.

SEB. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will ſtrike.

GON. Sir, —

SEB. One: — Tell.

GON. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer —

SEB. A dollar.

5 ——*Our* hint *of woe*—) *Hint* is that which recalls to the memory. The cauſe that fills our minds with grief is common. Dr. Warburton reads—*ſtint* of woe. JOHNSON.

Hint ſeems to mean circumſtance. "A danger from which they had eſcaped (ſays Mr. M. Maſon) might properly be called a *hint of woe*." STEVENS.

6 *The* maſters *of ſome merchant*, &c.) Thus the old copy. If the paſſage be not corrupt (as I ſuſpect it is) we muſt ſuppoſe that by *maſters* our author means the *owners* of a merchant's ſhip, or the *officers* to whom the navigation of it had been truſted. STEEVENS.

7 *The* viſitor—) Why Dr. Warburton ſhould change *viſitor* to *viſer*, for *adviſer*, I cannot diſcover. Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called *The Viſitor*, like others who viſit the ſick or diſtreſſed to give them conſolation. In ſome of the Proteſtant churches there is a kind of officers termed Conſolators for the ſick. JOHNSON.

GON. Dolour comes to him, indeed;[8] you have ſpoken truer than you purpos'd.

SEB. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

GON. Therefore, my lord,—

ANT. Fie, what a ſpendthrift is he of his tongue

ALON. I pr'ythee, ſpare.

GON. Well, I have done: But yet—

SEB. He will be talking.

ANT. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

SEB. The old cock.

ANT. The cockrel.

SEB. Done: The wager?

ANT. A laughter.

SEB. A match.

ADR. Though this iſland ſeem to be deſert,—

SEB. Ha, ha, ha!

ANT. So, you've pay'd.[9]

ADR. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible,—

SEB. Yet,

ADR. Yet—

ANT. He could not miſs it.

[8] *Gon.* Dolour *comes to him, indeed:*) The ſame quibble occurs in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637:

"And his reward be thirteen hundred *dollars*,
"For he hath driven *dolour* from our heart." STEEVENS.

[9] ——you've *pay'd.*) Old Copy—*you'r* paid. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. To *pay* ſometimes ſignified—to *beat*, but I have never met with it in a metaphorical ſenſe; otherwiſe I ſhould have thought the reading of the folio right: you are *beaten*; you have *loſt*. MALONE.

ADR. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance. [2]

ANT. Temperance was a delicate wench. [3]

SEB Ay, and a ſubtle; as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

ADR. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

SEB. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANT. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

GON. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

ANT. True; ſave means to live.

SEB. Of that there's none, or little.

GON. How luſh [4] and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

ANT. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

[2] —*and delicate* temperance.) *Temperance* here means *temperature*. STEEVENS.

[3] Temperance *was a delicate wench.*) In the puritanical times it was uſual to chriſten children from the titles of religious and moral virtues.

So Taylor, the water-poet, in his deſcription of a ſtrumpet:

"Though bad they be, they will not bate an ace,
"To be call'd Prudence, *Temperance*, Faith, or Grace."

STEEVENS.

[4] *How* loſh, *&c.*) *Luſh*, i. e. of a *dark full* colour, the oppoſite to *pale* and *faint*. SIR T. HANMER.

The words, *how green?* which immediately follow, might have intimated to Sir. T. Hanmer, that *luſh* here ſignifies *rank*, and not a *dark full colour*. In Arthur Golding's tranſlation of *Julius Solinus*, printed 1587, a paſſage occurs, in which the word is explained,—"Shrubbes *luſhe* and almoſt like a gryſtle." So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*.

"Quite over-canopied with *luſhious* woodbine." HENLEY.

The word *luſh* has not yet been rightly interpreted. It appears from the following paſſage in Golding's tranſlation of Ovid, 1587, to have ſignified *juicy*, *ſucculent*;

"What? feeſt thou not, how that the year, as repreſenting plaine
"The age of man, departes himſelf in quarters foure: firſt, baine

SEB. With an eye of green in't. [5]

ANT. He miſſes not much.

SEB. No; he doth but miſtake the truth totally.

GON. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almoſt beyond credit,)—

SEB. As many vouch'd rarities are.

GON. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs, and gloſſes; being rather new dy'd than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

ANT. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lies?

SEB. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

GON. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel [6] to the king of Tunis.

" And tender in the ſpring it is, even like a ſucking babe,
" Then greene and void of ſtrength, and *luſh* and *foggy* is the blade;
" And cheers the huſbandman with hope."

Ovid's lines (Met. XV.) are theſe:

Quid? non in ſpecies ſuccedere quatnor annum
Aſpicis, ætatis peragentem imitamina noſtræ?
Nam tener & lactens, puerique ſimillimus ævo,
Veive novo eſt. Tunc *herba recens*, & *roboris expers*,
Turget, & *inſolida eſt*, & ſpe delectat agreſtem.

Spenſer in his *Shepheard's Calender*, (Feb.) applies the epithet *luſty* to green:

" With leaves engrain'd in *luſtie green*." MALONE.

[5] *With an* eye *of green in't.*) An *eye* is a ſmall ſhade of colour:

" Red, with an *eye* of blue, makes a purple." *Boyle.*

Again, in *Fuller's Church Hiſtory*, p. 237, xvii Cent. Book XI:

" —ſome cole-black (all *eye* of purple being put out therein)—."

Again, in Sandys's *Travels*, lib. i: "—cloth of ſilver tiſſued with an *eye* of green—." STEEVENS.

[6] —*Claribel*—) Shakſpeare might have found this name in the

SEB. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

ADR. Tunis was never grac'd before with ſuch a paragon to their queen.

GON. Not ſince widow Dido's time.

ANT. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido! [6]

SEB. What if he had ſaid, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

ADR. Widow Dido, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

bl. l *Hiſtory of George Lord Faulconbridge*, a pamphlet that he probably read when he was writing *King John*. CLARABEL is there the concubine of King Richard I. and the mother of Lord Falconbridge. MALONE.

6 —*Widow Dido!)* The name of a widow brings to their minds their own ſhipwreck, which they conſider as having made many widows in Naples. JOHNSON.

Perhaps our author remembered "An inſcription for the ſtatue of Dido," copied from Auſonius, and inſerted in *Daviſon's* Poems:

"O muſt unhappy *Dido*,
"Unhappy wife, and more unhappy *widow!*
"Unhappy in thy mate,
"And in thy lover more unfortunate!" &c.

The edition from whence I have tranſcribed theſe lines was printed in 1621, but there was a former in 1608, and another ſome years before, as I collect from the following paſſage in a letter from Mr. John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, July 8, 1602: "It ſeems young Daviſon means to take another courſe, and turn poet, for he hath lately *ſet out* certain ſonnets and epigrams." Chamberlain's Letters, Vol. I. among Dr. Birch's Mſs. in the Britiſh Muſeum. MALONE.

A ballad of *Queen Dido* is in the Pepyſian collection, and is alſo printed in *Percy's Reliques*. It appears at one time to have been a great favourite with the common people. "O you ale-knights," exclaims an ancient writer, "you that devoure the marrow of the mault, and drinke whole ale-tubs into conſumptions; that ſing QUEEN DIDO over a cupp, and tell ſtrange newes over an ale-pot," &c. *Jacke of Dover his queſt of Inquirie, or his privy ſearch for the veriеſt Foole in England*, 4to. 1604, ſig. F. RITSON.

GON. This Tunis, ſir, was Carthage.

ADR. Carthage?

GON. I aſſure you, Carthage.

ANT. His word is more than the miraculous harp. [7]

SEB. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too,

ANT. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

SEB. I think, he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

ANT. And, ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

GON. Ay?

ANT. Why, in good time.

GON. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANT. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

SEB. 'Bate, I beſeech you, widow Dido.

ANT. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

GON. Is not, ſir, my doublet as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean, in a ſort.

ANT. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALON. You cram theſe words into mine ears, againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe: [8] 'Would I had never

[7] —*the miraculous harp.*) Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's muſic. STEEVENS.

[8] *The ſtomach of my* ſenſe:) By *ſenſe*, I believe, is meant both *reaſon and natural affection*. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My ſon is loſt; and, in my rate, ſhe too,
Who is ſo far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee!

FRAN. Sir, he may live;
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtroke
To the ſhore, that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

ALON. No, no, he's gone,

SEB. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs;
That would not bleſs our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an African;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.

ALON. Pr'ythee, peace,

SEB. You were kneel'd to, and impórtun'd otherwiſe
By all of us; and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd, between lothneſs and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam ſhe'd bow.[9] We have loſt your ſon,

« Againſt all *ſenſe* do you impórtune her."
Mr. M. Maſon, however, ſuppoſes « *ſenſe*, in this place, means *feeling*." STEEVENS.

9 Weigh'd, *between lothneſs and obedience, at*
Which end o' the beam ſhe'd *bow.*) *Weigh'd* means *deliberated.*

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: [2] the fault's
Your own.

ALON. So is the deareſt of the loſs.

GON. My lord Sebaſtian,
The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaſter.

SEB. Very well.

ANT. And moſt chirurgeonly.

GON. It is foul weather in us all, good ſir,
When you are cloudy.

SEB. Foul weather?

ANT. Very foul.

GON. Had I plantation of this iſle, my lord,—

ANT. He'd ſow it with nettle-ſeed,

SEB. Or docks, or mallows,

It is uſed in nearly the ſame ſenſe in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and in *Hamlet*. The old copy reads—*ſhould* how. *Should* was probably an abbreviation of *ſhe would*, the mark of eliſion being inadvertently omitted (ſh'ould). Thus *he has* is frequently exhibited in the firſt folio—*h'as*. Mr. Pope corrected the paſſage thus: "at which end the beam ſhould bow." But omiſſion of any word in the old copy, without ſubſtituting another in it's place, is ſeldom ſafe, except in thoſe inſtances where the repeated word appears to have been caught by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the line above, or below, or where a word is printed twice in the ſame line.

MALONE.

[2] *Than we bring men to comfort them:)* It does not clearly appear whether the king and theſe lords thought the ſhip loſt. This paſſage ſeems to imply, that they were themſelves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet deſtroyed. Why, indeed, ſhould Sebaſtian plot againſt his brother in the following ſcene? unleſs he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit,

JOHNSON.

GON. And were the king of it, What would I do?

SEB. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

GON. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate; [3]

[3] ——— *for* no kiod of traffick

Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate, *&c.*) Our author has here cloſely followed a paſſage in Mootaigoe's ESSAIES, tranſlated by John Florio, folio, 1603: « It is a nation (would I anſwer Plato) that hath no *kind of traffick*, no *knowledge of letters*, no intelligence of oumbers, no *name of magiſtrate*, nor of *politick ſuperioritie*; no *uſe of ſervice*, *of riches*, *or of poverty*, *no contracts*, *no ſucceſſions*, *no partitions*, *no occupation*, *but idle*: no reſpect of kiodred but common; no apparel but natural; *no uſe of wine*, *corne*, *or metal*. The very words that import lyiog, falſhood, *treaſon*, diſſimulations, covetouſneſs, envie, detradion aod pardon, were never heard amongſt them." — This paſſage was poioted out by Mr. Capel who knew ſo little of his author as to ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare had the origioal Freoch before him, though he has almoſt literally followed Florio's tranſlatioo.

Mootaigne is here ſpeakiog of a *newly diſcovered country*, which he calls « Antartick Fraoce." In the page preceding that already quoted, are theſe words. « The oiher teſtimonie of aotiquitie to which ſome will refer the *diſcoverie* is in Ariſtotle (if at leaſt that little book of nnheard-of wonders be his) where he reporteth that eertain Carthaginians having failed athwart the Atlanticke ſea, withnut the ſtrait of Gibraltar, diſcovered a great ferul ISLANN, all repleniſhed with goodly woods, and deepe rivers, farre diſtaut from any land."

Whoever ſhall take the trouble to turn to the old tranſlation here quoted, will, I thiok, be of opinion, that in whatſoever novel our author might have fouod the *fable* of *The Tempeſt*, he was led by the peruſal of this book to make the *ſcene* of it an unfrequented iſland. The title of the chapter, which is——« *Of the Canniballes*,"—evidently furniſhed him with the name of one of his characters. In his time almoſt every proper name was twiſted ioto an anagram. Thus, « *I moyl in law*," was the anagram of the laborious William Noy, Attorney Geneial to Charles I. By ioverting this proceſs, and tranſpoſiog the letters of the word *Canibal*, Shakſpeare (as Dr. Farmer long ſince obſerved) formed the name of *Caliban*. MALONE.

Letters ſhould not be known; no uſe of ſervice,
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Succeſſions: bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:[4]
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation: all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No ſovereignty:—

SEB. And yet he would be king on't.

[4] *Letters ſhould not be known: no uſe of ſervice,*
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Succeſſions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:] The words already quoted from Florio's Tranſlation (as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me) inſtruct us to regulate our author's metre as it is now exhibited in the text.

Probably Shakſpeare firſt wrote (in the room of *partition*, which did not ſuit the ſtructure of his verſe) *bourn*; but recollecting that one of its ſignifications was a *rivulet*, and that his iſland would have ſared ill without freſh water, he changed *bourn* to *bound of land*, a phraſe that could not be miſunderſtood. At the ſame time he might have forgot to ſtrike out *bourn*, his original word, which is now rejected; for if not uſed for a *brook*, it would have exactly the ſame meaning as *bound of land*. There is therefore no need of the diſſyllabical aſſiſtance recommended in the following note.

STEEVENS.

And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.] The defective metre of the ſecond of theſe lines affords a ground for believing that ſome word was omitted at the preſs. Many of the defects however in our author's metre have ariſen from the words of one line being tranſferred to another. In the preſent inſtance the preceding line is redundant. Perhaps the words here, as in many other paſſages, have been ſhuffled out of their places. We might read—

And uſe of ſervice, none; ſucceſſion,
Contract, bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

ſucceſſion being often uſed by Shakſpeare as a quadriſyllable. It muſt however be owned, that in the paſſage in Montaigne's Eſſays the words *contract* and *ſucceſſion* are arranged in the ſame manner as in the firſt folio.

If the error did not happen in this way, *bourn* might have been uſed as a diſſyllable, and the word omitted at the preſs might have been *none*:

——————contract, ſucceſſion,
None; bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

MALONE.

ANT. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.[5]

GON. All things in common nature would produce
Without ſweat or endeavour: treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[6]
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foiſon,[7] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEB. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

ANT. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

GON. I would with ſuch perfection govern, ſir,
To excel the golden age.[8]

[5] *The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*) All this dialogue is a fine ſatire on the Utopian treatiſes of government, and the impracticable inconſiſtent ſchemes therein recommended. WARBURTON.

[6] ——*any* engine,) An *engine* is the *rack*. So, in *K. Lear*:
" ——like an *engine*, wrench'd my frame of nature
" From the fix'd place."
It may, however, be uſed here in its common ſignification of inſtrument of war, or military machine. STEEVENS.

[7] —*all* foiſon,) *Foiſon*, or *foiſon*, ſignifies plenty, *ubertas*; not moiſture, or juice of graſs, as Mr. Pope ſays. EDWARDS.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XIII. Ch. 78:
" Union, in breefe, is *foyſonous*, and diſcorde works decay."
Mr. Pope, however, is not entirely miſtaken, as *foiſon*, or *ſizon*, ſometimes bears the meaning which he has affixed to it. See Ray's Collection of South and Eaſt Country words. STEEVENS.

——nature *ſhould bring forth*,
Of its own kind, all foiſon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.) " And if notwithſtanding, in divers fruits of thoſe countries that were never tilled, we ſhall find that in reſpect of our's they are moſt excellent, and as delicate unto our taſte, there is no reaſon Art ſhould gain the point of our great and puiſſant mother, *Nature*." Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, ubi ſup. MALONE.

[8] *I would with ſuch perfection govern, ſir,*
To excel the golden age.) So Montaigne, ubi ſupra: " Me

SEB. 'Save his majeſty!

ANT. Long live Gonzalo!

GON. And, do you mark me, ſir?—

ALON. Pr'ythee, no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

GON. I do well believe your highneſs; and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

ANT. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

GON. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

ANT. What a blow was there given?

SEB. An it had not fallen flat-long.

GON. You are gentlemen of brave mettle:[9] you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL *inviſible, playing ſolemn muſick.*[a]

SEB. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

ANT. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

ſeemeth that what in thoſe (newly diſcovered) nations we ſee by experience, doth not only EXCEED *all the pictures wherewith licentious poeſie hath prondly imbelliſhed the* GOLDEN AGE, and all her quaint inventions to fain a happy condition of man, but alſo the conception and deſire of philoſophy." MALONE.

[9] —*of brave* mettle;) The old copy has—*metal*. The two words are frequently confounded in the firſt folio. The epithet, *brave*, ſhews clearly, that the word now placed in the text was intended by our author. MALONE.

[a] Enter Ariel, &c, *playing ſolemn muſic.*) This ſtage-direction does not mean to tell us that Ariel himſelf was the *muſician*; but that ſolemn muſic attended his appearance, was an accompaniment to his entry. STEEVENS.

GON. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly. Will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

ANT. Go ſleep, and hear us.

(*All ſleep but* ALON. SEB. *and* ANT.

ALON. What, all ſo ſoon aſleep! I wiſh mine eyes
Would, with themſelves, ſhut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do ſo.

SEB. Pleaſe you, ſir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

ANT. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.

ALON. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy.—

(ALONSO *ſleeps. Exit* ARIEL.

SEB. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?

ANT. It is the quality o' the climate.

SEB. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.

ANT. Nor I; my ſpirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by conſent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might,
Worthy Sebaſtian?—O, what might?—No more;—
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: the occaſion ſpeaks thee; and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEB. What, art thou waking?

ANT. Do you not hear me ſpeak?

SEB. I do; and, ſurely,
It is a ſleepy language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open; ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving,
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.

ANT. Noble Sebaſtian,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep—die rather; wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.

SEB. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.

ANT. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.[3]

SEB. Well; I am ſtanding water.

ANT. I'll teach you how to flow.

SEB. Do ſo: to ebb,

3 *I am more ſerious than my cuſtom: you*
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.) This paſſage is repreſented to me as an obſcure one. The meaning of it ſeems to be—You muſt put on more than your uſual ſeriouſneſs, if you are diſpoſed to pay a proper attention to my propoſal; which attention if you beſtow, it will in the end make you *thrice what you are*. Sebaſtian is already brother to the throne; but, being made a king by Antonio's contrivance, would be (according to our author's idea of greatneſs) *thrice* the man he was before. In this ſenſe he would be *trebled* o'er. So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"——the maſter calls,
"And *trebles* the confuſion."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

"——*thirds* his own worth." STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"——Yet, for you,
"I would be *trebled* twenty times myſelf." MALONE.

Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.

ANT. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it![4] Ebbing men, indeed,
Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or ſloth.

SEB. Pr'ythee, ſay on:
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANT. Thus, ſir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance,[5] this
(Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion only,)
The king, his ſon's alive; 'tis as impoſſible
That he's undrown'd, as he that ſleeps here, ſwims.[6]

[4] *If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,*
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it!) A judicious critic in *The Edinburgh Magazine* for Nov. 1785, offers the following illuſtration of this obſcure paſſage. "Sebaſtian introduces the ſimile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who ſays he will teach his ſtagnant water to flow. '— It has already learned to ebb,' ſays Sebaſtian. To which Antonio replies, '*O if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you uſe in jeſt, encourages to the deſign which I hint at; how in ſtripping the words of their common meaning, and uſing them figuratively, you adopt them to your own ſituation!*'" STEEVENS.

—this lord of weak remembrance,) This lord, who being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, once laid in the ground, ſhall be as little remembered himſelf, as he can now remember other things. JOHNSON.

[6] *——— hath here almoſt perſuaded*
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) *the king his ſon's alive;*
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that ſleeps here, ſwims.) Of this entangled ſentence I

SEB. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

can draw no ſenſe from the preſent reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus:

For he, a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade the king, his ſon's alive;

Of which the meaning may be either, that *he alone, who is a ſpirit of perſuaſion, profeſſes to perſuade the king;* or that, *He only profeſſes to perſuade*, that is, *without being ſo perſuaded himſelf, he makes a ſhew of perſuading the king.* JOHNSON.

The meaning may be—He is a mere rhetorician, one who profeſſes the art of perſuaſion, and nothing elſe; i. e. he profeſſes to perſuade another to believe that of which he himſelf is not convinced; he is content to be plauſible, and has no further aim. So (as Mr. Malone obſerves) in *Troilus and Creſſida*:—"—why he'll anſwer nobody, he *profeſſes* not anſwering." STEEVENS.

The obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from a miſconception of the word *he's*, which is not an abbreviation of *he is*, but of *he has*; and partly from the omiſſion of the pronoun *who*, before the word *profeſſes*, by a common poetical ellipſis. Supply that deficiency, and the ſentence will run thus:—

"Although this lord of weak remembrance
"—— hath here almoſt perſuaded
"For *he has* a ſpirit of perſuaſion, *who*, *only*
"profeſſes to perſuade, the king his ſon's alive;"—

And the meaning is clearly this.—This old lord, though a mere dotard, has almoſt perſuaded the king that his ſon is alive; for he is ſo willing to believe it, that any man who undertakes to perſuade him of it, has the powers of perſuaſion, and ſucceeds in the attempt.

We find a ſimilar expreſſion in the Firſt Part of *Henry IV.* When Poins undertakes to engage the Prince to make one of the party to Gads-hill, Falſtaff ſays,

"Well! may'ſt thou *have the ſpirit of perſuaſion*, and he the ears of profiting! that what thou ſpeakeſt may move, and what he hears may be believed!" M. MASON.

The light Mr. M. Maſon's conjecture has thrown on this paſſage, I think, enables me to diſcover and remedy the defect in it.

I cannot help regarding the words—"*profeſſes to perſuade*"—as a mere gloſs or paraphraſe on "—*he has a ſpirit of perſuaſion.*" This explanatory ſentence, being written in the margin of an actor's part, or playhouſe copy, was afterwards injudiciouſly incorporated

ANT. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,[7]
But doubts diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

with our author's text. Read the paſſage (as it now ſtands in the text,) without theſe words, and nothing is wanting to its ſenſe or metre.

On the contrary, the inſertion of the words I have excluded, by lengthening the parentheſis, obſcures the meaning of the ſpeaker, and, at the ſame time, produces redundancy of meaſure.

Irregularity of metre ought always to excite ſuſpicions of omiſſion or interpolation. Where ſomewhat has been omitted, through chance or deſign, a line is occaſionally formed by the junction of hemiſtichs previouſly unfitted to each other. Such a line will naturally exceed the eſtabliſhed proportion of feet; and when marginal obſervations are crept into the text, they will have juſt ſuch awkward effects as I conceive to have been produced by one of them in the preſent inſtance.

« Perhaps (ſays that excellent ſcholar and perſpicacious critic Mr. *Porſon*, in his 6th Letter to Archdeacon *Travis*) you think it an affected and abſurd idea that a marginal note can ever creep into the text: yet I hope you are not ſo ignorant as not to know that this has actually happened, not merely in *hundreds* or *thouſands*, but in *millions* of places. » *&c. &c.* —

« From this known propenſity of tranſcribers to turn every thing into the text which they found written in the margin of their MSS. or between the lines, ſo many interpolations have proceeded, that at preſent the ſureſt canon of criticiſm is, *Præferatur lectio brevior.* » p. 149. 150.

Though I once expreſſed a different opinion, I am now well convinced that the metre of Shakſpeare's plays had originally no other irregularity than was occaſioned by an accidental uſe of hemiſtichs. When we find the ſmoothеſt ſeries of lines among our earlieſt dramatic writers (who could fairly boaſt of no other requiſites for poetry) are we to expect leſs poliſhed verſification from Shakſpeare? STEEVENS.

7 —— *a wink beyond*,) That this is the utmoſt extent of the proſpect of ambition, the point where the eye can paſs no farther, and where objects loſe their diſtinctneſs, ſo that what is there diſcovered is faint, obſcure, and doubtful, JOHNSON.

SEB. He's gone.

ANT. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEB. Claribel.

ANT. She that is queen of Tunis; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life;[8] ſhe that from Naples
Can have no note,[9] unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i' the moon's too ſlow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe, from whom[2]
We were all ſea-ſwallow'd, though ſome caſt again;[3]
And, by that, deſtin'd[4] to perform an act,
Whereof what's paſt is prologue; what to come,

8 — *beyond man's life;*) i. e. at a greater diſtance than the life of man is long enough to reach. STEEVENS.

9 — *ſhe that from Naples*
Can have no note, &c.) *Note* (as Mr. Malone obſerves) is *notice*, or *information*.

Shakſpeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conſpicuous in any inſtance than in this, where he ſuppoſes Tunis and Naples to have been at ſuch an immeaſurable diſtance from each other. He may, however, be countenanced by *Apollonius Rhodius*, who ſays, that both the *Rhone* and *Po* meet in one, and diſcharge themſelves into the gulph of *Venice*; and by *Æſchylus*, who has placed the river *Eridanus* in *Spain*. STEEVENS.

2 — *ſhe, from whom* —) i. e. in coming from whom. The old copy has — ſhe *that* from, &c. which cannot be right. The compoſitor's eye probably glanced on a preceding line, «*ſhe that* from Naples —.» The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

3 — *though ſome* caſt *again*;) *Caſt* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as in *Macbeth*, Act II. ſc. iii. «— though he took my legs from me, I made a ſhift to *caſt* him.» STEEVENS.

4 *And, by that,* deſtin'd —) It is a common plea of wickedneſs to call temptation deſtiny. JOHNSON.

The late Dr. Muſgrave very reaſonably propoſed to ſubſtitute — deſtin'*d* for — deſtiny. As the conſtruction of the paſſage is made eaſier by this ſlight change, I have adopted it. STEEVENS.

In yours and my diſcharge. [5]

SEB. What ſtuff is this?—How ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is the heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is ſome ſpace.

ANT. A ſpace whoſe every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How ſhall that Claribel*
Meaſure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,[6]
And let Sebaſtian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them; why, they were no worſe
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that ſleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myſelf could make
A chough[7] of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a ſleep were this
For your advancement! Do you underſtand me?

SEB. Methinks, I do.

ANT. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

SEB. I remember,
You did ſupplant your brother Proſpero.

ANT. True:

[5] *In yours and my diſcharge.*) *i. e.* depends on what you and I are to perform. STEEVENS.

[6] — keep *in Tunis,*) There is in this paſſage a propriety loſt, which a ſlight alteration will reſtore:

" ——— Sleep *in Tunis,*
" *And let Sebaſtian wake!*" JOHNSON.

The old reading is ſufficiently explicable. *Claribel* (ſays he) *keep where thou art, and allow Sebaſtian time to awaken thoſe ſenſes by the help of which he may perceive the advantage which now preſents itſelf.* STEEVENS.

[7] *A chough*—) Is a bird of the jack-daw kind. STEEVENS.

And, look, how well my garments ſit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

SEB. But, for your conſcience —

ANT. Ay, Sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my ſlipper; But I feel not
This deity in my boſom: twenty conſciences,
That ſtand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
And melt, ere they moleſt! [8] Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,[9]
If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever:[a] whiles you, doing thus,

[8] And *melt ere they moleſt!*) I had rather read —
Would *melt ere they moleſt.*
i. e. *Twenty conſciences, ſuch as ſtand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could moleſt me,* or prevent the execution of my purpoſes. JOHNSON.
Let twenty conſcienees be firſt congealed, and then diſſolved, ere they moleſt me, or preveut me from executing my purpoſes. MALONE.
If the interpretation of Johnſon and Malone is juſt, *and* is certainly as intelligible as *or*; but I can ſee no reaſonable meaning in this interpretation. It amounts to nothing more as thus interpreted, than *My conſcience muſt melt and become ſofter than it is before it moleſts me*; which is an inſipidity unworthy of the Poet. I would read "Candy'd be they, *or* melt;" and the expreſſion then has ſpirit and propriety. *Had I twenty conſciences*, ſays Antonio, *they might be hot or cold for me; they ſhould not give me the ſmaleſt trouble.* — *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

[9] *No better than the earth he lies upon,*) So, in *Julius Cæſar*:
" — at Pompey's baſis lies along,
" *No worthier than the duſt.*" STEEVENS.

[a] *If he were that which now he's like; whom I,*
With this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed, &c.) The old copy reads —
" If he were that which now he's like, *that's dead;*
" Whom I with this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
" Can lay to bed," &c.

To the perpetual wink for aye [2] might put
This ancient morſel,[3] this ſir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courſe. For all the reſt,
They'll take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;[4]
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs that
We ſay befits the hour.

SEB. Thy caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'ſt Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy ſword: one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt;
And I the king ſhall love thee.

ANT. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEB. O, but one word.
(They converſe apart.

Muſick. Re-enter ARIEL, *inviſible.*

ARI. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger
That theſe, his friends, are in; and ſends me forth,

The words — "that's dead" (as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me) are evidently a gloſs, or margioal note, which had found its way into the text. Such a ſuppiement is uſeleſs to the ſpeaker's meaning, and one of the verſes becomes reduodant by its ioſertioo.
STEEVENS.

[2] — *for* aye —) i. e. for ever. So, in *K. Lear:*
" — I am come
" To bid my king and maſter *aye* good night." STEEVENS.

[3] *This ancient* morſel,) For *morſel* Dr. Warburton reads — *ancient moral*, very elegantly and judicioufly; yet I know not whether the author might oot write *morſel*, as we ſay a *piece of a man*. JOHNSON.
So, io *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
" How doth my dear *morſel*, thy miſtreſs?" STEEVENS.

[4] — *take* ſuggeſtion,) i. e. Receive any hint of villainy.
JOHNSON.

(For elſe his project dies,) to keep them living.'
(Sings in GONZALO'S *ear.*

They'll take ſuggeſtion, *as a cat laps milk*; (That is, will adopt, and bear witneſs to, any tale you ſhall invent; you may ſuborn them as evidences to clear you from all ſuſpicion of having murthered the king. A ſimilar ſignification occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
"O ſweet *ſuggeſting* love, if thou haſt ſinn'd,
"Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it." HENLEY.

'—*to keep* them *living.*) By *them*, as the text now ſtands, Gonzalo and Alonſo muſt be underſtood. Dr. Johnſon objects very juſtly to this paſſage. "As it ſtands, ſays he, at preſent, the ſenſe is this. He ſees *your* danger, and will therefore ſave *them.*" He therefore would read—"That *theſe* his friends are in."

The confuſion has, I think, ariſen from the omiſſion of a ſingle letter. Our author, I believe, wrote—

"———— and ſends me forth,
"For elſe his projects dies, to keep them living."

i. e. he has ſent me forth, to keep his projects alive, which elſe would be deſtroyed by the murder of his friend Gonzalo.—The oppoſition between the life and death of a project appears to me much in Shakſpeare's manner. So, in *Much ado about nothing:* "What *life* is in that, to be the *death* of this marriage?"—The plural noun joined to a verb in the ſingular number, is to be met with in almoſt every page of the firſt folio. So, to confine myſelf to the play before us, edit. 1623:

"My old *bones akes.*"

Again *ibid:*

"——At this hour
"*Lies* at my mercy all my *enemies.*"

Again, *ibid:*

His *tears runs* down his beard—."

Again:

"What *cares* theſe *roarers* for the name of king."

It was the common language of the time; and ought to be corrected, as indeed it generally has been in the modern editions of our author, by changing the number of the verb. Thus, in the preſent inſtance we ſhould read—For elſe his projects *die*, &c. MALONE.

I have received Dr. Johnſon's amendment. Ariel, finding that Proſpero was equally ſolicitous for the preſervation of Alonſo and Gonzalo, very naturally ſtyles them both his *friends*, without adverting to the guilt of the former. Toward the ſucceſs of Proſpero's deſign, their lives were alike neceſſary.

While you here do ſnoring lie,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

ANT. Then let us both be ſudden.

GON. Now, good angels, preſerve the king!
(*They wake.*

ALON. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?[6]
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

GON. What's the matter?

SEB. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Even now, we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It ſtruck mine ear moſt terribly.

ALON. I heard nothing.

ANT. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake! ſure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALON. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GON. Upon mine honour, ſir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me:

Mr. Henley ſays that "By *them* are meant *Sebaſtian* and *Antonio*. The project of Proſpero, which depended upon Ariel's *keeping them alive*, may be ſeen, Act III."

The ſong of Ariel, however, ſufficiently points out which were the immediate objects of his protection. He cannot be ſuppoſed to have any reference to what happens in the laſt ſcene of the next Act.
STEEVENS.

[6] —— *drawn?*) Having your ſwords drawn. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"What, art thou *drawn* among theſe heartleſs hinds?"
JOHNSON.

I ſhak'd you, ſir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn: — there was a noiſe,
That's verity: Beſt ſtand upon our guard;[7]
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

ALON. Lead off this ground; and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.

GON. Heavens keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i'the iſland.

ALON. Lead away.

ARI. Proſpero my lord ſhall know what I have done: (*Aſide.*
So, king, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*

A noiſe of thunder heard.

CAL. All the infections that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Proſper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! His ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhows, pitch me i'the mire,

7 *That's* verity: *'Beſt ſtand upon our guard;*) The old copy reads —

« That's *verily*: *'Tis* beſt *we* ſtand upon our guard. » Mr. Pope very properly changed *verily* to *verity*: and as the verſe would be too long by a foot, if the words *'tis* and *we* were retained, I have diſcarded them in favor of an elliptical phraſe which occurs in our ancient comedies, as well as in our author's *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. iii: « Beſt draw my ſword; » i. e. *it were* beſt to draw it.

STEEVENS.

Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid them; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe[7] and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks[8] at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders,[9] who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiſs me into madneſs:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a ſpirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

TRIN. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i' the wind: yond' ſame black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard[1] that

7 —— *that* moe, &c.) i. e. make mouths. So, in the old verſion of the Pſalms:

« ——— making *moes* at me. »

Again, in the Myſtery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

« And make them to lye and *mowe* like an *ape*. »

Again, in *Sidney's Arcadia*, Book III:

« *Ape* great thing gave, though he did *mowing* ſtand.
« The inſtrument of inſtruments, the hand. » STEEVENS.

So, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593:

« — found nobody at home but an *ape*, that ſate in the porch and made mops and *mows* at him. » MALONE.

8 *Their* pricks ——) i. e. prickles. STEEVENS.

9 ——wound *with adders*,) Enwrapped by adders *wound* or twiſted about me. JOHNSON.

1 — *looks like a foul* bumbard—) This term again occurs in *The Firſt Part of Henr IV.* » — that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge *bumbard* of ſack—» And again, in *Henry VIII.* » And here you lie baiting of *bumbards*, when ye ſhould do ſervice. » By theſe ſeveral paſſages, 'tis plain, the word meant a large veſſel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance ſo called. THEOBALD.

would ſhed his liquor, If it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' ſame cloud cannot chooſe but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fiſh? Dead or alive? A fiſh: he ſmells like a fiſh; a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell; a kind of, not of the neweſt, Poor-John. A ſtrange fiſh! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fiſh painted,[3] not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there would this monſter

Ben Jonſon, in his *Maſque of Augurs*, confirms the conjecture of Theobald.—« The poor cattle yonder are paſſing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a *bumbard* of broken beer."

So, again in *The Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638:

« His boots as wide as the black-jacks,
« Or *bumbards*, toſs'd by the king's guards. »

And it appears from a paſſage in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Love Reſtor'd*, that a *bombard-man* was one who carried about proviſions. « I am to deliver into the buttery ſo many firkins of *aurum potabile*, as it delivers out *bombards* of bouge. » &c.

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

« You are aſcended up to what you are, from the black-jack to the *bumbard* diſtillation." STEEVENS.

Dr. Upton would read — a *full* bumbard. See a note on — « I thank the Gods, I am *foul*; » *As you like it*, Act III. ſc. iii.

MALONE.

3 — *this fiſh painted*,] To exhibit fiſhes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author. So, in Jaſper Maine's comedy of the *City Match*:

« Enter Bright, &c. hanging out the picture of a *ſtrange fiſh*."
« —— This is the fifth *fiſh* now
« That he hath ſhewn thus.

It appears, from the books at Stationers' Hall, that in 1604 was publiſhed, « A ſtrange reporte of a monſtrous *fiſh*, that appeared in the form of a woman from her waiſt upward, ſeene in the ſea. »

So likewiſe in Churchyard's *Prayſe and Reporte of Maiſter Martyne Forboiſher's Voyage to Meta Incognita*, &c. bl. l. 12mo. 1578: « And marchyng backe, they found a *ſtraunge Fiſh* deade, that had been caſte from the ſea on the ſhore, who had a boane in his head like an Unicorne, whiche they brought awaye and preſented to our Prince, when thei came home. » STEEVENS.

make a man;[4] any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o'my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion,[6] hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an iſlander, that hath lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. (*Thunder.*) Alas! the ſtorm is come again: my beſt way is to creep under his gaberdine;[7] there is no

[4] — make *a man;*) That is make a man's fortune. So in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:* « — we are all *made men.* » JOHNSON.
Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:
« ——————She's a wench
« Was born to *make* us all. » STEEVENS.

[5] —— *a dead* Indian.) In a ſubſequent ſpeech of Stephano, we have: « —ſavages and *men of Inde;* » in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, « — a rude and ſavage *man of Inde;* » and in *K. Henry VIII.* the porter aſks the mob, if they think « ſome ſtraage *Indian*, &c. is come to court. » Perhaps all theſe paſſages allude to the Indians brought home by Sir Martin Frobiſher.
Queen Elizabeth's original inſtructions to him (MS. now before me) « concerning his voyage to Cathaia, » &c. contain the following article:
« You ſhall not bring aboue iii or iiii perſons of that countrey, the which ſhall be of diuers ages, and ſhall be taken in ſuch ſort as you may beſt avoyde offence of that people. »
In the year 1577, « A deſcription of the portrayture and ſhape of thoſe ſtrange kinde of people which the wurthie Mr. Martin Fourboſier brought into England in A°. 1576, » was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.
By Frobiſher's *Firſt Voyage for the Diſcoverie of Cataya*, bl. l. 4to. 1578, the fate of the firſt ſavage taken by him is aſcertained. — « Whereupon when he founde himſelf in captiuitie, for very choller and diſdain he bit his toug in twaine within his mouth: notwithſtanding, he died not thereof, but *liued untill he came in Englande*, and *then he died of colde* which he had taken at ſea. »
STEEVENS.

[6] —— let looſe *my opinion*, &c.) So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
» —— Now you will be my purgation, and *let me looſe.* »
STEEVENS.

[7] —— *his* gaberdine;) A *gaberdine* is properly the coarſe frock

other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellows: I will here ſhroud, till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

Enter STEPHANO, *ſinging; a bottle in his hand.*

STE. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea,*
Here ſhall I dye a-ſhore;—

This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. (*Drinks.*

The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a ſailor, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might ſcratch her where-e'er ſhe did itch:
Then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a ſcurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. (*Drinks.*

CAL. Do not torment me: O!

STE. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with ſavages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid,

or outward garment of a peaſant. Spaniſh *Gaberdina*. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

„ I'll conjure his *gaberdine*. „

The *gaberdine* is ſtill worn by the peaſants in Suſſex. STEEVENS.

It here however means, I believe, a looſe felt cloak. Minſheu in his DICT. 1617, calls it „a rough Iriſh mantle, or horſeman's coat. *Gaban*, Span and Fr. — Læna, i. e. veſtis quæ ſuper cætera veſtimenta imponebatur. „ See alſo Cotgrave's DICT. in v. *gaban*, and *gallevardine*. MALONE.

As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while Stephano breathes at noſtrils.

CAL. The ſpirit torments me: O!

STE. This is ſome monſter of the iſle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a preſent for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

CAL. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faſter.

STE. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt. He ſhall taſte of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much [8] for him; he ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

CAL. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt Anon, I know it by thy trembling: [9]

8 — too much—) *Too much* means, *any ſum, ever ſo much.*

So, in the *Letters from the Paſton Family*, Vol. II p. 219: « And ye be beholdyng unto my Lady for hyr good wurde, for ſche hath never preyſyd yowe *to much.*» i. e. though ſhe has praiſed you much, her praiſe is not above your merit.

It has, however, been obſerved to me, that when the vulgar mean to aſk an extravagant price for any thing, they ſay, with a laugh, I won't make him pay twice for it. This ſenſe ſufficiently accommodates itſelf to Trinculo's expreſſion. Mr. M. Maſon explains the paſſage differently. — « I will not take for him even more than he is worth.» STEEVENS.

I think the meaning is, Let me take what ſum I will, however great, *I ſhall not take too much for him:* it is impoſſible for me to ſell him too dear. MALONE.

9 — *I know it by thy* trembling:) This *tremor* is always

Now Proſper works upon thee.

STE. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat;[2] open your mouth: this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

TRIN. I ſhould know that voice: It ſhould be—— But he is drown'd; and theſe are devils: O! defend me!—

STE. Four legs, and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! His forward voice[3] now is to ſpeak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come,——Amen![4] I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

TRIN. Stephano,—

STE. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no ſpoon.[5]

repreſented as the effect of being poſſeſs'd by the devil. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

« Mark how he *trembles* in his extacy! » STEEVENS.

[2] —— *cat*;) Alluding to an old proverb, that *good liquor will make a cat ſpeak.* STEEVENS.

[3] *His forward voice*, &c.) The perſon of Fame was anciently deſcribed in this manner. So, in *Penelope's Web*, by Greene, 1601: « Fame hath two faces, readie as well to back-bite as to flatter. » STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Amen!*) Means, ſtop your draught: come to a concluſion. *I will pour ſome*, &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *I have no long ſpoon.*) Alluding to the proverb, *A long ſpoon to eat with the devil.* STEEVENS.

See *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. ſc. iii. and Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, 10916 of the late edit.

« Therefore behoveth him a full long ſpone,
« That ſhall ete with a fend.—— TYRWHITT.

TRIN. Stephano!—if thou beeſt Stephano, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

STE. If thou beeſt Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, theſe are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRIN. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke:—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the ſtorm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'ſcap'd!

STE. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my ſtomach is not conſtant.

CAL. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

STE. How did'ſt thou 'ſcape? How cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither. I eſcap'd upon a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

6 —*to be the* ſiege *of this* moon-calf?) *Siege* ſignifies *ſtool* in every ſenſe of the word, and is here uſed in the dirtieſt.

So, in Holinſhed, p. 705: « In this yeare alſo, a houſe on London-bridge, called the common *ſiege*, or privie, fell downe into the Thames. »

A *moon-calf* is an inanimate ſhapeleſs maſs, ſuppoſed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only. See his Nat. Hiſt. b. x. ch. 64. STEEVENS.

CAL. I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STE. Here; ſwear then how thou eſcap'dſt.[6]

TRIN. Swam a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim [7] like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

STE. Here, kiſs the book: Though thou canſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

TRIN. O Stephano, haſt any more of this?

STE. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

CAL. Haſt thou not dropp'd from heaven? [8]

STE. Out o' the moon, I do aſſure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

CAL. I have ſeen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, thy dog, and buſh.[9]

6 Cal. *I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy*
True ſubject, &c.
Ste. *Here; ſwear then how thou eſcap'dſt.*) The paſſage ſhould probably be printed thus:
Ste. (to *Cal.*) Here, ſwear then. (to *Trin.*) How eſcap'dſt thou?
The ſpeaker would naturally take notice of Caliban's proffered allegiance. Beſides, he bids Trinculo kiſs the book after he has anſwered the queſtion; a ſufficient proof of the rectitude of the propoſed arrangement. RITSON.

7 *I can ſwim*—) I believe Trinculo is ſpeaking of Caliban, and that we ſhould read—"'a can ſwim," &c. See the next ſpeech. MALONE.

8 *Haſt thou not dropp'd from heaven?*) The new-diſcovered Indians of the iſland of St. Salvador, aſked, by ſigns, whether Columbus and his companions *were not come down from heaven.*
TOLLET.

9 *My miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, thy dog, and buſh.*) The old copy, which exhibits this and ſeveral preceding ſpeeches of Caliban as

STE. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents; ſwear.

TRIN. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow monſter;—I aſeard of him?—a very weak monſter: [2]—The man i' the moon?—a moſt poor credulous monſter:—Well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

CAL. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o' the iſland;
And kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god. [3]

TRIN. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle,

CAL. I'll kiſs thy foot: I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

STE. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

TRIN. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: A moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

STE. Come, kiſs.

TRIN. But that the poor monſter's in drink:
An abominable monſter!

CAL. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries;

proſe (though it be apparent they were deſigned for verſe,) reads—
„ My miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, *and* thy dog and *thy* buſh.„
Let the editor who laments the loſs of the words—*and* and *thy*, compoſe their elegy. STEEVENS.

2 *I* aſeard *of him?—a very weak monſter* &c.) It is to be obſerved, that Trinculo the ſpeaker is not charged with being afraid; but it was his conſciouſneſs that he was ſo that drew this brag from him. This is nature. WARBURTON.

3 *And kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee be my god.*) The old copy redundantly reads:
„ And *I will* kiſs thy foot,„ &c. RITSON.

I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

TRIN. A moſt ridiculous monſter; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

CAL. I pry'thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſea-mells [4] from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

[4] —*ſea-mells*—) This word has puzzled the commentators: Dr. Warburtoo reads *ſhamois*; Mr. Theobald would read any thing rather than *ſea-mells*. Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, obſerves, that limpets are in ſome places called *ſcams*, and therefore I had once ſuffered *ſcamels* to ſtand. JOHNSON.

Theobald had very reaſonably propoſed to read *ſea-malls*, or *ſea-mells*. An *e*, by theſe careleſs printers, was eaſily changed into a *c*, and from this accident, I believe, all the difficulty ariſes, the word having been ſpelt by the tranſcriber, *ſeamels*. *Willoughby* mentions the bird as *Theobald* has informed us. Had Mr. Holt told us in what part of England *limpets* are called *ſcams*, more regard would have been paid to his aſſertion.

I ſhould ſuppoſe, at all events, a *bird* to have been deſign'd, as *young* and *old fiſh* are taken with equal facility; but *young birds* are more eaſily ſurpriſed than *old ones*. Beſides, Caliban had already proffered to *fiſh* for Trinculo. In Cavendiſh's ſecond voyage, the ſailors eat *young gulls* at the iſle of Penguins. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but Theobald's propoſed amendment ought to be received. Sir Joſeph Banks informs me, that in Willoughby's, or rather John Ray's Ornithology, p. 34, No. 3, is mentioned the common ſea mall, *Larus cinereus minor*; and that young ſea gulls have been eſteemed a delicate food in this country, we learn from Plott, who, in his Hiſtory of Staffordſhire, p. 231, gives an account of the mode of taking a ſpecies of gulls called in that country pewits, with a plate annexed, at the end of which he writes, "they being accounted a good diſh at the moſt plentiful tables." To this it

STE. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company elſe being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CAL. *Farewell maſter; farewell, farewell.*

(Sings drunkenly.

TRIN. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

CAL. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor ſcrape trenchering,[5] *nor waſh diſh;*
'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,[6]
Has a new maſter—Get a new man.[7]
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

STE. O brave monſter! lead the way. *Exeunt.*

may be added, that Sir Robert Sibbald in his *Ancient State of the Shire of Fife*, mentions, amongſt fowls which frequent a neighbouring iſland, ſeveral ſorts of *ſea-malls*, and one in particular, the *kattewake*, a fowl of the *Larus* or *mall kind*, of the bigneſs of an ordinary pigeon, which ſome hold, ſays he, to be as ſavoury and as good meat as a partridge is. REED.

5 *Nor ſcrape trenchering,*) In our author's time trenchers were in general uſe; and male domeſticks were ſometimes employed in cleanſing them. "I have helped (ſays Lilly in his *Hiſtory of his Life and Times*, ad an. 1620), to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning;——all manner of drudgery I willingly performed; *ſcrape-trenchers*," &c. MALONE.

6 *'Ban, 'Ban, Ca——Caliban,*) Perhaps our author remembered a ſong of Sir P. Sidney's:

"Da, da, da——Daridan."

Aſtrophel and Stella, fol. 1627. MALONE.

7 *——Get a new man.*) When Caliban ſings this laſt part of his ditty, he muſt be ſuppoſed to turn his head ſcornfully toward the cell of Proſpero, whoſe ſervice he has deſerted. STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

FER. There be ſome ſports are painful; but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: [8] ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone; and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk would be [9]

[8] *There be ſome ſports are* painful; but *their* labour
Delight *in them ſets off*:)
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem. Hor. ſat. 2. lib. ii.
The old copy reads: "——*and* their labour," &c. STEEVENS.

We have again the ſame thought in *Macbeth*:
"The *labour* we *delight* in phyſicks *pain*."

After "and," *at the ſame time* muſt be underſtood. Mr. Pope, unneceſſarily, reads——"*But* their labour——," which has been followed by the ſubſequent editors.

In like manner in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. the ſame change was made by him. "I am a Roman, *and* (i. e. and *yet*) my ſervices are, as you are, againſt them." Mr. Pope reads——"I am a Roman, *but* my ſervices," &c. MALONE.

I prefer Mr. Pope's emendation, which is juſtified by the following paſſage in the ſame ſpeech:

"——This my mean taſk would be
"As heavy to me as 'tis odious; *but*
"The miſtreſs that I ſerve," &c.

It is ſurely better to change a ſingle word, than to countenance one corruption by another, or ſuppoſe that four words, neceſſary to produce ſenſe, were left to be underſtood. STEEVENS.

[9] *This my mean taſk* would be——, The metre of this line is defective in the old copy, by the words *would be* being tranſferred to the next line. Our author and his contemporaries generally uſe *odious* as a triſyllable. MALONE.

Mr. Malone prints the paſſage as follows:

"——*This my mean taſk would be*
"*As heavy to me, as odious; but*——"

The word *odious*, as he obſerves, is ſometimes uſed as a triſylla-

As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction: My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work; and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:[2]
But theſe ſweet thoughts do even refreſh my labours;
Moſt buſy-leſs, when I do it.[3]

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a diſtance.*

MIRA. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not ſo hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, ſet it down, and reſt you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now, reſt yourſelf;
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.

ble.——Granted; but then it is *always* with the penult. *ſhort.* The metre, therefore, as regulated by him, would ſtill be defective.

By the advice of Dr. Farmer, I have ſupply'd the neceſſary monoſyllable——*'tis*; which completes the meaſure, without the ſlighteſt change of ſenſe. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*I forget:* Perhaps Ferdinand means to ſay——I forget *my taſk*; but *that is not ſurpriſing, for I am thinking on Miranda, and* theſe ſweet thoughts, &c. He may however mean, that he *forgets or thinks little of the baſeneſs of his employment.* Whichſoever be the ſenſe, *And*, or *For*, ſhould ſeem more proper in the next line, than *But*. MALONE.

[3] Moſt buſy-*leſs*, *when I do it.*) The two firſt folios read:
"*Moſt buſy* left, *when I do it.*"
'Tis true this reading is corrupt; but the corruption is ſo very little removed from the truth of the text, that I cannot afford to think well of my own ſagacity for having diſcovered it.
THEOBALD.

FER. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet, before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

MIRA. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

FER. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

MIRA. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours againſt.[4]

PRO. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This viſitation ſhews it.

MIRA. You look wearily,

FER. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night.[5] I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly, that I might ſet it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

MIRA. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your heſt[6] to ſay ſo!

[4] *And yours againſt.*) The old copy reads——
"And yours *it is* againſt." By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the words in Italicks, as they are needleſs to the ſenſe of the paſſage, and would have rendered the hemiſtich too long to join with its ſucceſſor in making a regular verſe. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*'tis freſh morning with me,*
When you are by at night.)
Tu mihi curarum requies, *tu nocte* vel atrâ
Lumen——
Tibul. Lib. iv. El. xiii. MALONE.

[6] ——*heſt*——(For *beheſt*; i. e. command. So before, A&I. ſc. ii;
"Refuſing her grand *heſts*——" STEEVENS.

FER. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with beſt regard: and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women; never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the ſoil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt. [7]

MIRA. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glaſs, mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am ſkill-leſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;

7 *Of every creature's beſt.*) Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles. JOHNSON.

Had Shakſpeare availed himſelf of this elegant circumſtance, he would ſcarcely have ſaid, " of every *creature's* beſt, " becauſe ſuch a phraſe includes the component parts of the brute creation. Had he been thinking on the judicious ſelection made by the Grecian Artiſt, he would rather have expreſſed his meaning by " every *woman's*, " or " every *beauty's* beſt. " Perhaps he had only in his thoughts a fable related by Sir Philip Sidney in the third book of his *Arcadia*, The beaſts obtained permiſſion from Jupiter to make themſelves a King; and accordingly created one *of every creature's beſt*:

" Full glad they were, and looke the naked ſprite,
" Which ſtraight the earth yclothed in his clay:
" The Lyon heart; the Ounce gave active might;
" The horſe good ſhape; the Sparrow luſt to play;
" Nightingale voice, entiſing ſongs to ſay, &c. &c.
" Thus *man* was made; thus *man* their lord became. "

STEEVENS.

Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides yourſelf, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein forget.[7]

FER. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,
(I would, not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer[8]
The fleſh-fly blow my mouth.[9] — Hear my ſoul ſpeak; —
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice; there reſides,
To make me ſlave to it; and, for your ſake,
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRA. Do you love me?

FER. O heaven, O earth, bear witneſs to this found,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boded me, to miſchief! I,

7 *Therein forget.*) The old copy, in contempt of metre, reads — « *I* therein *do* forget. » STEEVENS.

8 — *than* I would *ſuffer*, &c.) The old copy reads — Than *to* ſuffer. The emendation is Mr. Pope's. STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copy is right, however ungrammatical. So, in *All's well that ends well*: « No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, *than to have*. » MALONE.

The defective metre ſhows that ſome corruption had happened in the preſent inſtance. I receive no deviations from eſtabliſhed grammar, on the ſingle authority of the folio. STEEVENS.

9 *The fleſh-fly* blow *my mouth*,] Mr. Malone obſerves, that to *blow*, in this inſtance, ſignifies to « ſwell and inflame. » But I believe he is miſtaken. To *blow*, as it ſtands in the text, means *the act of a fly by which ſhe lodges eggs in fleſh*. So, in Chapman's verſion of the Iliad:

« — I much fear, leſt with the *blows* of flies
« His braſs-inflicted wounds are fill'd — » STEEVENS.

Beyond all limit of what elſe i' the world,[2]
Do love, prize, honour you.
MIRA. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.[3]
PRO. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
FER. Wherefore weep you?
MIRA. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take,
What I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks[4] to hide itſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife,[5] if you will marry me;

[2] —*of* what elſe i' *the world,*) i. e. of *aught* elſe; of whatſoever elſe there is in the world. I once thought that we ſhould read —*aught* elſe. But the old copy is right. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:
« With promiſe of his ſiſter, and *what elſe*,
« To ſtrengtheo aod fupport Kiog Edward's place. »
MALONE.

[3] *I am a fool,*
To weep at what I am glad of.) This is one of thoſe touches of oature that diſtinguiſh Shakſpeare from all other writers. It was oeceſſary, io ſupport of the character of Miraoda, to make her appear uoconfcious that exceſs of ſorrow aod exceſs of joy find alike their relief from tears; and as this is the firſt time that couſummate pleaſure had made any oear approaches to her heart, ſhe calls ſuch a feemiog cootradictory expreſſioo of it, *folly*.
The ſame thought occurs io *Romeo and Juliet*:
« Back, fooliſh tears, back, to your native ſpriog!
« Your tributary drops belong to woe,
« Which you, miſtakiog, offer up to joy. » STEEVENS.

[4] — *it ſeeks* —) i. e. my affection ſeeks. MALONE.

[5] *I am your wife*, &.)
Si tibi non cordi fueraot conoubia noſtra,
Attamen in veſtras potuiſti ducere ſedes,
Quæ tibi jucundo famularer ſerva labore,
Candida permulcens liquidis veſtigia lymphis,
Purpureáve tuum conſteroens veſte cubile.
Catul. 64. MALONE.

If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow [6]
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.
FER. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever,
MIRA. My huſband then?
FER. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
MIRA. And mine, with my heart in't: [7] And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
FER. A thouſand! thouſand!
(*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIR.

PRO. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd with all; [8] but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere ſupper time, muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. (*Exit.*

6 —*your* fellow —) i. e. companion. STEEVENS.

7 ——*here's my hand.*

Miran. *And mine, with my heart in't:*) It is ſtill cuſtomary in the weſt of England, when the conditions of a bargain are agreed upon, for the parties to ratify it by joining their hands, and at the ſame time for the purchaſer to give an earneſt. To this practice the poet alludes. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

« Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
« And clap thyſelf my love; then didſt thou utter
« *I am your's for ever.* »

And again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

« *Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.
« *Jul.* And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.
« *Pro.* Here is my hand for my true conſtancy. » HENLEY.

8 *So glad of this as they, I cannot be,*
Who are ſurpriz'd with all;) The ſenſe might be clearer, were we to make a ſlight tranſpoſition:

« So glad of this as they, who are ſurpriz'd
« With all, I cannot be —»

Perhaps, however, more conſonantly with ancient language, we ſhould join two of the words together, and read —

« Who are ſurpriz'd *withal.*» STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

STE. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board'em: [8] Servant-monſter, drink to me.

TRIN. Servant-monſter? the folly of this iſland! They ſay, there's but five upon this iſle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters. [9]

STE. Drink, ſervant-monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

TRIN. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail. [2]

STE. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me: I ſwam, [3] ere I could recover the ſhore, five-and-

[8] —*bear up, and board'em:*) A metaphor alluding to a chace at ſea. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[9] —*if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.*) We meet with a ſimilar idea in *Antony and Cleopatra*: «He bears the third part of the world.»—«The third part then is drunk.» STEEVENS.

[2] —*he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.*) I believe this to be an alluſion to a ſtory that is met with in *Stowe*, and other writers of the time. It ſeems in the year 1574, a whale was thrown aſhore near *Ramſgate*: «A *monſtrous fiſh* ſays the *chronicler*) but not ſo *monſtrous* as ſome reported—for his *eyes* were in his *head*, and not in his *back*.

Summary, 1575, p. 562. FARMER.

[3] —*I ſwam*, &.) This play was not publiſhed till 1623. *Albumazar* made its appearance in 1614, and has a paſſage relative to

thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

TRIN. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.[4]

STE. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

TRIN. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet ſay nothing neither.

STE. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

CAL. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy ſhoe:
I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

TRIN. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant monſter; I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable: Why, thou deboſh'd fiſh thou,[5] was there ever man a coward,

the eſcape of a ſailor yet more iocredible. Perhaps, io both inſtaoces, a foeer was meant at the *Voyages of Ferdinando Mendez Pinto*, or the exaggerated accounts of other lying travellers:

« ——— five days I was under water; and at leogth
« Got up and ſpread myſelf upon a cheſt,
« Rowing with arms, and fleeting with my feet;
« And thus in five days more got land. » Act III. ſc. v.
STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *or my* ſtandard.

Trin. *Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no* ſtandard.) Meaning, he is ſo much intoxicated, as not to be able to ſtand. The quibble between *ſtandard*, an enſign, and *ſtandard*, a fruit-tree that grows without ſupport, is evident. STEEVENS.

[5] — *thou* deboſh'd *fiſh thou*,) I meet with this word, which I ſuppoſe to be the ſame as *debauch'd*, io Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1634:

« ———See, your houſe be ſtor'd
« With the *deboiſheſt* roarers in this city. »

Agaio, in *Monſieur Thomas*, 1639:

« ——— faucy fellows,
« *deboſh'd* and daily druokards. »

The ſubſtantive occurs in the *Parthenia Sacra*, 1633:

« — A hater of men, rather than the *deboiſhments* of their manoers. »

that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

CAL. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRIN. Lord, quoth he!—that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

CAL. Lo, lo again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

STE. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

CAL. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again the ſuit I made thee?[6]

STE. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *inviſible.*

CAL. As I told thee
Before, I am ſubject to a tyrant;[7]

When the word was firſt adopted from the French language, it appears to have been ſpelt according to the pronunciation, and therefore wrongly; but ever ſince it has been ſpelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety. STEEVENS.

6 *I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd*
To hearken once again the ſuit I made thee?) The old copy, which erroneouſly prints this and other of Caliban's ſpeeches as proſe, reads—
« ——*to* the ſuit I made thee; »
But the elliptical mode of expreſſion in the text, has already occurred in the ſecond ſcene of the firſt act of this play:
« —being an enemy
« To me inveterate, *hearkens my brother's ſuit.* »
STEEVENS.

7 ——— *a* tyraot;) *Tyrant* is here employed as a triſyllable. STEEVENS.

A ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of the iſland.

ARI. Thou lieſt.

CAL. Thou lieſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee:
I do not lie.

STE. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

TRIN. Why, I ſaid nothing.

STE. Mum then, and no more. — (*To* CALIBAN.) Proceed.

CAL. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him — for, I know, thou dar'ſt;
But this thing dare not,

STE. That's moſt certain.

CAL. Thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.

STE. How now ſhall this be compaſs'd? Canſt thou bring me to the party?

CAL. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.[7]

ARI. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

CAL. What a py'd ninny's this?[8] Thou ſcurvy patch! —

—[7] *I'll yield him thee* aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.) Perhaps Shakſpeare caught this idea from the 4th Chapter of *Judges*, v. 21. "Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a *nail* of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went ſoftly unto him, and *ſmote the nail into his temples*, &c. *for he was faſt aſleep*," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *What a py'd ninny's this?*) It ſhould be remembered that

I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine; for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick freſhes are.

STE. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

TRIN. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

STE. Didſt thou not ſay, he lied?

ARI. Thou lieſt.

STE. Do I ſo? take thou that. (*ſtrikes him.*) As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRIN. I did not give the lie; — Out o' your wits, and hearing too? — A pox o' your bottle! this can ſack, and drinking do. — A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

CAL. Ha, ha, ha!

STE. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee ſtand further off.

CAL. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

STE. Stand further. — Come, proceed.

Trinculo is no *ſailor*, but a *jeſter*; and is ſo called in the ancient *dramatis perſonæ*. He therefore wears the party-colour'd dreſs of one of theſe characters. See fig. XII. in the plate annexed to the firſt part of *K. Henry IV.* and Mr. Tollet's explanation of it. So, in the *Devil's Law Caſe*, 1623:

« Unleſs I wear a *py'd* fool's coat. » STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that Caliban could have no knowledge of the ſtriped coat uſually worn by fools: and would therefore tranſfer this ſpeech to Stephano. But though *Caliban* might not know this circumſtance, *Shakſpeare* did. Surely he who has given to all countries and all ages the manners of his own, might forget himſelf here, as well as in other places. MALONE.

CAL. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I'th' afternoon to ſleep: there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books;[9] for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am, nor hath not
One ſpirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;

9 ——— *Remember,*
Firſt to poſſeſs his books; for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am, nor hath not
One ſpirit to command:) Milton, in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*, ſeems to have caught a hint from the foregoing paſſage:

« Oh, ye miſtook: ye ſhould have ſnatch'd his wand,
« And bound him faſt; without his rod revers'd,
« And backward mutters of diſſevering power,
« We cannot face the lady.» — STEEVENS.

In a former ſcene Proſpero ſays —

« — I'll to my *book;*
« For yet, ere ſupper time, muſt I perform
« Much buſineſs appertaining. »

Again, in Act V:

« And deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
« I'll drown my *book.* »

In the old romances the ſorcerer is always furniſhed with a *book*, by reading certain parts of which he is enabled to ſummon to his aid whatever dæmons or ſpirits he has occaſion to employ. When he is deprived of his book, his power ceaſes. Our author might have obſerved this circumſtance much inſiſted on in the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boyardo, (of which, as the Rev. Mr. Bowle informs me, the firſt three Cantos were tranſlated and publiſhed in 1598,) and alſo in Harrington's tranſlation of the *Orlando Furioſo*, 1591.

A few lines from the former of theſe works may prove the beſt illuſtration of the paſſage before us.

Angelica, by the aid of Argalia, having bound the enchanter Malagigi:

« The damſel ſearcheth forthwith in his breaſt,
« And there the damned *booke* the ſtraightway founde,
« Which cireles ſtrange and ſhapes of heodes expreſt;
« No ſooner ſhe ſome wordes therein did ſound,
« And opened had ſome damned leaves nobleſt,
« But *ſpirits* of th' ayre, earth, ſea, came out of hand,
« Crying alowde, what is't you us *command?*» MALONE.

He has brave (utenſils, for ſo he calls them,)
Which, when he has a houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'ver ſaw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſeth Sycorax,
As greateſt does leaſt.

STE. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

CAL. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

STE. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (ſave our graces!) and Trinculo and thyſelf ſhall be vice-roys:—Doſt thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRIN. Excellent.

STE. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CAL. Within this half hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

STE. Ay, on mine honour.

ARI. This will I tell my maſter.

CAL. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch[3]

[2] *Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er ſaw woman,*) The old copy reads—

Calls her a non-pareil: I *never* ſaw *a* woman — But this verſe being too long by a foot, Hanmer judiciouſly gave it as it now ſtands in the text.

By means as innocent, the verſification of Shakſpeare has, I hope, in many inſtances been reſtored. The temerity of ſome critics had too long impoſed ſevere reſtraints on their ſucceſſors. STEEVENS.

[3] — *Will you* troll *the catch* —) Ben Jonſon uſes the word in *Every Man in his Humour:*

You taught me but while-ere?

STE. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: Come on, Trinculo, let us ſing. (*Sings. Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em; Thought is free.*

CAL. That's not the tune,

(ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

STE. What is this ſame?

TRIN. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of No-body.[4]

STE. If thou beeſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in thy likeneſs: if thou beeſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

TRIN. O, forgive me my ſins!

STE. He that dies, pays all debts; I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

CAL. Art thou afeard?[5]

STE. No, monſter, not I.

"If he read this with patience, I'll *troul* ballads."

Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"A fellow that will *troul* it off with tongue.

"Faith, you ſhall hear me *troll* it after my faſhion."

To *troll* a catch, I ſuppoſe, is to diſmiſs it *trippingly from the tongue*. STEEVENS.

[4] *This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of* No-body.) A ridiculous figure, ſometimes repreſented on ſigns. *Weſtward for Smelts*, a book which our author appears to have read, was printed for John Troodle in Barbican, at the *ſigne* of the *No-body*. MALONE.

The alluſion is here to the print of *No-body*, as prefixed to the anonymous comedy of "*No-body* and *Some-body*;" without date. REED.

[5] — *afeard?*) Thus the old copy. *To affear* is an obſolete verb, with the ſame meaning as to *affray*.

So, in the *Shipmannes Tale* of Chaucer, v. 13330:

"This wif was not *aferde* ne *affraide*."

Between *aferde* and *affraide*, in the time of Chaucer, there might have been ſome nice diſtinction which is at preſent loſt. STEEVENS.

CAL. Be not afeard; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twangling inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears; and ſometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

STE. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſic for nothing.

CAL. When Proſpero is deſtroy'd.

STE. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

TRIN. The ſound is going away: let's follow it, and after, do our work.

STE. Lead, monſter; we'll follow.—I would, I could ſee this taborer: [6] he lays it on.

TRIN. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [7]

(Exeunt.

6 *I would I could ſee this* taborer:) Several of the incidents in this ſcene, viz. — Ariel's *mimickry of* Trinculo — the tune played on the *Tabor*, — and Caliban's deſcription of the *twangling inſtruments*, &c. — might have been borrowed from Marco Paulo, the old Venetian voyager; who in Lib. I. ch. 44, deſcribing the deſert of Lop in Aſia, ſays — "Audiuntur ibi voces *dæmonum*, &c. *voces fingentes eorum quos comitari ſe putant.* Audiuntur interdum *in aere concentus muſicorum inſtrumentorum*," &c. This paſſage was rendered acceſſible to Shakſpeare by an Engliſh tranſlation entitled *The moſt noble and famous trauels of Marcus Paulus, one of the nobilitie of the ſtate of Venice*, &c. bl. l. 4to. 1579, by John Frampton. "— You ſhall heare in the ayre the ſound of *Tabers and other inſtruments*, to put the trauellers in feare, &c. by euill ſpirites that make theſe ſoundes, and alſo do *call diuerſe of the trauellers by their names*," &c. Ch. 36. p. 32. STEEVENS.

7 *Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.*) The firſt words are addreſſed

SCENE III.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

GON. By'r lakin,[8] I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

ALON. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To the dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down, and reſt.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find; and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: Well, let him go.

ANT. I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
Aſide to SEBASTIAN.
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd to effect.

SEB. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

ANT. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they

to Caliban, who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the muſick, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the diſpatching Proſpero, ſeems, for ſome little time, to have ſtaid behind. HEATH.

The words — *Wilt come?* ſhould be added to Stephano's ſpeech *I'll follow*, is Trinculo's anſwer. RITSON.

[8] *By'r lakin,*] i. e. The diminutive only of our lady, i. e. ladykin. STEEVENS.

Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they are freſh.

SEB. I ſay, to-night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſick; and PROSPERO *above, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.*

ALON. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

GON. Marvellous ſweet muſick!

ALON. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were theſe?

SEB. A living drollery: [9] Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; [a] one phœnix

[9] *A living* drollery: Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakſpeare's time performed by puppets only. From theſe our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

« I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty. » STEEVENS.

A living drollery, i. e. a drollery not repreſented by wooden machines, but by perſonages who are alive. MALONE.

[a] —*one tree, the* phœnix' *throne*;) For this idea, our author might have been indebted to Phil. Holland's Tranſlation of Pliny, B. XIII. chap. 4: « I myſelf verily have heard ſtraunge things of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird *Phœnix*, which is ſuppoſed to have taken that name of this date tree; (called in Greek φοινιξ); for it was aſſured unto me, that the ſaid bird died with that tree, and revived of itſelfe as the tree ſprung again." STEEVENS.

Again, in one of our author's poems:

« Let the bird of loudeſt lay,
« On the *ſole* Arabian tree," &c.

Our poet had probably Lilly's *Euphues, and his England*, particularly in his thoughts: ſignat. Q. 3.—« As there is but one

At this hour reigning there.

ANT. I'll believe both;
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie, [3]
Though fools at home condemn them.

GON. If in Naples
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders, [4]
(For, certes, [5] theſe are people of the iſland,)
Who, though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, [6] then of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many, nay, almoſt any.

PRO. Honeſt lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent,
Are worſe than devils. (*Aſide*,

phœnix in the world, ſo is there but *one tree* in Arabia wherein ſhe buildeth." See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Raſin*, a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but *one* found, and, upon it the phœnix ſits." MALONE.

[3] *And I'll be ſworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,*) I ſuppoſe this redundant line originally ſtood thus:—

"And I'll be ſworn *to't*: Travellers ne'er did lie—."

Hanmer reads, as plauſibly—

"And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er lied."

STEEVENS.

[4] —*ſuch* iſlanders,) The old copy has *iſlands*. The emendatinn was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[5] *For*, certes, &c.) *Certes* is an obſolete word, ſignifying *certainly*. So, in *Othello*:

"—*certes*, ſays he,
"I have already choſe my officer." STEEVENS.

[6] *Their manners are more* gentle-kind,) The old copy has—"gentle, kind—." I read (in conformity to a practice of our author, who delights in ſuch compound epithets, of which the firſt adjective is to be conſidered as an adverb) *gentle-kind*. Thus in *K. Richard III.* we have *childiſh-fooliſh*, *ſenſeleſs-obſtinate*, and *more-tal-ſtaring*. STEEVENS.

ALON. I cannot too much muſe,
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue,) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.

PRO. Praiſe in departing. [8]

FRAN. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.

SEB. No matter, ſince
They have left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs. —
Will't pleaſe you taſte of what is here?

ALON. Not I.

GON. Faith, ſir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers, [9]
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at them

7 —— *too much* muſe,) To *muſe*, in ancient language, is to admire, to wonder.

So, in *Macbeth*:

« Do not *muſe* at me, my moſt worthy friends. »

STEEVENS.

8 *Praiſe in departing.*) i. e. Do not praiſe your entertainment too ſoon, leſt you ſhould have reaſon to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial ſaying.

So, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

« And ſo ſhe doth; but *praiſe* your luck *at parting*. »

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

« Now *praiſe* at thy *parting*.

Stephen Goſſon, in his pamphlet entitled, *Plays confuted in five Actions*, &c. (no date) acknowledges himſelf to have been the author of a morality called, *Praiſe at Parting*. STEEVENS.

9 —*that there were* mountaineers, &c.) Whoever is curious to know the particulars relative to theſe *mountaineers*, may conſult *Maundeville's Travels*, printed in 1503, by Wynken de Worde; but it is yet a known truth that the inhabitants of the Alps have been long accuſtom'd to ſuch excreſcences or tumours.

Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? STEEVENS.

Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts? [2] which now we find,
Each putter-out on five for one, [3] will bring us

[2] ——*men*,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts?) Our author might have had this intelligence likewiſe from the tranſlation of Pliny, B. V. chap. 8. "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eies both in their breaſts." STEEVENS.

Or he might have had it from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "On that branch which is called *Caora* are a nation of people, whoſe heads appear not above their ſhoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their ſhoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breaſts." MALONE.

[3] *Each putter-out*, &c.) The ancient cuſtom here alluded to was this. In this age of travelling, it was a practice with thoſe who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a ſum of money on condition of receiving great intereſt for it at their return home. So Puntarvolo (it is Theobald's quotation) in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour:* "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (becauſe I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put ſome *five* thouſand pound, to be paid me *five* for *one*, upon the return of my wife, myſelf, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Conſtantinople."

To this inſtance I may add another from *The Ball*, a comedy, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

"I did moſt politickly diſburſe my ſums
"To have *five for one* at my return from Venice."

Again, in *Amends for Ladies*, 1639:

"I would I had *put out* ſomething upon my return;
"I had as lieve be at the *Bermoothes*."

"—— *on* five for one" means *on the terms of five for one*. So, in Barnaby Riche's *Faults, and nothing but Faults*, 1607: "—— thoſe whipſters, that having ſpent the greateſt part of their patrimony in prodigality, will give out the reſt of their ſtocke, *to be paid two or three for one*, upon their return from Rome," &c. &c.

STEEVENS.

Each putter-out on *five for one*,) The old copy has:

"—— *of* five for one,"

I believe the words are only tranſpoſed, and that the author wrote:

"Each putter-out of *one for five*."

So, in *The Scourge of Folly*, by J. Davies of Hereford, printed about the year 1611:

Good warrant of.

ALON. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt: no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt: [4] — Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy;* [5] *claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vaniſhes.* [6]

ARI. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny

« Sir Solus ſtraight will travel, as they ſay,
« And *gives out one for three*, when home comes he."

It appears from Moryſon's ITINERARY, 1617, Part I. p. 198, that "this cuſtom of giving out money upon theſe adventures was firſt uſed in court, and among noblemen;" and that ſome years before his book was publiſhed, "bankerouts, ſtage-players, and men of baſe condition had drawn it into contempt," by undertaking journeys merely for gain upon their return. MALONE.

[4] *I will ſtand to, and feed,*
Although my laſt: no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt;) I cannot but think that this paſſage was intended to be in rhyme, and ſhould be printed thus:

« *I will ſtand to and feed; although my laſt,*
« *No matter, ſince I feel the beſt is paſt.*" M. MASON.

[5] *Enter Ariel like a harpy;* &c.) This circumſtance is taken from the third book of the Æneid as tranſlated by Phaer, bl. l. 4to. 1558:

« ——faſt *to meate* we fall.
« But ſodenly from down the hills with griſly fall to fyght,
« The *harpies* come, and *beating wings* with great noys out thei ſhright,
« And *at our meate they ſnach*; and with their clawes," &c.

Milton, Parad. Reg. B. II. has adopted the ſame imagery:

« —— with that
« Both table and proviſions vaniſh'd quite,
« With ſound of harpies' wings, and talons heard."

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *and with a quaint device, the banquet vaniſhes.*) Though I will not undertake to prove that all the culinary pantomimes exhibited in France and Italy were known and imitated in this kingdom,

(That hath to inſtrument this lower world, [7]
And what is in't) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and on this iſland
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad;
(*Seeing* ALON. SEB. *&c. draw their ſwords.*
And even with ſuch like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are miniſters of fate; the elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One dowle that's in my plume; [8] my fellow-miniſters

I may obſerve that flying, riſing, and deſcending ſervices were to be found at entertainments given by the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in 1453 and by the Grand Duke of Tuſcany in 1600, &c. See M. Le Grand D'Auſſi's *Hiſtoire de la vie priv ee des François*, Vol. III. p. 294, &c. Examples therefore of machinery ſimilar to that of Shakſpeare in the preſent inſtance, were to be met with, and perhaps had been adopted on the ſtage, as well as at public feſtivals here in England. See my note on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act V. ſc. v. from whence it appears that a ſtriking conceit in an entertainment given by the Vidame of Chartres, had been tranſferred to another feaſt prepared in England as a compliment to Prince Alaſco in 1583. STEEVENS.

7 *That hath to* inſtrument *this lower world*, &c.) i. e. that makes uſe of this world, and every thing in it, as its *inſtruments* to bring about its ends. STEEVENS.

8 *One* dowle *that's in my* plume;) The old copy exhibits the paſſage thus:

" One *dowle* that's in my *plumbe*." Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Bailey, in his Dictionary, ſays, that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the ſingle particles of the down.

Since the firſt appearance of this edition, my very induſtrious and learned correſpondent, Mr. *Tollet*, of *Betley*, in *Staffordſhire*, has enabled me to retract a too haſty cenſure on *Bailey*, to whom

Are like invulnerable:[9] if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſy for your ſtrengths,
And will not be upliſted: But, remember,
(For that's my buſineſs to you,) that you three
From Milan did ſupplant good Proſpero;
Expos'd unto the ſea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: Thee, of thy ſon, Alonſo,

we were long indebted for our only *Engliſh Dictionary*. In a ſmall book, entitled *Humane induſtry*: or, *A Hiſtory of moſt Manuel Arts*, printed in 1661, page 93, is the following paſſage: "The wool-bearing trees in Æthiopia, which *Virgil* ſpeaks of, and the Etiophori Arbores in *Theophraſtus*, are not ſuch trees as have a certain wool or DOWL upon the outſide of them, as the ſmall cotton; but ſhort trees that bear a ball upon the top, pregnant with wool, which the Syrians call Cott, the Græcians Goſſypium, the Italians Bombagio, and we Bombaſe." ——"There is a certain ſhell-fiſh in the ſea, called Pinna, that bears a moſſy DOWL, or wool, whereof cloth was ſpun and made. ——Again, page 93: "Trichitis, or the hayrie ſtone, by ſome Greek authors, and Alumen *plumaceum*, or *downy* alum, by the Latiniſts: this hair or DOWL is ſpun into thread, and weaved into cloth." I have ſince diſcovered the ſame word in *The Ploughman's Tale*, erroneouſly attributed to Chaucer, v. 3202:

"And ſwore by cock' is herte and blode,
"He would tere him every *doule*." STEEVENS.

Cole in his Latin Dictionary 1679, interprets "young *dowle*." by *lanugo*. MALONE.

9 ——— *the elements*
Of whom your ſwords *are temper'd, may as well*
Wound *the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at ſtabs*
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-miniſters
Are like invulnerable:] So, in Phaer's Virgil, 1573:

"Their *ſwords* by them they laid—
"And on the filthy birds they beat—
"But *fethers* none do from them fal, nor *wound* for ſtrok doth bleed,
"Nor force of weapons hutt them can." RITSON.

They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worſe than any death
Can be at once,) ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You, and your ways; whoſe wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this moſt deſolate iſle, elſe falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's ſorrow,
And a clear life [2] enſuing.[3]

He vaniſhes in thunder: then, to ſoft muſick, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes [4] *and carry out the table.*

PRO. (*Aſide.*) Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo, with good life,[5]

[2] —clear *life*—) Pure, blameleſs, innocent. JOHNSON.
So, in *Timon*: —roots you *clear* heavens." STEEVENS.

[3] — *is nothing, but heart's ſorrow,*
And a clear life enſuing.) The meaning, which is ſomewhat obſcured by the expreſſion, is, — *a miſerable fate, which nothing but contrition and amendment of life can avert.* MALONE.

[4] — *with* mops *and* mowes— So, in *K. Lear*:
" —and Flibbertigibbet of *mopping* and *mowing*." STEEVENS.

The old copy, by a manifeſt error of the preſs, reads—with *mocks*. So afterwards:—" Will be here with *mop* and mowe." MALONE.

To *mock* and to *mowe*, ſeem to have had a meaning ſomewhat ſimilar; i. e. to inſult, by making mouths, or wry faces. STEEVENS.

——*with* good life,) *With good life* may mean, with *exact preſentation of their ſeveral characters, with obſervation ſtrange* of their particular and diſtinct parts. So we ſay, be acted to the *life*. JOHNSON.

Thus in the 6th Canto of the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton:
" Done for the laſt with ſuch exceeding *life*,
" As art therein with nature ſeem'd at ſtrife."
Good life, however, in *Twelfth Night*, ſeems to be uſed for innocent *jollity*, as we now ſay a *bon vivant*: " Would you (ſays

And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeveral kinds have done: [6] my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they now are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young Ferdinand (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.

(*Exit* PROSPERO *from above.*

GON. I' the name of ſomething holy, ſir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

ALON. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Proſper; it did baſs my treſpaſs.[7]

the *Clown*) have a love ſong, or a ſong of *good life*" « *Sir Toby* anſwers, « A love ſong, a love ſong;» « Ay, ay, (replies *Sir Andrew*) I care not for *good life.*« It is plain, from the character of the laſt ſpeaker, that he was meant to miſtake the ſenſe in which *good life* is uſed by the *Clown*. It may therefore, in the preſent inſtance, mean, *honeſt alacrity, or cheerfulneſs.*

Life ſeems to be uſed in the chorus to the fifth act of *K. Henry V.* with ſome meaning like that wanted to explain the approbation of Proſpero:

" Which cannot in their huge and proper *life*
" Be here preſented." STEEVENS.

To do any thing with *good life*, is ſtill a provincial expreſſion in the Weſt of England, and ſignifies, to do it *with the full bent and energy of mind:*—" and *obſervation ſtrange*," is with *ſuch minute attention to the orders given, as to excite admiration.* HENLEY.

6 *Their ſeveral* kinds have done:) i. e. have diſcharged the ſeveral functions allotted to their different natures. Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V. ſc. ii. the Clown ſays—" You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will *do his kind.*" STEEVENS.

7 ——baſs *my treſpaſs.*) The deep pipe told it me in a rough baſs ſound. JOHNSON.

Therefore my ſon i'the ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lie mudded.[7] [*Exit.*

SEB. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANT. I'll be thy ſecond.

[*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.

GON. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
Like poiſon given[8] to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits:—I do beſeech you
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecſtacy[9]
May now provoke them to.

ADRI. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*

So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. 12:

" ——— the rolling ſea reſounding ſoft
" In his big *baſe* them fitly anſwered." STEEVENS.

7 *And* with him *there lie mudded.*

But *one fiend* ———] As theſe hemiſtichs, taken together, exceed the proportion of a verſe, I cannot help regarding the words—*with him*, and *but*, as playhouſe interpolations.

The Tempeſt was evidently one of the laſt works of Shakſpeare; and it is therefore natural to ſuppoſe the metre of it muſt have been exact and regular. Dr. Farmer concurs with me in this ſuppoſition. STEEVENS.

8 *Like* poiſon *given*, &c.] The natives of Africa have been ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of the ſecret how to temper poiſons with ſuch art as not to operate till ſeveral years after they were adminiſtered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect, as ſubtle in their preparation. So, in the celebrated libel called "Leiceſter's Commonwealth:" "I heard him once myſelfe in publique act at Oxford, and that in preſence of my lord of Leiceſter; maintain that poyſon might be ſo tempered and given as it ſhould not appear preſently, and yet ſhould kill the party afterwards at what time ſhould be appointed." STEEVENS.

9 — *this* ecſtacy—] *Ecſtacy* meant not anciently, as at preſent, *rapturous pleaſure*, but alienation of mind. Mr. Locke has not inelegantly ſtyled it *dreaming with our eyes open*. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before Proſpero's *cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

PRO. If I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,[2]

[2] —*a* thread *of mine own life,*) The old copy reads—*thirds.* The word *thread* was formerly ſo ſpelt, as appears from the following paſſage:

" Long maiſt thou live, and when the ſiſters ſhall decree
" To cut in twaine the twiſted *third* of life,
" Then let him die, " &c.

See comedy of *Mucedorus*, 1619, ſignat. C. 3. HAWKINS.

A *third* of mine owo life " is a *fibre* or a *part* of my owo life, *Proſpero* conſiders himſelf as the *ſtock* or *parent-tree*, and his daughter as a *fibre* or *portion* of himſelf, and for whoſe beoefit he himſelf lives. Io this ſenſe the word is uſed io *Markham's Engliſh Huſbandman*, edit. 1635, p. 146: " Cut of all the maine rootes, withio half a fnot of the tree, ooly the ſmall *thriddes* or twiſt rootes you ſhall oot cut at all." Again, ibid. " Every branch and *third* of the root." This is evidently the ſame word as *thread*, which is likewiſe ſpelt *third* by lord *Bacon*. TOLLET.

So, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607; and I could furoiſh many more inſtances:

" For as a ſubtle ſpider cloſely ſitting
" In center of her web that ſpreadeth rouod,
" If the leaſt fly but touch the ſmalleſt *third*,
" She feels it inſtantly."

The ſollowing quotatiou, however, ſhould ſeem to place the meaning beyond all diſpute. In *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540, is this paſſage:

"—one of worldly ſhame's *children*, of his eouotenance, aod THREDE of his body." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, a tragedy, 1592, Taocred, ſpeaking of his inteotion to kill his daughter, ſays,

" Againſt all law of kinde, to ſhred in twaine
" The golden *threede that doth us both maintain.*"

MALONE.

Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt: [3] here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off,
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

FER. I do believe it,
Againſt an oracle.

PRO. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquiſition [4]
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou doſt break her virgin knot [5] before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies [6] may

3 ——ſtrangely *ſtood the teſt*:) Strangely is uſed by way of commendation, *merveilleuſement*, *to a wonder*; the ſame is the ſenſe in the foregoing ſcene. JOHNSON.

i. e. in the laſt ſcene of the preceding act:——

"——with good life
"And obſervation *ſtrange*——". STEEVENS.

4 *Then, as my* gift, *and thine own* acquiſition ——) My gueſt, *firſt folio*. Rowe firſt read——*gift*. JOHNSON.

A ſimilar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——*I* ſend *him*
"*The greatneſs he has* got." STEEVENS.

5 ——*her* virgin knot——) The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Untide I ſtill my *virgin knot* will keepe." STEEVENS.

6 *If thou doſt break her* virgin knot *before*
All ſanctimonious ceremonies, &c.) This, and the paſſage in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, are manifeſt alluſions to the zones of the ancients, which were worn as guardians of chaſtity by marriageable young women. "Puellæ, contra, nondum viripotentes, hujuſmodi zonis non utebantur: quod videlicet immaturis virgunculis nullum, aut certé minimém, a corruptoribus periculum immineret: quas propterea vocabant ἀμίτους, nempe *diſcinctas*."

With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[7] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore; take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FER. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

PRO. Fairly spoke:[8]
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. What would my potent master? here I am.

PRO. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you

There is a passage in NONNUS, which will sufficiently illustrate Prospero's expression.

> Κούρης δ' ἐυγὺς ἵκανε· καὶ ἀτρέμας ἄκρον ἐρύσσας
> Δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοιο φυλάκτορα λύσατο μίτρης
> Φειδομένη παλάμῃ, μὴ παρθένον ὕπνος ἐάσσῃ. HENLEY.

7 *No sweet* aspersion—] *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*. At present it is expressive only of calumny and detraction. STEEVENS.

8 Fairly *spoke:*] *Fairly* is here used as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

In ſuch another trick: go, bring the rabble, [9]
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; [2] it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

ARI. Preſently?

PRO. Ay, with a twink.

ARI. Before you can ſay, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *ſo*, *ſo*;
Each one, tripping on his toe, [3]
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, maſter? no.

PRO. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou doſt hear me call.

ARI. Well I conceive. (*Exit.*

PRO. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To the fire i'the blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good night, your vow!

FER. I warrant you, ſir;
The white-cold virgin ſnow upon my heart

9 —*the rabble*,) The crew of meaner ſpirits. JOHNSON.

2 *Some* vanity *of mine art*;) So, in the unprinted romance of EMARE, quoted by Mr. Warton in his diſſertation on the *Geſta Romanorum*, (a Prefix to the third Vol. of the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry.)

"The emperour ſaid on hygh,
"Sertes, thys is a fayry,
"Or ellys a *vanite*."

i. e. an illuſion. STEEVENS.

3 ——— *Come, and go*, —
Each one, tripping on his toe,) So, in Milton's *L' Allegro*, v. 33:
"Come, and trip it as you go
"On the light fantaſtic toe." STEEVENS.

Abates the ardour of my liver.

PRO. Well.—

Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,[4]
Rather than want a ſpirit; appear, and pertly. —
No tongue;[5] all eyes; be ſilent. (*Soft muſick.*

A Maſque. Enter IRIS.

IRIS. Ceres, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling ſheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with ſtover,[6] them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,[7]
Which ſpungy Aprils at thy heſt betrims,

[4] — *bring a* corollary,) That is, bring more than are ſufficient, rather than fail for want of numbers. *Corollary* means *ſurplus*. *Corolaire*, Fr. See Cotgrave's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

[5] *No tongue*;) Thoſe who are preſent at incantations are obliged to be ſtrictly ſilent, « elſe » as we are afterwards told, « the ſpell is marred. » JOHNSON.

[6] — thatch'd *with* ſtover,) *Stover* (in Cambridgeſhire and other counties) ſignifies hay made of coarſe, rank graſs, ſuch as even cows will not eat while it is green. *Stover* is likewiſe uſed as *thatch* for cart-lodges, and other buildings that deſerve but rude and cheap coverings.

The word occurs in the 25th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

« To draw out ſedge and reed, for *thatch* and *ſtover* fit. »

Again, in his *Muſes' Elyzium*:

« Their browſe and *ſtover* waxing thin and ſcant. »

STEEVENS.

[7] *Thy bank with* peonied, *and* lilied *brims*, The old edition reads *pioned* and *twilled* brims, which gave life to Mr. Holt's conjecture, that the poet originally wrote—

« —— *with* pioned *and* tilled *brims*. »

Peonied is the emendation of Hanmer.

Spenſer and the author of *Mulcaſſes the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610, uſe *pioning* for digging. It is not therefore difficult to find a meaning for the word as it ſtands in the old copy; and remove a letter from *twilled*, and it leaves us *tilled*. I am yet, however, in doubt whether we ought not to read *lilied* brims; for *Pliny*,

To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; and thy broom groves, [8]
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed bachelor loves,

B. XXVI. ch. x. mentiõns the *water-lily* as a preſerver of chaſtity; and ſays, elſewhere, that the Peooy *medetur Faunorum in Quiete Ludibriis*, &c. In a poem entitled *Tár Herring's Tayle*, 4to. 1598, "the mayden *piony*" is introduced. In the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, are mentioned

"The watry flow'rs and *lillirs of the banks*."

And Edward Fenton in his *Srcrtr Wonders of Nature*, 4to. B. VI. 1569, aſſerts, that "the *watri-lily* mortifieth altogether the appetite of ſeoſualitie, and defends from unchaſte thoughts and dreames of venery."

In the 20th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the Naiades are repreſented as making chaplets with all the tribe of aquatic flowers; and Mr. Tollet informs me, that Lyte's *Herbal* ſays, "ooe kiod of peonie is called by ſome, *maiden* or *virgin* peonie."

In *Ovid's Banquet of ſenſe*, by Chapman, 1595, I meet with the following ſtanza, in which *twill-pants* are enumerated among flowers:

"White aod red jaſmines, merry, melliphill,
"Fair crown imperial, emperor of flowers;
"Immortal amaranth, white aphrodill,
"And cup-like *twill-pants* ſtrew'd io Bacchos' bowers."

If *twill* be the ancient name of any flower, the old reading, *pionrd* and *twilled*, may ſtaod. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton, in his notes upoo Milton, after ſileotly acqnieſciog in the ſubſtitution of *pionird* for *pionrd*, produces from the ARCAOES "Ladoo's *lillied* banks,' as an example to enunteuance a further change nf *twilled* io *lillied*, which, accordingly, Mr. Rann hath foiſted into the text. But before foch a liceoce is allowed, may it not be aſked—If the word *pionied* cao any where be found?—or (admittiog ſuch a verbal from peony, like Milton's *lilbird* from *lily*, to exiſt)—On the banks of what river do peonies grow?—Or (if the banks of any river ſhould be diſcovered to yield them) whether *they* and the *lilirs* that, in common with them, beniin thoſe banks, be the produce of *ſpungy* APRIL?—Or, whence it can be gathered that Iris here is at all ſpeaking of the banks of *a river*?—and, whether, as the bank io queſtion is the property, not of a water-nymph, but of Ceres, it is oot to be conſidered as an objeƈt of her care?—Hither the Goddeſs of Huſbandry is repreſented as reſorting, becauſe at the approach of ſpring, it becomes needful to repair the banks (or mnunds) of the *flat mrads*, whoſe graſs not only ſhooting over, but boing moie ſucculeo;

Being laſs-lorn;[9] thy pole-clipt vineyard;[9]
And thy ſea-marge, ſteril, and rocky-hard,

than that of the *turfy mountains*, would, for want of this precaution, be devoured, and ſo the intended *flower* [hay, or *winter keep*] with which theſe *meads* are proleptically deſcribed as *Thatched*, be loſt.

The giving way and caving in of the *brims* of thoſe banks, occaſioned by the heat, rains, and froſts of the preceding year, are made good, by opening the trenches from whence the banks themſelves were at firſt raiſed, and facing them up a freſh with the mire thoſe trenches contain. This being done, the *brims of the banks* are, in the poet's language, *pioned* and *twilled*.—Mr. Warton himſelf in a note upon Comus, hath cited a paſſage in which *pioners* are explained to be *diggers* [rather *trenchers*] and Mr. Steevens mentions Spenſer and the author of Muleaſſes, as both uſing *pioning* for *digging*. TWILLED is obviouſly formed from the participle of the French verb *touiller*, which Cotgrave interprets *filthily to mix or mingle; confound or ſhuffle together; bedirt; begrime; beſmear*:—ſignifications that join to confirm the explanation here given.

This *bank with pioned and twilled brims* is deſcribed, as *trimmed, at the beheſt of Ceres, by ſpungy* April, with flowers, *to make cold nymphs chaſte crowns*. Theſe flowers were neither *peonies* nor lilies, for they never blow at this ſeaſon, but "ladyſmocks all ſilver white," which during this humid month, ſtart up in abundance on ſuch banks, and thrive like oats on the ſame kind of ſoil:—"*Avoine* touillée *croiſt comme enragée*."—That OU changes into W, in words derived from the French is apparent in *cordwainer*, from *cordouannier*, and many others. HENLEY.

Mr. Henley's note contends for ſmall proprieties, and abounds with minute obſervation. But that Shakſpeare was no diligent Botaniſt, may be aſcertained from his erroneous deſcriptions of a *Cowſlip*, (in he *Tempeſt* and *Cymbeline*) for who ever heard it characterized as a *bell-ſhaped* flower, or could allow the *drops at the bottom* of it to be of a *crimſon* hue? With equal careleſſneſs, or want of information, in the *Winter's Tale* he enumerates "lilies of *all kinds*," among the children of the ſpring, and as contemporaries with the daffodil, the primroſe, and the violet. It might be added, (if we muſt *ſpeak by the card*) that wherever there is a bank there is a ditch; where there is a ditch there may be water; and where there is water the aquatic lilies may flouriſh, whether the bank in queſtion belongs to a river or a field.—Theſe are petty remarks, but they are occaſioned by petty cavils.—It was enough for our author that *Peonies* and *Lilies* were well-known

Where thou thyſelf do'ſt air: The queen o'the ſky
Whoſe watery arch, and meſſenger, am I,
Bids thee leave theſe; and with her ſovereign grace,
Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
To come and ſport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

CER. Hail, many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Doſt diſobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diſſuſeſt honey-drops, refreſhing ſhowers:

flowers, and he placed them on any bank, and produced them in any of the genial months, that particularly ſuited his purpoſe. He who has confounded the cuſtoms of different ages and nations, might eaſily confound the produce of the ſeaſons.

That his documents *de Re Ruſticâ* were more exact, is equally improbable. He regarded objects of Agriculture, &c. in the groſs, and little thought, when he meant to beſtow ſome ornamental epithet on the banks appropriated to a Goddeſs, that a future critic would wiſh him to ſay their *brims* were *filthily mixed or mingled, confounded or ſhuffled together, bedirted, begrimed, and beſmeared*. Mr. Henley, however, has not yet proved the exiſtence of the derivative which he labours to introduce as an Engliſh word; nor will the lovers of elegant deſcription wiſh him much ſucceſs in his attempt. Unconvinced therefore by his ſtrictures, I ſhall not exclude a border of flowers to make room for the graces of the ſpade, or what Mr. Pope, in his Dunciad, has ſtyled—"the majeſty of mud." STEEVENS.

8 — *and thy* broom *groves*,] *Broom*, in this place, ſignifies the *Spartium Scoparium*, of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay in Cambridgeſhire it grows high enough to conceal the talleſt cattle as they paſs through it; and in places, where it is cultivated, ſtill higher. STEEVENS.

9 *Being* laſs-lorn;] *Laſs-lorn* is forſaken of his miſtreſs. So Spenſer:

'Who after that he had fair Una *lorn*." STEEVENS.

a — *thy pole*-clipt vineyard] To *clip* is to *twine round* or *embrace*. The poles are *clip'd* or embraced by the vines. *Vineyard* is here ſeud as a triſyllable. STEEVENS.

And with each end of thy blue bow doſt crown
My boſky acres,[3] and my unſhrubb'd down,
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this ſhort-graſs'd green?[4]

IRIS. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd lovers.

CER. Tell me, heavenly bow.
If Venus, or her ſon, as thou doſt know,
Do now attend the queen? ſince they did plot
The means, that duſky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have forſworn.

IRIS. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whoſe vows are, that no bed-rite ſhall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows,

[3] *My* boſky *acres*, &c.] *Boſky* is woody. Boſky acres are fields divided from each other by hedge-rows. *Boſcus* is middle Latin for *wood*. *Boſquet*, Fr. So Milton:

"And every *boſky* bourn from ſide to ſide."

Again, *in K. Edward I.* 1599.

"Hale him from hence, and in this *boſky* wood
"Bury his corps." STEEVENS.

[4] —*to this* ſhort-graſs'd green?] The old copy reads ſhort-*graſs'd* green. *Short-graſs'd green* means *graſed ſo as to be ſhort*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right out.
CER. Higheſt queen of ſtate,[1]
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

JUNO. How does my bounteous ſiſter? Go with me,
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſperous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue.

SONG.

JUNO. *Honour, riches, marriage-bleſſing,*
Long continuance, and increaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon you!
Juno ſings her bleſſings on you.

[1] *Higheſt queen of ſtate,*
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.] Mr. Whalley thinks this paſſage a remarkable inſtance of Shakſpeare's knowledge of ancient poetic ſtory; and that the hint was ſuroiſhed by the *Divum incedo Regina* of Virgil.

Joho Taylor, the water-poet, declares, that he never learned his *Accidence*, aod that Latin and French were to him Heathen Greek; yet, by the help of Mr. Whalley's argument, I will prove him a learned man, in ſpite of every thing he may ſay to the contrary: for thus he makes a gallaot addreſs his lady; "Moſt ineſtimable magazine of beauty! in whom the port and majeſty of Juno, the wiſdom of Jove's brain-bred girle, and the feature of Cytherea, have their domeſtical habitation." FARMER.

So, in *The Arraignement of Paris*, 1584:

"Firſt ſtatelie *Juno*, with her porte aod grace."

STEEVENS.

CER. *Earth's increaſe,*[6] *and foiſon plenty;*[7]
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with cluſt'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt!
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you;
Ceres' bleſſing ſo is on you.

FER. This is a moſt majeſtic viſion, and Harmonious charmingly:[8] May I be bold

[6] Earth's increaſe, *and foiſon plenty;* &c.] All the editions, that I have ever ſeen, concur in placing this whole ſonnet to Juno; but very abſurdly, in my opinion. I believe every accurate reader, who is acquainted with poetical hiſtory, and the diſtinct offices of theſe two goddeſſes, and who then ſeriouſly reads over our author's lines, will agree with me that Ceres's name ought to have been placed, where I have now prefixed it. THEOBALD.

And is not in the old copy. It was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. Earth's *increaſe*, is the *produce* of the earth. The expreſſion is ſcriptural: "Then ſhall the *earth* bring forth her *increaſe*, and God, even our God, ſhall give us his bleſſing." PSALM lxvii. MALONE.

This is one amongſt a multitude of emendations which Mr. Malone acknowledges to have been introduced by the Editor of the ſecond Folio; and yet, in contradiction to himſelf in his Prolegomena, he depreciates the ſecond edition, as of no importance or value. FENTON.

[7] — foiſon *plenty;*] i. e. plenty to the utmoſt abundance; *foiſon* ſignifying plenty. See p. 62. STEEVENS.

[8] *Harmonious charmingly:*] Mr. Edwards would read:

"*Harmonious charming* lay."

For though [ſays he] the benediction is ſung by two goddeſſes, it is yet but one *lay* or hymn. I believe however, this paſſage appears as it was written by the poet, who, for the ſake of the verſe, made the words change places.

We might read [transferring the laſt ſyllable of the ſecond word to the end of the firſt] "Harmonious*ly* charming."

Ferdinand has already praiſed this aerial Maſque as an object of ſight and may not improperly or inelegantly ſubjoin, that the

To think theſe ſpirits?

PRO. Spirits which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.

FER. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father,[2] and a wife,
Make this place Paradiſe.

[*Juno and Ceres whiſper, and ſend* IRIS *on employment.*]

PRO. Sweet now, ſilence:
Juno and Ceres whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do: huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandring brooks,[3]
With your ſedg'd crowns and ever-harmleſs looks,
Leave your criſp channels,[4] and on this green land
Anſwer your ſummons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

charm of ſound was added to that of viſible grandeur. Both Juno and Ceres are ſuppoſed to ſing their parts. STEEVENS.

A ſimilar inverſion occurs in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*
"But *miſerable moſt* to live unloved." MALONE.

[2] —*a* wonder'd *father*,] i. e. a father able to perform or produce ſuch wonders. STEEVENS.

[3] —wandring *brooks*,] The modern editors read—*winding brooks*. The old copy—*windring*. I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—*wandrig*, as it is here printed. STEEVENS.

[4] *Leave your* criſp *channels*,] *Criſp*, i. e. *curling*, *winding*, Lat. *criſpus*. So *Henry IV.* Part I. Act. I. ſc. iv. Hotſpur ſpeaking of the river Severn:
"And bid his *criſped* head in the hollow bank."
Criſp, however, may allude to the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentleſt wind occaſions on the ſurface of waters. STEEVENS.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of Auguſt weary
Come hither from the furrow and be merry;
Make holy-day; your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow, and confuſed noiſe, they heavily vaniſh.*

PRO. [*aſide.*] I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt Caliban and his confederates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come.—[*To the ſpirits.*] Well done;—avoid;—no more.

FER. This is moſt ſtrange:[4] your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.

MIRA. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.

PRO. You do look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd; be cheerful, ſir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,[5]

[4] *This is* moſt *ſtrange:*] I have introduced the word—*moſt*, on account of the metre, which otherwiſe is defective.—In the firſt line of Proſpero's next ſpeech there is likewiſe an omiſſion, but I have not ventured to ſupply it. STEEVENS.

[5] *And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion.* &c.] The exact period at which this play was produced is unknown: it was not,

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,[7]

however, publiſhed before 1623. In the year 1603, the *Tragedy of Darius*, by Lord Sterline, made its appearance, and there I find the following paſſage:

" Let greatneſs of her glaſſy ſcepters vaunt,
" Nor ſcepters, no, but reeds, ſoon bruis'd, ſoon broken;
" And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
" All fades, and ſcarcely leaves behind a token.
" Thoſe golden palaces, thoſe gorgeous halls,
" With ſuruiture ſuperfluouſly fair,
" Thoſe ſtately courts, thoſe ſky-encount'ring walls,
" Evaniſh all like vapours in the air."

Lord Sterline's play muſt have been written before the death of queen *Elizabeth*, (which happen'd on the 24th of March 1603) as it is dedicated to *James VI. King of Scots*.

Whoever ſhould ſeek for this paſſage (as here quoted from the 4to, 1603) in the folio edition, 1637, will be diſappointed as Lord Sterline made conſiderable changes in all his plays, after their firſt publication. STEEVENS.

6 —*all which it* inherit,] i. e. all who poſſeſs, who dwell upon it. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" This, or elſe nothing, will *inherit* her." MALONE.

7 *And like this inſubſtantial* pageant faded,] *Faded* means here—having vaniſhed; from the Latin, *vado*. So, in *Hamlet:*

" It *faded* on the crowing of the cock."

To feel the juſtice of this compariſon, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of theſe exhibitions ſhould be remembered. The ancient Engliſh *pageants* were ſhows exhibited on the reception of a prince, or any other ſolemnity of a ſimilar kind. They were preſented on occaſional ſtages erected in the ſtreets. Originally they appear to have been nothing more than dumb ſhows; but before the time of our author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of ſpeaking perſonages, who were characteriſtically habited. The ſpeeches were ſometimes in verſe; and as the proceſſion moved forward, the ſpeakers, who conſtantly bore ſome allufion to the ceremony, either converſed together in the form of a dialogue, or addreſſed the noble perſon whoſe preſence occaſioned the celebrity. On theſe allegorical ſpectacles very coſtly ornaments were beſtowed. See Fabian, II. 382. Warton's *Hiſt. of Poet.* II. 199. 202.

Leave not a rack behind:[8] We are ſuch ſtuff

The well-known lines before us may receive ſome illuſtration from Stowe's account of the pageants exhibited in the year 1604, (not very long before this play was written,) on King James, his Queen &c. paſſing triumphantly from the Tower to Weſtminſter; on which occaſion ſeven Gates or Arches were erected in different places through which the proceſſion paſſed.—Over the firſt gate "was repreſented the true likeneſs of all the notable houſes, "Towers and ſteeples, within the citie of London."—"The "ſixt arche or gate of triumph was erected above the Conduit in "Fleete-Streete, whereon the Globe of the world was ſeen to "move, &c. At Temple-bar a ſeaventh arche or gate was erect-"ed, the forefront whereof was proportioned in every reſpect like "a Temple, being dedicated to Janus, &c.—The citie of Weſt-"minſter, and dutchy of Lancaſter, at the Strand had erected "the invention of a Rainbow the moone, ſunne, and ſtarres, "advanced betweeu two Pyramides," &c. Annals, p. 1489. edit. 1605. Malone.

[8] *Leave not a* rack *behind:*] "The winds (ſays lord Bacon) which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, paſs without noiſe." I ſhould explain the word *rack* ſomewhat differently, by calling it *the laſt fleeting veſtige of the higheſt clouds, ſcarce perceptible on account of their diſtance and tenuity*. What was anciently called the *rack*, is now termed by ſailors—the *ſcud*.

The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakſpeare. So, in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, by Fletcher:

"——— ſhall I ſtray
"In the middle air, and ſtay
"The ſailing *rack*." ———

Again, in *David and Bethſabe*, 1599:

"Beating the clouds into their ſwifteſt *rack*."

Again, in the prologue to the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"We liſt not ride the rolling *rack* that dims the chryſtal ſkies."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 33d Sonnet:

"Anon permits the baſeſt clouds to ride
"With ugly *rack* on his celeſtial face."

Mr. Pennant in his Tour in Scotland obſerves, there is a fiſh called a *rack*-rider, becauſe it appears in winter or bad weather; *Rack*, in the Engliſh of our author's days ſignifying the *driving of the clouds by tempeſts*.

Sir T. Hanmer inſtead of *rack*, reads *track*, which may be countenanced by the following paſſage in the firſt ſcene of *Timon of Athens*:

As dreams are made of,[9] and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakneſs; my old brain is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe; a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.

" But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
" *Leaving no track behind.*" STEEVENS.

Rack is generally uſed for *a body of clouds*, or rather for *the courſe of clouds in motion*; ſo, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" That which is now a horſe, even with a thought,
" The *rack* diſſimns."

But no inſtance has yet been produced where it is uſed to ſignify *a ſingle ſmall fleeting cloud*, in which ſenſe only it can be figuratively applied here. I incline, therefore, to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation.

I am now inclined to think that *rack* is a mis-ſpelling for *wrack*, i. e. *wreck*, which Fletcher likewiſe has uſed for a minute broken fragment. See his *Wife for a Month*, where we find the word mis-ſpelt as it is in *The Tempeſt*:

" He will hulge ſo ſubtilly and ſuddenly,
" You may ſnatch him up by pareels, like a *ſea-rack*."

It has been urged, that " objects which have only a viſionary and inſubſtantial exiſtence, can, when the viſion is faded, leave nothing *real*, and conſequently no *wreck* behind them." But the objection is founded on miſapprehenſion. The words — " Leave not a rack (or wreck) behind, " relate not to " the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion," but to the final deſtruction of the world, of which the towers, temples, and palaces, ſhall (*like* a viſion, or a pageant,) be diſſolved, and leave no veſtige behind.

MALONE.

[9] *As* dreams *are made* of,] The old copy reads — *on*. But this is a mere colloquial vitiation; *of*, among the vulgar, being ſtill pronounced — *on*. STEEVENS.

The ſtanza which immediately precedes the lines quoted by Mr. Steevens from Lord Sterline's *Darius*, may ſerve ſtill further to confirm the conjecture that one of theſe poets imitated the other. Our author was, I believe, the imitator.

" And when the eclipſe comes of our glory's light,
" Then what avails the adoring of a name?
" A meer *illuſion made to mock the ſight*,
" Whoſe beſt was but the ſhadow of a *dream*." MALONE.

FER. MIRA. We wiſh your peace.
(*Exeunt.*

PRO. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—
Ariel, come. [2]

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. Thy thoughts I cleave to: [3] What's thy
pleaſure?

PRO. Spirit,
We muſt prepare to meet with Caliban. [4]

ARI. Ay, my commander: when I preſented
Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Leſt I might anger thee.

PRO. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe
varlets?

ARI. I told you, ſir, they were red-hot with
drinking;

[2] Fer. Mir. *We wiſh your peace.*
Pro. *Come with a thought:—I thank* you:—*Ariel, come.*] The old copy reads "—I thank *thee.*" But theſe thanks being in reply to the joint wiſh of Ferdinand and Miranda, I have ſubſtituted *you* for *thee*, by the advice of Mr. Ritſon. STEEVENS.

[3] *Thy thoughts I* cleave to:] To *cleave to*, is to *unite with cloſely*. So, in *Macbeth*:
"Like our ſtrange garments, *cleave* not *to* their mould."
Again:
"If you ſhall *cleave to* my conſent." STEEVENS.

[4] —to meet with *Caliban.*] *To meet with* is to *counteract*; to play ſtratagem againſt ſtratagem.—*The parſon knows the temper of every one in his houſe, and accordingly either* meets with *their vices, or advances their virtues.* HERBERT'S *Country Parſon.* JOHNSON.
So, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613:
"——— You may *meet*
"*With* her abuſive malice, and exempt
"Yourſelf from the ſuſpicion of revenge." STEEVENS.

So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, [5] lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs, [6] and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them

[5] *Advanc'd their eye-lids*, &c.) Thus Drayton, in his *Nymphidia, or Court of fairie*:

" But once the circle got within,
" The charms to work do ſtraight begin,
" And he was caught as in a gin:
" For as he thus was buſy,
" A pain he in his head-piece feels,
" Againſt a ſtubbed tree he feels,
" And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
" Alas, his brain was dizzy.
" At length upon his feet he gets,
" Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets;
" And as again he forward ſets,
" And through the buſhes ſcrambles,
" A ſtump doth hit him in his pace,
" Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
" And lamentably tore his caſe
" Amoog the briers and brambles. JOHNSON.

[6] —*pricking* goſs,) I know not how Shakſpeare diſtinguiſhed *goſs* from *furze*; for what he calls *furze* is called *goſs* or *gorſe* in the midland counties.

This word is uſed in the firſt chorus to Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1594:

" With worthleſs *gorſe* that, yearly, fruitleſs dies.

STEEVENS.

By the latter, Shakſpeare means the low ſort of *gorſe* that only grows upon wet ground, and which is well deſcribed by the name of *whins* in Markham's *Farewell to Huſbandry*. It has prickles like thoſe on a roſe-tree or a gooſeberry. *Furze* and *whins* occur together in Dr. Farmer's quotation from Holinſhed. TOLLET.

I' the filthy mantled pool [7] beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.

PRO. This was well done, my bird:
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, go, bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch theſe thieves. [8]

ARI. I go, I go. (*Exit.*

PRO. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; [9] on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt; [a]
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: [3] I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL *loaden with gliſtering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring: —Come, hang them on this line.

7 *I' the filthy mantled pool* —) Perhaps we ſhould read—filthy-maotled.—A ſimilar idea occurs in *K. Lear*:

"Drinks the greco *mantle* of the ſtanding *pool*." STEEVENS.

8 *For* ſtale *to catch theſe thieves.*) *Stale* is a word in *fowling*, and is uſed to mean a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds.

So, in *A Looking glaſs for London and England*, 1617:

"Hence tools of wrath, *ſtales* of temptation!"

Again, in Green's *Mamillia*, 1595: "—that ſhe might not ſtrike at the *ſtale*, leſt ſhe were canvaſſed in the nets." STEEVENS.

9 Nurture *can never ſtick;*) *Nurture* is *education*. STEEVENS.

a—all, *all loſt*,) The firſt of theſe words was probably introduced by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. We might ſafely read—*are* all loſt. MALONE.

3 *And as, with age, his body uglier grows,*
So his mind cankers: Shakſpeare, when he wrote this deſcription, perhaps recollected what his patron's moſt intimate friend, the great lord Eſſex, in an hour of diſcontent, ſaid of queen Elizabeth;——"*that ſhe grew old and cankr'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcaſe:*"——a ſpeech, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, coſt him his head, and which, we may therefore ſuppoſe, was at that time much talked of. This play being written in the time of king James, theſe obnoxious words might be ſafely repeated. MALONE.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

CAL. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: [4] we now are near his cell.

STE. monſter, your fairy, which, you ſay, is a harmleſs fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us. [5]

TRIN. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs; at which my noſe is in great indignation.

STE. So is mine. Do you hear, monſter? If I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you,—

TRIN. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

CAL. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this miſchance: therefore, ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſh'd as midnight yet.

TRIN. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool.—

STE. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

TRIN. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmleſs fairy, monſter.

[4] —— *the blind mole may not*
Hear a foot fall:] This quality of hearing which the mole is ſuppoſed to poſſeſs in ſo high a degree, is mentioned in Euphues, 4to. 1581, p. 64, "Doth not the lion for ſtrength, the turtle for love, the ant for labour, excel man? Doth not the eagle ſee clearer, the vulture ſmell better, *the moale heare lightlyer?*" REED.

[5] —*has done little better than play'd the* jack *with us.*] i. e. He has played *Jack with a lantern*; has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. JOHNSON.

STE. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CAL. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſchief, which may make this iſland
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

STE. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRIN. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee! [6]

CAL. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but traſh.

TRIN. O, ho, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery: [7] —O king Stephano!

STE. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRIN. Thy grace ſhall have it.

CAL. The dropſy drown this fool! what do you mean,

[6] Trin. *O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!)* The humour of theſe lines conſiſts in their being an alluſion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus: *King Stephen was a worthy peer*—and celebrates that King's parſimony with regard to his *wardrobe*.——There are two ſtanzas of this ballad in *Othello*. WARBURTON.

The old ballad is printed at large in *The Reliques of ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. PERCY.

[7] — *we know what belongs to a* frippery:) A *frippery* was a ſhop where old clothes were ſold. *Friperie*, Fr.

Beaumont and Fletcher uſe the word in this ſenſe, in *Wit without Money*, Act II:

"As if I were a running *frippery*."

So, in *Monſieur d'Olive*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606: "Paſſing

To doat thus on ſuch luggage? Let's along,[8]
And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our ſkins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

STE. Be you quiet monſter.—Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:[9] now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

yeſterday by the *frippery*, I ſpied two of them hanging out at a ſtall with a gambrell thruſt from ſhoulder to ſhoulder."

The perſon who kept one of theſe ſhops was called a *fripper*. Strype in the life of Stowe, ſays, that theſe *frippers* lived in Birchin-lane and Cornhill. STEEVENS.

[8] —*Let's* along,] Firſt edit. *Let's* alone. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet wrote:

"——— Let *it* alone,
"And do the murder firſt."

Caliban had uſed the ſame expreſſion before. Mr. Theobald reads—let's *along*. MALONE.

Let's alone, may mean—Let you and I only go to enmmit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is ſo ſolicitous about the *traſh* of dreſs, behind us. STEEVENS.

[9] —*under the line:*] An alluſion to what often happens to people who paſs the line. The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them loſe their hair. EDWARDS' MSS.

Perhaps the alluſion is to a more indelicate diſeaſe than any peculiar to the equinoxial.

So, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1632:

"'Tis hot going under the *line* there."

Again, in *Lady Alimony*, 1659:

"—— Look to the clime
"where you inhabit; that's the torrid zone:
"Yea, there gnes *the hair* away."

Shakſpeare ſeems to deſign an equivoque between the equinoxial and the girdle of a woman.

It may be neceſſary, however, to obſerve, as a further elucidation of this miſerable jeſt, that the lines on which clothes are hung, are uſually made of twiſted horſe-*hair*. STEEVENS.

TRIN. Do, do: We ſteal by line and level, and't like your grace.

STE. I thank thee for that jeſt; here's a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent paſs of pate; there's another garment for't.

TRIN. Monſter, come, put ſome lime upon[2] your fingers, and away with the reſt.

CAL. I will have none on't: we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles or to apes[3]
With foreheads villainous low.[4]

[2] —*put ſome* lime, &c.] That is *birdlime*. JOHNSON.
So, in Green's *Diſputation between a He and She Conycatcher*, 1592: "—mine eyes are ſtauls, and my hands *lime* twigs."
STEEVENS.

[3] —*to* barnacles, *or to apes*—] Skinner ſays *barnacle* is *Anſer Scoticus*. The *barnacle* is a kind of ſhell-fiſh growing on the bottoms of ſhips, and which was anciently ſuppoſed, when broken off, to become one of theſe geeſe. Hall, in his *Virgidemiarum*, lib. iv. ſat. 2. ſeems to favour this ſuppoſition:
"The Scottiſh *barnacle*, if I might chooſe,
"That of a worme doth waxe a winged gooſe," &c.
So likewiſe Marſton, in his *Malecontent*, 1604:
"——like your Scotch *barnacle*, now a block,
"Inſtantly a worm, and preſently a great gooſe."
"There are" (ſays Gerard, in his *Herbal*, edit. 1597. page 1391,) "in the north parts of Scotland certaine trees, whereon do grow ſhell-fiſhes, &c. &c. which, falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles*; in the north of England *brant geeſe*; and in Lancaſhire *tree geeſe*." &c.
This vulgar error deſerves no ſerious confutation. Commend me, however, to Holinſhed, (Vol. I. p. 38.) who declares himſelf to have ſeen the feathers of theſe *barnacles* "hang out of the ſhell at leaſt two inches." And in the 27th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the ſame account of their generation is given.
COLLINS.

[4] *With* foreheads *villainous* low.] *Low foreheads* were anciently

STE. Monſter, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

TRIN. And this.

STE. Ay, and this.

A noiſe of hunters heard.[1] *Enter divers Spirits, in ſhape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *ſetting them on.*

PRO. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

ARI. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

PRO. *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!

[CAL. STE. *and* TRIN. *are driving out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o'mountain.

reckoned among deformities, So, in the old bl. l. ballad, entitled *A Peerleſſe Paragon:*

"Her beetle brows all men admire,
"Her *forehead wondrous low.*"

Again, (the quotation is Mr. Malone's,) in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——And her *forehead*
"As *low* as ſhe would wiſh it." STEEVENS.

[1] *A noiſe of hunters heard.*] Shakſpeare might have had in view "*Arthur's Chace*, which many believe to be in France, and think that it is a kennel of black dogs followed by unknown huntſmen with an exceeding great ſound of horns, as if it was a very hunting of ſome wild beaſt." See a *Treatiſe of Spectres* tranſlated from the French of Peter de Loier, and publiſhed in quarto, 1605. GREY.

"HECATE, (ſays the ſame writer, *ibid.*) as the Greeks affirmed, did uſe to ſend *dogges* unto men, to feare and terrifie them." MALONE.

ARI. Hark, they roar.

PRO. Let them be hunted ſoundly; at this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little,
Follow, and do me ſervice. (*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Cell of Proſpero.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magick robes, and* ARIEL.

PRO. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. [6] How's the day?

ARI. On the ſixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.

PRO. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt. Say, my ſpirit,
How fares the king and his? [7]

ARI. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them all priſoners, ſir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;

[6] ——— *and time*
Goes upright with his carriage.] Alluding to one carrying a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could wiſh. Time brings forward all the expected events, without faultering under his burthen. STEEVENS.

[7] *—the king and his?*] The old copy reads—"the king and his *followers?*" But the word *followers* is evidently an interpolation, (or gloſs which had crept into the text) and ſpoils the metre without help to the ſenſe. STEEVENS.

They cannot budge, till your releaſe.[8] The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow, and diſmay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, ſir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo;*
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PRO. do'ſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

ARI. Mine would, ſir, were I human.

PRO. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling[9]
Of their afflictions? and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they,[2] be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

[8] ——*till your releaſe.*] i. e. till you releaſe them. MALONE.

[9] ——*a* touch, *a feeling*——[A *touch* is a *ſenſation*. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"— a *touch* more rare
"Subdues all pangs, all fears."

So, in the 141ſt ſonnet of Shakſpeare:

"Nor tender feeling to baſe *touches* prone."

Again, in the *Civil Wars* of Daniel, B. I:

"I know not how their death gives ſuch a *touch*."

STEEVENS.

[2] — *that reliſh all as ſharply,*
Paſſion as they,] I feel every thing with the ſame quick ſenſibility, and am moved by the ſame paſſions as they are.

A ſimilar thought occurs in *K. Rich. II:*

"*Taſte grief*, need friends, like you," &c. STEEVENS.

The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, releaſe them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

ARI. I'll fetch them, ſir. [*Exit.*

PRO. Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves;[a]

[a] *Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves;*] This ſpeech Dr. Warburton rightly obſerves to be borrowed from Medea's in *Ovid:* and, "it proves, ſays Mr. Holt, beyond contradiction, that Shakſpeare was perfectly acquainted with the ſentiments of the ancients on the ſubject of enchantments." The original lines are theſe:

" Auræque, & venti, monteſque, amneſque, lacuſque,
" Diique omnes nemorum, diique omnes noctis, adeſte."

The tranſlation of which, by Golding, is by no means literal, and Shakſpeare hath cloſely followed it. FARMER.

Whoever will take the trouble of comparing this whole paſſage with Medea's ſpeech, as tranſlated by Golding, will ſee evidently that Shakſpeare copied the tranſlation, and not the original. The particular expreſſions that ſeem to have made an impreſſion on his mind, are printed in Italicks:

" Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills*, of *brookes*, of woodes alone,
" Of *ſtanding lakes*, and of the night, approache ye everych one.
" *Through help of whom* (the cronked bankes much wondering at the thing)
" I have compelled ſtreames to run clear backward to their ſpring.
" By charms I make the calm ſea rough, and make the rough ſeas playne,
" And cover all the ſkie with clouds, and *chaſe* them thence again.
" *By charms I raiſe and lay the windes*, and burſt the viper's jaw,
" And from the bowels of the earth both ſtones and trees do draw.
" Whole woods and forreſts I remove, *I make the mountains ſhake*,
" And even the earth itſelf to grone and fearfully to quake.
" *I call up dead men from their graves*, and thee, O lightſome moone,
" I darken oft, though beaten braſs abate thy peril ſoone.
" Our forcerie *dimmes* the morning faire, and darks *the ſun at noone*.
" The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my ſake,
" And cauſed their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.

And ye, that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune,[3] and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green-ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſ-
time
Is to make midnight muſhrooms; that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
(Weak maſters though ye be,)[4] I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder

" Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did ſet*,
" And brought aſleep the dragon fell, whoſe eyes were never ſhet."
MALONE.

Ye elves *of hills*, &c.] *Fairies* and *elves* are frequently, in the poets mentioned together, without any diſtinction of character that I can recollect. Keyſler ſays, that *alp* and *alf*, which is *elf* with the *Swedes* and *Engliſh*, equally ſignified a mountain, or a dæmon of the mountains. This ſeems to have been its original meaning; but Somner's Dict. mentions elves or fairies of the mountains, of the woods, of the ſea and fountains, without any diſtinction between elves and fairies. TOLLET.

[3] ——*with* printleſs *foot*
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune,] So Milton, in his *Maſque*:
" Whilſt from off the waters fleet,
" Thus I ſet my *printleſs* feet." STEEVENS.

[4] (*Weak* maſters *though ye be*,) The meaning of this paſſage may be, *Though you are but inferior maſters of theſe ſupernatural powers—though you poſſeſs them but in a low degree.* Spenſer uſes the ſame kind of expreſſion in the *The Fairy Queen*, B. III. cant. 8. ſt. 4.
" Where ſhe (the witch) was wont her ſprights to entertain.
" *The maſters of her art:* there was ſhe fain
" To call them all in order to her aid." STEEVENS.

——————*by whoſe aid*,
(*Weak* maſters *though ye be*,) That is; you are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourſelves;—your employment is then to make green ringlets, and midnight muſhrooms, and to play the idle pranks mentioned by Ariel in his next ſong;—yet by your aid I have been enabled to invert the courſe of nature. We ſay proverbially, "Fire is a good *ſervant* but a bad *maſter*."
BLACKSTONE.

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake; and by the ſpurs pluck'd up
The pine, and cedar; graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their ſleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my ſo potent art: But this rough magick[5]
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly muſick, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my ſtaff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſick.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantick geſture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *They all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there ſtand charmed; which* PROSPERO *obſerving, ſpeaks.*

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains,[6]

[5] —But *this rough magick*, &c.] This ſpeech of Proſpero ſets out with a long and diſtinct invocation to the various miniſters of his art: yet to what purpoſe they were invoked does not very diſtinctly appear. Had our author written—"*All* this," &c. inſtead of—"*But* this," &c. the concluſion of the addreſs would have been more pertinent to its beginning. STEEVENS.

[6] *A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter*
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains, &c.] Proſpero does not deſire *them* to cure *their brains*. His expreſſion is optative, not imperative; and means—*May* muſic cure thy brains! i. e. ſettle them. Mr. Malone reads—
"To an unſettled fancy's cure! Thy brains,
"Now uſeleſs, *boil* within thy ſcull:"— STEEVENS.
The old copy reads—*fancy*. For this emendation I am anſwerable. So, in *King John:*
"My widow's comfort, and *my ſorrow's cure.*"

Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy ſkull! [7] There ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopp'd.——
Holy Gonzalo honourable man,
Mine eyes, even ſociable to the ſhew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.[8] —The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes[9] that mantle
Their clearer reaſon.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preſerver, and a loyal ſir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, Alonſo, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian.—Fleſh and
blood,[2]

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" ——*Confuſion's care*
" Lives out in theſe confuſions."

Proſpero begins by obſerving, that the air which had been played was admirably adapted to compoſe unſettled minds. He then addreſſes Gonzalo and the reſt, who had juſt before gone into the circle: "Thy brains, now uſeleſs, boil within thy ſkull," &c. [the ſoothing ſtrain not having yet begun to operate.] Afterwards, perceiving that the muſick begins to have the effect intended, he adds, "The charm diſſolves apace." Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read *boil'd.* MALONE.

7 ——boil'd *within thy ſkull!*] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" Lovers and madmen have ſuch *ſeething* brains," &c.
STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:* "Would any but theſe *boil'd brains* of nineteen and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather?"
MALONE.

8 — *fellowly drops.*] I would read, *fellow* drops. The additional ſyllable only injures the metre, without enforcing the ſenſe. *Fellowly*, however, is an adjective uſe by Tuſſer. STEEVENS.

9 ——*the ignorant fumes*——] i. e. the fumes of ignorance.
HEATH.

2 *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian.—Fleſh and blood,*] Thus

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,[3]
Expell'd remorſe, and nature; [4] who, with Sebaſtian,
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell; and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
Exit ARIEL.]
I will diſ-caſe me, and myſelf preſent,
As I was ſometime Milan: quickly, ſpirit;
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, ſinging, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

ARI. *Where the bee ſucks there ſuck I;*
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:[5]
There I couch when owls do cry.[6]
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſummer, merrily:[7]
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

the old copy: Theobald points the paſſage in a different manner, and perhaps rightly:
" Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian, fleſh and blood."
STEEVENS.

3 —*that* entertain'd *ambition,*] Old copy—*entertain.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

4 —remorſe *and* nature;] *Remorſe* is by our author and the contemporary writers generally uſed for *pity*, or *tenderneſs of heart*. *Nature* is natural affection. MALONE.

5 *In a* cowſlip's *bell I lie:*] So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*
" At midnight, the appointed hour
" And for the queen a fitting *bower*,

PRO. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I ſhall miſs thee;

" Quoth he, is that fair *cowſlip* flower
" On Hipcut hill that bloweth."

The date of this poem not being aſcertained, we know not whether our author was indebted to it, or was himſelf copied by Drayton. I believe, the latter was the imitator. *Nymphidia* was not written, I imagine, till after the Engliſh Don Quixote had appeared in 1612. MALONE.

6 — *when owls do cry.*) i. e. at night. As this paſſage is now printed, Ariel ſays that he repoſes in a cowſlip's bell during the night. Perhaps, however, a full point ought to be placed after the word *couch*, and a comma at the end of the line. If the paſſage ſhould be thus regulated, Ariel will then take his departure by night, the proper ſeaſon for the bat to ſet out upon the expedition. MALONE.

7 *After ſummer, merrily:*) This is the reading of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has ſubſtituted *ſun-ſet*, becauſe Ariel talks of riding on the bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumſtance is given only to deſign the *time of night* in which fairies travel. One would think the conſideration of the circumſtances ſhould have ſet him right. Ariel was a ſpirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of Proſpero to a conſtant attendance on his occaſions. So that he was confined to the iſland winter and ſummer. But the roughneſs of winter is repreſented by Shakſpeare as diſagreeable to fairies, and ſuch like delicate ſpirits, who, on this account conſtantly follow *ſummer*. Was not this then the moſt agreeable circumſtance of Ariel's new-recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *ſummer* quite round the globe? But to put the matter quite out of queſtion, let us conſider the meaning of this line:

" *There I couch when owls do cry.*"

Where? in the *cowſlip's bell*, and *where the bee ſucks*, he tells us: his muſt needs be in *ſummer*. When? *when owls cry*, and this is in *winter*:

" When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
" Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl."

The Song of *Winter* in *Love's Labour's Loſt*.

The conſequence is, that Ariel *flies after ſummer*. Yet the Oxford Editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. Theobald. WARBURTON.

Ariel does not appear to have been confined to the iſland ſummer and winter, as he was ſometimes ſent on ſo long an errand as to the Bermoothes. When he ſays, *On the bat's back I do fly*, &c.

But yet thou ſhalt have freedom : ſo, ſo, ſo. —
To the king's ſhip, inviſible as thou art :

he ſpeaks of his preſent ſituation only ; nor triumphs in the idea of his future liberty, till the laſt couplet :

" *Merrily, merrily,*" &c.

The bat is no bird of paſſage, and the expreſſion is therefore probably uſed to ſignify, *not that he purſues ſummer*, but that, *after ſummer is paſt*, he rides upon the warm down of a bat's back, which ſuits not improperly with the delicacy of his airy being. *After ſummer* is a phraſe in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv.

Shakſpeare, who, in his *Midſummer Night's Dream*, has placed the light of a glow-worm in its eyes, might, through the ſame ignorance of natural hiſtory, have ſuppoſed the bat to be a bird of paſſage. Owls cry not only in winter. It is well known that they are to the full as clamorous in ſummer ; and as a proof of it, Titania, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, the time of which is ſuppoſed to be May, commands her fairies to —

" —— *keep back*
" *The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots.*" — STEEVENS.

Our author is ſeldom ſolicitous that every part of his imagery ſhould correſpond. I therefore, think, that though the bat is " no bird of paſſage," Shakſpeare probably meant to expreſs what Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes. A ſhort account, however, of this winged animal may perhaps prove the beſt illuſtration of the paſſage before us :

" The bat (ſays Dr. Goldſmith, in his entertaining and in-
" ſtructive *Natural hiſtory*,) makes its appearance in *ſummer*, and
" begins its flight in the duſk of the evening. It appears only in the
" *moſt pleaſant* evenings ; at other times is continues in its retreat ;
" the chink of a ruined building, or the hollow of a tree. Thus
" the little animal even in ſummer ſleeps the greateſt part of his
" time, never venturing out by day-light, nor in *rainy* weather. But
" its ſhort life is ſtill more abridged by continuing in a torpid
" ſtate during the *winter*. At the approach of the cold ſeaſon,
" the bat prepares for its ſtate of lifeleſs inactivity, and ſeems
" rather to chooſe a place where it may continue ſafe from inter-
" ruption, than where it may be warmly or commodiouſly
" lodged."

When Shakſpeare had determined to ſend Ariel in purſuit of ſummer, wherever it could be found, as moſt congenial to ſuch an airy being, is it then ſurpriſing that he ſhould have made the *bat*, rather than " the wind, his poſt-horſe ; " an animal thus delighting in that ſeaſon, and reduced by winter to a ſtate of lifeleſs inactivity ? MALONE.

There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter, and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pr'ythee.

ARI. I drink the air [9] before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. (*Exit* ARIEL.

GON. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PRO. Behold, ſir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Proſpero:
For more aſſurance that a living prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALON. Whe'r thou beeſt he, or no,[2]

8 —*ſhall I live now,*
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.) This thought is not thrown out at random. It compoſed a part of the magical ſyſtem of theſe days. In *Taſſo's Godfrey of Bulloigne*, by Fairfax, B. IV. ſt. 18:

"The goblins, fairies, feends, and furies mad,
"Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountaines hore,
"*And under everie trembling leaſe they ſit.*"

The idea was probably firſt ſuggeſted by the deſcription of the venerable elm which Virgil planted at the entrance of the infernal ſhades. *Æn.* vi. v. 282:

"Ulmus opaca, ingens; quam ſedem fomnia vulgò
"Vana tenere ferunt, *foliiſque ſub omnibus hærent.*"

HOLT WHITE.

9 *I drink the air* —) *To drink the air* — is an expreſſion of ſwiftneſs of the ſame kind as *to devour the way* in *K. Henry IV.* JOHNSON.

2 Whe'r *thou beſt he, or no.*) *Whe'r* for *whether*, is an abbreviation frequently uſed both by Shakſpeare and Jonſon. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"See, *whe'r* their baſeſt metal be not mov'd."

Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and, ſince I ſaw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madneſs held me: this muſt crave
(An if this be at all,) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy dukedom I reſign;[3] and do intreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: — But how ſhould Proſpero
Be living, and be here?

PRO. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd or confin'd.

GON. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.

PRO. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o' the iſle,[4] that will not let you

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Good ſir, ſay *who's* you'll anſwer me, or not."

M. MASON.

Thy dukedom I reſign;) The duchy of Milan being through the treachery of Antonio made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonſo promiſes to reſign his claim of ſovereignty for the future.

STEEVENS.

[4] *You do yet* taſte
Some ſubtilties *o' the iſle,*) This is a phraſe adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a diſh was ſo contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *ſubtilty*. Dragons, caſtles, trees, &c. made out of ſugar, had the like denomination. See Mr. Pegge's gloſſary to the *Form of Cury*, &c. Article *Subtilties*.

Froiſſard complains much of this practice, which often led him into miſtakes at dinner. Deſcribing one of the feaſts of his time, he ſays there was "*grant plenté de meſſe ſi etranges & ſi deſguiſez qu'on ne les ſavait deviſer*;" and L'Etoile ſpeaking of a ſimilar entertainment in 1597, adds "*Tous les poiſſons eſtoient fort dextrement deſguiſez en viande de chair, qui eſtoient mes dites marins pour la pluſpart, qu'on avoit fait venir exprés de tous les coſtez.*" STEEVENS.

Believe things certain: — Welcome, my friends all: —
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,
(*Aſide to* SEB. *and* ANT.
I here could pluck his highneſs' frown upon you,
And juſtify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

SEB. The devil ſpeaks in him. (*Aſide.*

PRO. No: —
For you, moſt wicked ſir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.

ALON. If thou beeſt Proſpero,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation:
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince[5]
Were wreck'd upon this ſhore; where I have loſt,
How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear ſon Ferdinand.

PRO. I am woe for't, ſir.[6]

[5] — *who* three hours *ſince* —) The unity of time is moſt rigidly obſerved in this piece. The fable ſcarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the repreſentation; and from the very particular care which our author takes to point out this circumſtance in ſo many other paſſages, as well as here, it ſhould ſeem as if it were not accidental, but purpoſely deſigned to ſhew the admirers of Ben Jonſon's art, and the cavillers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the ſtricteſt laws of regularity, when he choſe to load himſelf with the critick's fetters.

The *boatſwain* marks the progreſs of the day again — *which but three glaſſes ſince*, &c. and at the beginning of this act the duration of the time employed on the ſtage is particularly aſcertained; and it refers to a paſſage in the firſt act, of the ſame tendency. The ſtorm was raiſed *at leaſt* two glaſſes after mid day, and Ariel was promiſed that *the work ſhould ceaſe* at the *ſixth hour*. STEEVENS.

[6] *I am* woe *for't, ſir.*) i. e. *I am ſorry for it. To be woe*, is often uſed by old writers to ſignify, *to be ſorry*.

ALON. Irreparable is the loſs; and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

PRO. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſovereign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.

ALON. You the like loſs?

PRO. As great to me, as late; [6] and, portable [7]
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.

ALON. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wiſh
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my ſon lies. When did you loſe your daughter?

PRO. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive, theſe lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: [8] but, howſoe'er you have

So, in the play of *The Four Ps*, 1569:
"But be ye ſure I *would be woe*
"That you ſhould chance to begyle me ſo." STEEVENS.

6 *As great to me, as late;*) My loſs is a great as yours, and has as lately happened to me. JOHNSON.

7 ——portable——) So, in *Macbeth*:
"—— theſe are *portable*
"With other graces weigh'd."
The old copy unmetrically reads—"*ſupportable.*" STEEVENS.

8 ——— their *words*
Are natural breath:) An anonymous correſpondent thinks that *their* is a corruption, and that we ſhould read—*theſe* words. His conjecture appears not improbable. The lords had no doubt concerning *themſelves*. Their doubts related only to *Proſpero*, whom they at firſt apprehend to be ſome "inchanted trifle to abuſe

Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain,
That I am Proſpero, and that very duke
Which was thruſt forth of Milan; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, ſir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom ſince you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and diſcovers FERDINAND *and* MIRAMDA *playing at cheſs.*[9]

MIRA. Sweet lord, you play me falſe.
FER. No, my deareſt love,
I would not for the world.
MIRA. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms,[a] you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

them." They doubt, ſays he, whether what they ſee and hear is a mere alluſion; whether the perſon they behold is a living mortal, whether the words they hear are ſpoken by a human creature. MALONE.

[9] —*playing at* cheſs.) Shakſpeare might not have ventured to engage his hero and heroine at this game, had he not found *Huon de Bordeaux* and his Princeſs employed in the ſame manner. See the Romance of *Huon*, &c. chapter 53. edit. 1601: "How King Ivoryn cauſed his daughter *to play at the cheſſe* with Huon." &c. STEEVENS.

[a] *Yes, for a ſcore of* kingdoms, &c.] I take the ſenſe to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he ſays, play her falſe for the *world*: yes,

ALON. If this prove
A viſion of the iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.

SEB. A moſt high miracle!

FER. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cauſe.

[FERD. *kneels to* ALON.

ALON. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.

MIRA. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!

PRO. 'Tis new to thee.

ALON. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

FER. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, ſhe's mine;
I choſe her when I could not aſk my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: ſhe

anſwers ſhe, I would allow you to do it for ſomething leſs than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wiſh you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair. So likewiſe Dr. Grey. JOHNSON.

I would recommend another punctuation, and then the ſenſe would be as follows:

"*Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,*
"*And I would call it fair play;*

becauſe ſuch a conteſt would be worthy of you.

"*'Tis honour, with moſt lands to be at odds,*"—

ſays Alcibiades, in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.

ALON. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs!

PRO. There, ſir, ſtop;
Let us not burden our remembrances[3]
With a heavineſs that's gone.

GON. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

ALON. I ſay, amen, Gonzalo!

GON. Was Milan thruſt from Milan, that his iſſue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and ſet it down
With gold on laſting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her huſband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; Proſpero his dukedom,
In a poor iſle; and all of us, ourſelves,
When no man was his own.[4]

[3] —*our* remembrances—] By the miſtake of the tranſcriber the word *with* being placed at the end of this line, Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors, for the ſake of the metre, read—*remembrance*, The regulation now made renders change unneceſſary. MALONE.

[4] When *no man was his own.*] For *when* perhaps ſhould be read—*where*. JOHNSON.

When is certainly right; i. e. *at a time when* no one was in his ſenſes. Shakſpeare could not have written *where*, [i. e. in the

ALON. Give me your hands:
[*To* FER. *and* MIR.
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not with you joy!
GON. Be't ſo! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* Maſter *and* Boatſwain *amazedly following.*

O look, ſir, look, ſir, here are more of us.!
I propheſy'd if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace o'erboard, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land: What is the news?
BOATS. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ſhip,—
Which, but three glaſſes ſince, we gave out ſplit,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.
ARI. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went. } [*Aſide.*
PRO. My trickſy ſpirit![1] }
ALON. Theſe are not natural events; they ſtrengthen,

iſland,] becauſe the mind of Proſpero, who lived in it, had not been diſordered. It is ſtill ſaid, in colloquial language, that a madman is *not his own man*, i. e. is not maſter of himſelf.
STEEVENS.

[1] *My trickſy ſpirit!*] Is, I believe, my clever, adroit ſpirit, Shakſpeare uſes the ſame word in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"——that for a *trickſy* word
"Defy the matter."

So, in the interlude of the *Diſobedient Child*, bl. l. no date:

"——invent and ſeek out
"To make them go *trickſe*, gallaunt and cleane."
STEEVENS.

From ſtrange to ſtranger:—Say, how came you hither?

BOATS. If I did think, ſir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead of ſleep,[6]
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeveral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraitway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

ARI. Was't well done?
PRO. Bravely, my diligence. Thou ſhalt be free. [*Aſide.*

ALON. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature

6 ——*dead* of *ſleep*,] Thus the old copy. Modern editors—aſleep.

Mr. Malone would ſubſtitute—*on*; but *on* (in the preſent inſtance) is only a vulgar corruption of *of*. We ſtill ſay, that a perſon dies *of* ſuch or ſuch a diſorder; and why not that he is dead *of* ſleep? STEEVENS.

"*On* ſleep" was the ancient Engliſh phraſeology. So, in Gaſcoigne's *Suppoſes*: "—knock again; I think they be *on* ſleep." Again, in a ſong ſaid to have been written by Anna Boleyn:

"O death, rock me *on* ſlepe."

Again, in Campion's *Hiſtory of Ireland*, 1633: "One officer in the houſe of great men is a tale-teller, who bringeth his lord *on* ſleep with tales vaine and frivolous." MALONE.

In theſe inſtances adduced by Mr. Malone, *on ſleep*, moſt certainly means *aſleep*; but they do not militate againſt my explanation of the phraſe—"dead *of* ſleep." STEEVENS.

Was ever conduct of:[7] ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.

PRO. Sir, my liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs;[8] at pick'd leiſure,
Which ſhall be ſhortly, ſingle I'll reſolve you
(Which to you ſhall ſeem probable,)[9] of every

[7] ——*conduct* of:] Conduct *for* coonductor. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"Come, gentlemen, I will be your *conduct*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Houſholders' Philoſophie*, 4to. 1588, p. 1:—"I goe before, not to arrogat anie ſuperioritie, but as your guide, becauſe, perhaps you are not well acquainted with the waie. Fortune (quoth I) doth favour mee with too noble a *conduct*." REED.

Conduct is yet uſed in the ſame ſenſe: the perſon at Cambridge who reads prayers in King's and in Trinity College Chapels, is ſtill ſo ſtyled. HENLEY.

[8] ——*with* beating *on*
The ſtrangeneſs, &c.] A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in the ſecond part of *K. Henry VI.*

"——thine eyes and thoughts
"*Beat* on a crown."

Beating, may mean *hammering*, working in the mind, dwelling long upon. So, in the preface to Stanyhurſt's *Tranſlation of Virgil*, 1582: "For my part, I purpoſe not to *beat* on everye childiſh tittle that concerneth profodie." Again, Miranda, in the ſecond ſcene of this play, tells her father that the ſtorm is ſtill *beating* in her mind. STEEVENS.

A kindred expreſſion occurs in *Hamlet*:

"*Cudgel* thy brains no more about it." MALONE.

[9] (*Which to you* ſhall ſeem probable,) Theſe words ſeem, at the firſt view, to have no uſe; ſome lines are perhaps loſt with which they were connected. Or we may explain them thus: I will reſolve you, by yourſelf, which method, when you hear the ſtory [of Antonio's and Sebaſtian's plot], *ſhall ſeem probable*; that is, *ſhall deſerve your approbation*. JOHNSON.

Surely Proſpero's meaning is: "I will relate to you the means by which I have been enabled to accompliſh theſe ends; which means though they now appear ſtrange and improbable, will then appear otherwiſe." ANONYMOUS.

Theſe happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, ſpirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the ſpell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious ſir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their ſtolen apparel.*

STE. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monſter, Coragio![2]

TRIN. If theſe be true ſpies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

CAL. O Setebos theſe be brave ſpirits, indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.

SEB. Ha, ha;
What things are theſe, my lord Antonio!
Will money buy them?

ANT. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh,[3] and, no doubt, marketable.

I will inform you how all theſe wonderful accidents have happened; which, though they now appear to you ſtrange, will then ſeem probable.

An anonymous writer pointed out the true conſtruction of this paſſage, but his explanation is, I think, incorrect. MALONE.

[2] ——— Coragio!] This exclamation of encouragement I find in J. Florio's *Tranſlation of Montaigne*, 1603:

"——— You often cried *Coragio*, and called ça, ça."

Again, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598. STEEVENS.

[3] *Is a* plain fiſh,] That is, plainly, evidently a fiſh. So, in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, "that *viſible* beaſt the butler," means the butler who is *viſibly* a beaſt. M. MASON.

PRO. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay, if they be true:[4] —This miſ-ſhapen knave,——
His mother was a witch; and one ſo ſtrong
That could control the moon,[5] make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:[6]

It is not eaſy to determine the ſhape which our author deſigned to beſtow on his monſter. That he has hands, legs, &c. we gather from the remarks of Trinculo, and other circumſtances in the play. How then is he *plainly a fiſh*? perhaps Shakſpeare himſelf had no ſettled ideas concerning the form of *Caliban*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*true:*] That is, *honeſt*. *A true man* is, in the language of that time, oppoſed to a *thief*. The ſenſe is, *Mark what theſe men wear, and ſay if they are honeſt*. JOHNSON.

[5] *His mother was a witch; and one ſo* ſtrong
That could control the moon, &c.] This was the phraſeology of the times. After the ſtatute againſt *witches*, revenge or ignorance frequently induced people to charge thoſe againſt whom they harboured reſentment, or entertained prejudices with the crime of witchcraft, which had juſt then been declared a capital offence. In our ancient reports are ſeveral caſes where perſons charged in this manner ſought redreſs in the courts of law. And it is remarkable in all of them, to the ſcandalous imputation of being *witches*, the term—a *ſtrong* one, is conſtantly added. In Michaelmas Term, 9 Car. I. the point was ſettled that no action could be ſupported on ſo general a charge, and that the epithet *ſtrong* did not inforce the other words. In this inſtance, I believe, the opinion of the people at large was not in uniſon with the ſages in Weſtminſter-Hall. Several of theſe caſes are collected together in I. Viner, 422. REED.

That could control the moon,] From Medea's ſpeech in Ovid (as tranſlated by Golding) our author might have learned that this was one of the pretended powers of witchcraft:

"—— and thee, O lightſome *moon*,
"I darken oft, though beaten braſs abate thy peril ſoon."
MALONE.

[6] *And deal in her command, without her power:* I ſuppoſe Proſpero means, that Sycorax, with leſs general power than the moon could produce the ſame effects on the ſea. STEEVENS.

Theſe three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a baſtard one,) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know, and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.

CAL. I ſhall be pinch'd to death.

ALON. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

STE. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

ALON. And Trinculo is reeling ripe; Where ſhould they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?[7]
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

7 *And Trinculo is reeling ripe where ſhould they*
Find this grand LIQUOR *that hath* gilded *them*?] Shakſpeare, to be ſure, wrote—grand LIXIR, alluding to the *grand* Elixir of the alchymiſts, which they pretend would reſtore youth and confer immortality. This, as they ſaid, being a preparation of gold, they called *Aurum potabile*; which Shakſpeare alluded to in the word *gilded*; as he does again in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"How much art thou unlike Mark Antony?
"Yet coming from him, that *great medicine* hath
"With his tinct *gilded* thee."

But the joke here is to inſinuate that, notwithſtanding all the boaſts of the chemiſts, ſack was the only reſtorer of youth and beſtower of immortality. So Ben Jonſon, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*;—"Canarie, the very *Elixir* and ſpirit of wine." This ſeems to have been the cant name for ſack, of which the Engliſh were, at that time immoderately fond. Randolph, in his *Jealous Lovers*, ſpeaking of it, ſays,—"A pottle of Elixir at the Pegaſus, bravely caroufed." So, again in Fletcher's *Monſieur Thomas*, Act III:

"Old reverend ſack, which, for aught that I can read yet,
"Was that philoſopher's ſtone the wiſe king Ptolemeus
"Did all his wonders by."——

The phraſe too of being *gilded*, was a trite one on this occaſion. Fletcher, in his *Chances*:—Duke, *Is ſhe not drunk too?* Whore. *A little* gilded *o'er, ſir; old ſack, old ſack, boys!*" WARBURTON.

As the alchymiſt's *Elixir* was ſuppoſed to be a liquor, the old reading may ſtand, and the alluſion holds good without any alteration. STEEVENS.

TRIN. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.[8]

SEB. Why, how now, Stephano?

STE. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.[9]

PRO. You'd be king of the iſle, ſirrah?

STE. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.[2]

ALON. This is as ſtrange a thing as e'er I look'd on.[3] [*Pointing to* CALIBAN.

PRO. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape:—Go, ſirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.

CAL. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace: What a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worſhip this dull fool?

PRO. Go to; away!

8 —— fly-blowing.] This pickle alludes to their plunge into the ſtinking pool; *pickling* preſerves meat from *fly-blowing*.
STEEVENS.

9 —— *but a* cramp.] i. e. I am all over a *cramp*. Proſpero had ordered Ariel to *ſhorten up their ſinews with aged cramps*. *Touch me not* alludes to the *ſoreneſs* occaſioned by them. In his next ſpeech Stephano confirms this meaning by a quibble on the word *ſore*.
STEEVENS.

2 *I ſhould have been a* ſore *one then.*] The ſame quibble occurs afterwards in the *Second Part of K. Henry VI*: "Maſs, 'twill be *ſore* law then, for he was thruſt in the mouth with a ſpear, and 'tis not whole yet." Stephano alſo alludes to the *ſores* about him.
STEEVENS.

3 *This is* as *ſtrange a thing as e'er I look'd on.*] The old copy, diſregarding metre, reads—

"This is a ſtrange thing as e'er I look'd on."

For the repetition of the conjunction—*as*, &c. I am anſwerable
STEEVENS.

ALON. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

SEB. Or ſtole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* CAL. STE. TRIN.

PRO. Sir, I invite your highneſs and your train,
To my poor cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away: the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this iſle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ſhip, and ſo to Naples;
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptial
Of theſe our dear-beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.

ALON. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.

PRO. I'll deliver all;
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*Aſide.*] Pleaſe you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland, by your ſpell;
But releaſe me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[3]
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is deſpair,
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;[4]

3 *With the help of your good hands.*] By your applauſe, by clapping hands. JOHNSON.

Noiſe was ſuppoſed to diſſolve a ſpell. So twice before in this play:

" No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent."

Again:

" —— huſh! be mute;
" Or elſe our *ſpell is marr'd.*"

Again, in *Macbeth*, Act IV. ſc. 1:

" Hear his ſpeech but ſay thou nought."

Again, *ibid.*

" Liſten, but ſpeak not to't." STEEVENS.

4 *And my ending is deſpair,*
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;] This alludes to the old ſtories told of the deſpair of necromancers in their laſt moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them. WARBURTON.

Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy itſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free.[1]

[1] It is obſerved of *The Tempeſt*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Reviſal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the ſtory, not intended or regarded by our author. But, whatever might be Shakſpeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it inſtrumental to the production of many characters, diverſified with boundleſs invention, and preſerved with profound ſkill in nature, extenſive knowledge of opinions, and accurate obſervation of life. In a ſingle drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and ſailors, all ſpeaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy ſpirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magick, the tumults of a ſtorm, the adventures of a deſert iſland, the native effuſion of untaught affection, the puniſhment of guilt, and the final happineſs of the pair for whom our paſſions and reaſon are equally intereſted.

JOHNSON.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.*

* TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.] Some of the incidents in this play may be ſuppoſed to have been taken from *The Arcadia*, Book I. chap. 6, where Pyrocles conſents to head the Helots. (The *Arcadia* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 23d, 1588.) The love-adventure of Julia reſembles that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels. STEEVENS.

Mrs. *Lenox* obſerves, and I think not improbably, that the ſtory of *Proteus* and *Julia* might be taken from a ſimilar one in the *Diana* of *George* of *Montemayor*.—"This paſtoral romance," ſays ſhe, "was tranſlated from the *Spaniſh* in *Shakſpeare's* time." I have ſeen no earlier tranſlation than that of *Bartholomew Yong*, who dates his dedication in *November* 1598; and *Meres*, in his *Wit's Treaſury*, printed the ſame year, expreſsly mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Indeed *Montemayor* was tranſlated two or three years before, by one *Thomas Wilſon*; but this work, I am perſuaded, was never publiſhed *entirely*; perhaps ſome parts of it were, or the tale might have been tranſlated by others. However, Mr. Steevens ſays, very truly, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old *novelliſts*. FARMER.

There is no earlier tranſlation of the *Diana* entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, than that of B. Younge, Sept. 1598. Many tranſlations, however, after they were licenſed, were capriciouſly ſuppreſſed. Among others, "the Decameron of Mr. John Boccace, Florentine," was recalled by my lord of Canterbury's commands." STEEVENS.

It is obſervable (I know not for what cauſe,) that the ſtyle of this comedy is leſs figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater part of this author's, though ſuppoſed to be one of the firſt he wrote. POPE.

It may very well be doubted whether Shakſpeare had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with ſome ſpeeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are eaſily diſtinguiſhed, as being of a different ſtamp from the reſt. HANMER.

To this obſervation of Mr. Pope, which is very juſt, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of Shakſpeare's *worſt plays, and is leſs corrupted than any other*. Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, *that if any proof can be drawn from manner and ſtyle, this play muſt be ſent packing, and ſeek for its parent elſewhere. How otherwiſe*, ſays he, *do painters diſtinguiſh copies from originals? and have not authors their peculiar ſtyle and manner, from which a true critic can form as unerring judgement as a painter?* I am afraid this illuſtration of a critic's ſcience will not prove what is deſired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules ſomewhat reſembling thoſe by which critics know a tranſlation, which if it be literal, and literal

it muſt be to reſemble the copy of a picture, will be eaſily diſtinguiſhed. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; ſo, if an author ſhould literally tranſlate his work, he would loſe the manner of an original.

Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are eaſily known; but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the beſt judges, often miſtaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally diſtinguiſhable with thoſe of the painter. The peculiar manner of each ariſes from the deſire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his ſubſequent work by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whoſe work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, ſome painters have differed as much from themſelves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little reſemblance between the firſt works of Raphael and the laſt. The ſame variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it ſeems, that they are leſs ſubject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a compoſition we may diſcover the author with probability, though ſeldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the ſerious and ludicrous ſcenes, the language and ſentiments of Shakſpeare. It is not indeed one of his moſt powerful effuſions; it has neither many diverſities of character, nor ſtriking delineations of life; but it abounds in γνωμαὶ beyond moſt of his plays, and few have more lines or paſſages, which, ſingly conſidered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very ſucceſsful, and ſuſpect that it has eſcaped corruption, only becauſe, being ſeldom played, it was leſs expoſed to the hazards of tranſcription. JOHNSON.

This Comedy, I believe was written 1595. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.

Duke of Milan, *father to* Silvia.
Valentine, } *Gentlemen of* Verona.
Proteus,[a] }
Antonio, *father to* Proteus.
Thurio, *a fooliſh rival to* Valentine.
Eglamour, *agent for* Silvia *in her eſcape.*
Speed, *a clowniſh ſervant to* Valentine.
Launce, *ſervant to* Proteus.
Panthino,[1] *ſervant to* Antonio.
Hoſt, where Julia *lodges in* Milan.
Out-laws.

Julia, *a lady of* Verona *beloved by* Proteus.
Silvia, *the duke's daughter, beloved by* Valentine.
Lucetta, *waiting-woman to* Julia.

Servants, muſicians.

SCENE, ſometimes in Verona; *ſometimes in* Milan; *and on the frontiers of* Mantua.

[a] Proteus,] The old copy has—Protheus; but this is merely the antiquated mode of ſpelling *Proteus*. Shakſpeare's character was ſo called, from his diſpoſition to change. STEEVENS.

[1] *Panthino,*] In the enumeration of characters in the old copy, this attendant on Antonio is called *Panthion*, but in the play, always *Panthino*. STEEVENS.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

VAL. Ceaſe to perſuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:[2]
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully ſluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.[3]
But, ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PRO. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:

[2] Home-keeping *youth have ever* homely *wits:*] Milton has the ſame play on words, in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*:

"It is for *homely* features to *keep home*,
"They had their names thence." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*ſhapeleſs* idleneſs.] The expreſſion is fine, as implying that *idleneſs* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners. WARBURTON.

Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

VAL. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs.

PRO. Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee.

VAL. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young Leander croſs'd the Helleſpont [4]

PRO. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.

VAL. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwam the Helleſpont.

PRO. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[5]

[4] ——*ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,*
How young Leander croſs'd the Helleſpont.] The poem of Muſæus, entitled HERO AND LEANDER, is meant. Marlowe's tranſlation of this piece was entered on the Stationers' books, Sept. 18, 1593, and the firſt two Seſtiads of it, with a ſmall part of the third, (which was all that he had finiſhed,) were printed, I imagine, in that, or the following year. See Blount's dedication to the edition of 1637, by which it appears that it was originally publiſhed in an imperfect ſtate. It was extremely popular, and deſervedly ſo, many of *Marlowe's* lines being as ſmooth as thoſe of Dryden. Our author has quoted one of them in *As you like it*. He had probably read this poem recently before he wrote the preſent play; for he again alludes to it in the third act:

"Why then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
"Would ſerve to ſcale another *Hero's* tower,
"So bold *Leander* would adventure it."

Since this note was written, I have ſeen the edition of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, printed in 1598. It contains the firſt two *Seſtiads* only. The remainder was added by Chapman. MALONE.

[5] ——*nay, give me not* the boots.] A proverbial expreſſion though now diſuſed, ſignifying don't make a laughing ſtock of me; don't play with me. The French have a phraſe, *Bailler ſoix en corne;* which Cotgrave thus interprets, *To give one the boots;* to ſell him a bargain. THEOBALD.

VAL. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.
PRO. What?
VAL. To be
In love, where ſcorn is bought with groans: coy looks,
With heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapleſs gain;
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly [6] bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.

Perhaps this expreſſion took its origin from a ſport the country-people in Warwickſhire uſe at their harveſt-home, where one ſits as judge to try miſdemeanors committed in harveſt, and the puniſhment for the men is to be laid on a bench, and ſlapped on the breech with a pair of *boots*. This they call *giving them the boots*. I meet with the ſame expreſſion in the old comedy called *Mother Bombie*, by Lylly:

"What do you *give me the boots?*"

Again, in *The Weakeſt goes to the Wall*, a comedy, 1618:

"—— Nor your fat bacon can carry it away, if you *offer us the boots.*"

The *boots*, however, were an ancient engine of torture. In MS. Harl. 6999——48, Mr. T. Randolph writes to lord Hunſdon, &c. and mentions, in the P. S. to his letter, that Geo. Flecke *had* yeſterday night *the boots*, and is ſaid to have confeſſed that the E. of Mortou was privy to the poiſoning the E. of Athol. 16 March, 1580: and in another letter, March 18, 1580, "——that the laird of Whittingham *had the boots*, but without torment confeſs'd," &c.

STEEVENS.

The *boot* was an inſtrument of torture uſed only in Scotland. Biſhop Burnet in *The hiſtory of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 332, edit. 1754, mentions one Maccael, a preacher, who, being ſuſpected of treaſonable practices, underwent the puniſhment ſo late as 1666: "— He was put to the torture, which, in Scotland, they call the *boots*; for they put a pair of iron boots cloſe on the leg, and drive wedges between theſe and the leg. The common torture was only to drive theſe in the calf of the leg: but I have been told they were ſometimes driven upon the ſhin bone." REED.

6 *However, but a folly*, &c.] This love will end in a *fooliſh action*, to produce which you are long to ſpend your *wit*, or it will end

PRO. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.

VAL. So, by your circumſtance, I fear, you'll prove.

PRO. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

VAL. Love is your maſter, for he maſters you;
And he that is ſo yoked by a fool,
Methinks ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.

PRO. Yet writers ſay, As in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells, [7] ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

VAL. And writers ſay, As the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the bud,
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.

PRO. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

VAL. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
At Milan, [8] let me hear from thee by letters,

in the loſs of your *wit*, which will be overpowered by the folly of love. JOHNSON.

7 — *As in the* ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker *dwells*,) So, in our author's 70th Sonnet:
"For *canker* vice the *ſweeteſt buds* doth love."
MALONE.

8 At *Milan*,) The old copy has — *To* Milan. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. The firſt copy however may be right. "*To Milan*," — may here be intended as an imperfect ſentence. I am now bound for Milan.

Or the conſtruction intended may have been — Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan, i. e. addreſſed to me there.
MALONE.

Of thy ſucceſs in love, and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend;
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.

PRO. All happineſs bechance to thee in Milan!

VAL. As much to you at home! and ſo, farewell!
(*Exit* VALENTINE.

PRO. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with muſing weak,[9] heart ſick with thought.

Enter SPEED.[a]

SPEED. Sir Proteus, ſave you: Saw you my maſter?

PRO. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

9 Made *wit with muſing weak,*) For *made* read *make*. *Thou* Julia, *haſt* made *me war with good counſel, and* make *wit weak with muſing*. JOHNSON.

Surely there is no need of emendation. It is *Julia*, who "has *already made* wit weak with muſing," &c. STEEVENS.

a This whole ſcene, like many others in theſe plays (ſome of which I believe written by Shakſpeare, and others interpolated by the players) is compoſed of the loweſt and moſt trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the groſs taſte of the age he lived in; *Populo ut placerent*. I wiſh I had authority to leave them out; but I have done all I could, ſet a mark of reprobation upon them throughout this edition. POPE.

That this, like many other ſcenes, is mean and vulgar, will be univerſally allowed; but that it was interpolated by the players ſeems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticiſm. JOHNSON.

SPEED. Twenty to one then, he is ſhipp'd already;
And I have play'd the ſheep, in loſing him.

PRO. Indeed a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An if the ſhepherd be awhile away.

SPEED. You conclude, that my maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep? [3]

PRO. I do.

SPEED. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or ſleep.

PRO. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

SPEED. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

PRO. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

SPEED. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

PRO. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

SPEED. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me: therefore, I am no ſheep.

PRO. The ſheep for fodder follow the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a ſheep.

SPEED. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

PRO. But doſt thou hear? gav'ſt thou my letter to Julia?

SPEED. Ay, ſir: I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; [4] and ſhe, a laced mut-

3 — a *ſheep*?] The article, which is wanting in the original copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

4 *I, a* loſt mutton, *gave your letter to her, a* laced mutton;] Speed calls himſelf a *loſt mutton*, becauſe he had loſt his maſter, and

ton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

PRO. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch a ſtore of muttons.

SPEED. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

PRO. Nay, in that you are aſtray; [f] 'twere beſt pound you.

becauſe Proteus had been proving him a *ſheep*. But why does he call the lady a *laced mutton*? Wenchers are to this day called *mutton-mongers*; and conſequently the object of their paſſion muſt, by the metaphor, be the *mutton*. And Cotgrave, in his Engliſh-French Dictionary, explains *laced mutton*, *Une garſe*, *putain*, *fille de joye*. And Mr. Motteux has rendered this paſſage of Rabelais, in the prologue of his fourth book, *Cailles coiphees mignonnement chantans*, in this manner; *Coated quails and* laced mutton *waggiſhly ſinging*. So that *laced mutton* has been a ſort of ſtandard phraſe for *girls of pleaſure*. THEOBALD.

Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, ſpeaking of Gabriel Harvey's incontinence, ſays: "*he would not ſtick to extoll rotten* lac'd mutton." So, in the comedy of *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*, 1610:

"Why here's good *lac'd mutton*, as I promis'd you,"

Again, in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"And I ſmelt he lov'd *lac'd mutton* well."

Again, Heywood, in his *Love's Miſtreſs*, 1636, ſpeaking of Cupid, ſays, he is the "Hero of hie-hoes, admiral of ay-mes, and monſieur of *mutton lac'd*." STEEVENS.

A *laced mutton* was in our author's time ſo eſtabliſhed a term for a courtezan, that a ſtreet in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was then called *Mutton-lane*. It ſeems to have been a phraſe of the ſame kind as the French expreſſion — *caille coiffee*, and might be rendered in that language, *mouton en corſet*. This appellation appears to have been as old as the time of King Henry III. "Item ſequitur gravis pœna corporalis, ſed ſine amiſſione vitæ vel membrorum, ſi raptus ſit de *concubinâ* legitimâ, vel *aliâ quæſum faciente*, ſine delectu perſonarum: has quidem *ores* debet rex tueri pro pace ſuâ." Bracton *de legibus*, lib. ii. MALONE.

[f] *Nay, in that you are* aſtray;) For the reaſon Proteus gives,

SPEED. Nay, ſir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

PRO. You miſtake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

SPEED. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

PRO. But what ſaid ſhe? did ſhe nod.[6]

(SPEED *nods.*

SPEED. I.

PRO. Nod, I? why, that's noddy.[7]

SPEED. You miſtook, ſir; I ſay, ſhe did nod: and you aſk me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſay, I.

PRO. And that ſet together, is — noddy.

Dr. Thirlby adviſes that we ſhould read, *a ſtray*. i. e. a ſtray ſheep; which continues Proteus's banter upon Speed. THEOBALD.

From the word *aſtray* here, and *loſt mutton* above, it is obvious that the double reference was to the firſt ſcoteuce of the General Confeſſion in the prayer-book. HENLEY.

6 — *did ſhe nod.*) Theſe words were ſupplied by Theobald, to introduce what follows. STEEVENS.

In Speed's anſwer the old ſpelling of the affirmative particle has been retained; otherwiſe the conceit of Proteus (ſuch as it is, would be unintelligible. MALONE.

7 ---- *why, that's* noddy) Noddy *was a game at cards* So, in *The Inner Temple Maſk*, by Middletoo, 1619: "I leave them wholly (ſays Chriſtmas) to my eldeſt ſon *Noddy*, whom, during his minority, I commit to the cuſtody of *a pair of knaves*, and *one and thirty*." Again, in Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1649: "Let her forbear chefs and *noddy*, as *games* too ſerious." STEEVENS.

This play upon ſyllables is hardly worth explaining. The ſpeakers intend to fix the name of *noddy*, that is, *fool*, on each other. So, in *The Second part, of Paſquil's Mad Cappe*, 1600, ſig. E.

"If ſuch a *Noddy* be not thought a *fool*."

Again, E 1.

"If ſuch an aſſe be *noddied* for the nonce. REED.

SPEED. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

PRO. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

SPEED. Well, I perceive, I muſt be fain to bear with you.

PRO. Why, ſir, how do you bear with me?

SPEED. Marry, ſir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

PRO. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

PRO. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What ſaid ſhe?

SPEED. Open your purſe, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

PRO. Well, ſir, here is for your pains: What ſaid ſhe?

SPEED. Truly, ſir, I think you'll hardly win her.

PRO. Why? Could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

SPEED. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not ſo much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being ſo hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. [8] Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

8 — *in telling* her *mind.*] The old copy has "— in telling *your* mind." But as this reading is to me unintelligible, I have adopted the emendation of the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

The old copy is certainly right. The meaning is, — *She being ſo hard to me who was the* bearer *of your mind, I fear ſhe will prove no leſs ſo to you, when* you addreſs *her in perſon.* The oppoſition is between *brought* and *telling.* MALONE.

PRO. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

SPEED. No, not ſo much as —*take this for thy pains*. To teſtify your bounty, I thank you, you have teſtern'd me;[9] in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourſelf: and ſo, ſir, I'll commend you to my maſter.

PRO. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck;
Which cannot periſh,[2] having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore: —
I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt.

(Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The ſame. Garden of Julia's *houſe.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

JUL. But ſay, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?

LUC. Ay, madam; ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

9 ——*you have* teſtern'd *me;*) You have gratified me with a *teſter*, *teſtern*, or *teſtrn*, that is, with a ſixpence. JOHNSON.

By the ſucceeding quotation from the *Fruitful Sermons preached by Hugh Latimer*, 1584. *fol.* 94. it appears that a *teſter* was of greater value than our *ſixpence*: "They brought him a *denari*, a piece of their current coyne that was worth *ten of our uſual-pence*, *ſuch another piece as our teſterne.*" HOLT WHITE.

The old reading is *ceſtern'd*. This typographical error was corrected by the edition of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

2 *Which cannot periſh*, &c.) The ſame proverb has already been alluded to in the firſt and laſt ſcenes of *The Tempeſt*. REED.

Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthieſt love?

Luc. Pleaſe you, repeat their names, I'll ſhew my mind
According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir Eglamour? [3]

Luc. As of a knight well-ſpoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never ſhould be mine. [4]

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo,

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this paſſion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen. [5]

3 *What think'ſt thou of the fair* Sir Eglamour?) This *Sir Eglamour* muſt not be confounded with the *perſonæ dramatis* of the ſame name. The latter lived at Milan, and had vowed "pure chaſtity" upon the death of his "true love." Ritson.

4 — *he* (Sir Eglamour) *never ſhould be mine.*) Perhaps *Sir Eglamour* was once the common cant term for an inſignificant inamorato. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*:

"Adieu, *ſir Eglamour*; adieu lute-ſtring, curtain-rod, gooſe quill," &c. *Sir Eglamour of Artoys* indeed is the hero of an ancient metrical romance, "Imprinted at London, in Foſter-lane, at the ſygne of the Harteſhorne, by John Walley," bl. l. no date. Steevens.

5 *Should* cenſure *thus*, &c.) To *cenſure* means, in this place, to paſs ſentence. So, in Hinde's *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, 1606: "Elioſto and Cleodora were aſtoniſhed at ſuch a hard *cenſure*, and weot to limbo moſt willingly." Steevens.

To *cenſure*, in our author's time, generally ſignified to give one's judgement or opinion. Malone.

JUL. Why not on Proteus, as of all the reſt?

LUC. Then thus, — of many good I think him beſt.

JUL. Your reaſon?

LUC. I have no other but a woman's reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.

JUL. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?

LUC. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.

JUL. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.

LUC. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.

JUL. His little ſpeaking ſhows his love but ſmall.

LUC. Fire, that is cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.

JUL. They do not love, that do not ſhow their love.

LUC. O, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.

JUL. I would, I knew his mind.

LUC. Peruſe this paper, madam.

JUL. *To Julia*, — Say, from whom?

LUC. That the contents will ſhew.

JUL. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?

LUC. Sir Valentine's page; and ſent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

JUL. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker![6]
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?

6 —— *a goodly* broker!) A *broker* was uſed for matchmaker, ſometimes for a procureſs. JOHNSON.

Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, ſee it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.

LUC. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.

JUL. Will you be gone?

LUC. That you may ruminate. (*Exit.*

JUL. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a ſhame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay *No*, to that [7]
Which they would have the profferer conſtrue, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod!
How churliſhly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And aſk remiſſion for my folly paſt: —
What ho! Lucetta!

So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1599:
" And flie (o flie) theſe bed-*brokers* unclean,
" The monſters of our ſex," &c. STEEVENS.

7 ——*ſay* No, *to that*, &c. (A paraphraſe on the old proverb, "Maids ſay *nay*, and take it." STEEVENS.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

LUC. What would your ladyſhip?

JUL. Is it near dinner-time?

LUC. I would it were;
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat, [8]
And not upon your maid.

JUL. What is't you took up
So gingerly?

LUC. Nothing.

JUL. Why did'ſt thou ſtoop then?

LUC. To take a paper up that I let fall.

JUL. And is that paper nothing?

LUC. Nothing concerning me.

JUL. Then let it lie for thoſe that it concerns.

LUC. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.

JUL. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.

LUC. That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyſhip can ſet.

JUL. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light 'o love*. [9]

LUC. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.

JUL. Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burden then.

LUC. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.

JUL. And why not you?

8 —— ſtomach *on your meat*,) *Stomach* was uſed for *paſſion* or *obſtinacy*. JOHNSON.

9 *Light o' love*.) This tune is given in a note on *Much ado about Nothing*, Act III. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

LUC. I cannot reach ſo high.

JUL. Let's ſee your ſong:—How now, minion?

LUC. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

JUL. You do not?

LUC. No, madam; it is too ſharp.

JUL. You, minion, are too ſaucy.

LUC. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:[2]
There wanteth but a mean[3] to fill your ſong.

JUL. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.

LUC. Indeed, I bid the baſe for Proteus.[4]

[2] ——*too harſh a* deſcant:] *Deſcant* is a term in muſic. See Sir John Hawkin's note on the firſt ſpeech in *K. Richard III.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——*but a* mean, &c.] The *mean* is the *tenor* in muſic. So, in the interlude of *Mary Magdalen's Repentance* 1569;

"Utilitie can ſing the baſe full cleane,
"And noble honour ſhall ſing the *meane*." STEEVENS.

[4] *Indeed I* bid the baſe *for Proteus.*] The ſpeaker here turns the alluſion (which her miſtreſs employed) from the *baſe in muſick* to a country exerciſe, *Bid the baſe:* in which ſome purſue, and others are made priſoners. So that Lucetta would intend, by this, to ſay, Indeed I take pains to make you a captive to Proteus's paſſion.—He uſes the ſame alluſion in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"To *bid* the winds a *baſe* he now prepares."

And in his *Cymbeline* he mentions the game:

"——Lads more like
"To run the country *baſe*." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is not quite accurate. The game was not called *Bid* the Baſe, but *the Baſe*. To *bid the baſe* means here, I believe, *to challenge to a conteſt*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"To *bid* the wind a *baſe* he now prepares,
"And whe'r he run, or fly, they knew not whether."

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 98. b. "The queen marched from York to Wakefield, and *bade baſe* to the duke, even before his caſtle." MALONE.

JUL. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation!—
[*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me,
LUC. She makes it ſtrange; but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
JUL. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
O hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps! to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends.
And here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus:*—
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſovereign kiſs.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down?[5]
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that ſome whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—

Mr. Malone's explanation of the verb—*bid*, is unqueſtionably juſt. So, in one of the parts of *K. Henry VI:*
"Of force enough to *bid* his brother battle." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*written down?*] To *write down* is ſtill a provincial expreſſion for *to write*. HENLEY.

Poor forlorn Proteus, paſſionate Proteus,
To the ſweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

LUC. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father ſtays.

JUL. Well, let us go.

LUC. What, ſhall theſe papers lie like tell-tales here?

JUL. If you reſpect them, beſt to take them up.

LUC. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down: Yet here they ſhall not lie, for catching cold.[6]

JUL. I ſee, you have a month's mind to them.[7]

[6] *Yet here they ſhall not lie,* for catching cold.] That is, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, *leſt they ſhould catch cold.* This mode of expreſſion (he adds) is not frequent in Shakſpeare, but occurs in every play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

So, in *The Captain:*

"We'll have a bib, *for* ſpoiling of your doublet."

Again, in *Love's Pilgrimage:*

"Stir my horſe, *for* catching cold."

Again, in *The Pilgrim:*

"All her face patch'd, *for* diſcovery."

To theſe I ſhall add another inſtance from Barnabie Riche's *Souldiers Wiſhe to Briton's Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill,* 1604. p. 64: "—ſuch other ill diſpoſed perſons, being once preſſed, muſt be kept with continual guard, &c. *for running away.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *I ſee you have a* month's mind *to them.*] A *month's mind* was an *anniverſary* in times of popery; or as Mr. Ray calls it, a leſs ſolemnity directed by the will of the deceaſed. There was alſo *a year's mind,* and *a week's mind.* See *Proverbial Phraſes.*

This appears from the interrogatories and obſervations againſt the clergy, in the year 1552: Inter. 7: "Whether there are *any*

LUC. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee;
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.
JUL. Come, come, will't pleaſe you go?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Antonio's *Houſe.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

ANT. Tell me, Panthino, what ſad talk[8] was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?
PAN. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your ſon.

months' minds, and *anniverſaries?* Strype's *Memorials of the Reformation*, Vol. II. p. 354.

"Was the *month's mind* of Sir William Laxton, who died the laſt month (July 1556.) his hearſe burning with wax, and the morrow maſs celebrated, and a ſermon preached," &c. Strype's *Mem.* Vol. III. p. 305. GREY.

A month's mind, in the ritual ſenſe, ſignifies not deſire or inclination, but remembrance; yet I ſuppoſe this is the true original of the expreſſion. JOHNSON.

In Hampſhire, and other weſtern counties, for "I can't *remember* it," they ſay, "I can't *mind* it." BLACKSTONE.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry* 1589, chap. 24. ſpeaking of *Poetical Lamentations*, ſays, they were chiefly uſed "at the burials of the dead, alſo at *month's minds*, and longer times:" and in the churchwardens' accompts of St. Helen's in Abingdon, Berkſhire, 1558, theſe *month's minds*, and the expences attending them, are frequently mentioned. Inſtead of *month's minds*, they are ſometimes called *month's monuments*, and in the injunctions of K. Edward VI. *memories*, Injunct. 21. By *memories*, ſays Fuller, we underſtand the *Obſequia for the dead*, which ſome ſay ſucceeded in the place of the heathen *Parentalia*.

If this line was deſigned for a verſe, we ſhould read—mon*thes* mind. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Swifter than the moones ſphere."

Both theſe are the Saxon genitive caſe. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*what* ſad *talk*——] *Sad* is the ſame as *grave* or *ſerious*. JOHNSON.

ANT. Why, what of him?

PAN. He wonder'd, that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home;
While other men, of ſlender reputation,[8]
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to diſcover iſlands far away;[9]
Some, to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that Proteus, your ſon, was meet;
And did requeſt me, to importune you,
To let him ſpend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,[a]
In having known no travel in his youth.

ANT. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.

So, in *The Wife Woman of Hogſden*, 1638:

"Marry, ſir knight, I ſaw them in *ſad talk*,
"But to ſay they were direſtly whiſpering," &c.

Again, in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"The king feigneth to talk *ſadly* with ſome of his counſel."
STEEVENS.

8 —— *of* ſlender reputation,] i. e. who are thought ſlightly of, are of little conſequence. STEEVENS.

9 *Some to diſcover iſlands far away*;] In Shakſpeare's time, voyages for the diſcovery of the iſlands of America were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the ſons of noblemen, and of others of the beſt families in England, went very frequently on theſe adventures. Such as the Forteſcues, Colliſons, Thornhills, Farmers, Pickerings, Littletons, Willnughbys, Cheſters, Hawkins, Bromleys, and others. To this prevailing faſhion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it. WARBURTON.

a —*great* impeachment *to his age*.] *Impeachment*, as Mr. M. Maſon very juſtly obſerves, in this inſtance ſignifies *reproach* or *imputation*. So Demetrius ſays to Helena in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"You do *impeach* your modeſty too much,
"To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
"Into the hands of one that loves you no.

I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?

PANT. I think, your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.[3]

ANT. I know it well.

PANT. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him thither:
There ſhall he practice tilts and tournaments.
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.

ANT. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Even with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the emperor's court.

PANT. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, Don Alphonſo,

[3] *Attends the emperor in his royal court.*] Shakſpeare has been guilty of no miſtake in placing the emperor's court at Milan in this play. Several of the firſt German emperors held their courts there occaſionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the ſame time that the emperor held his court there. The firſt dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not ſovereign princes, as they afterwards became; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removeable at their pleaſure. Such was the *Duke of Milan* mentioned in this play. Mr. M. Maſon adds, that "during the wars in Italy between Francis I. and Charles V. the latter, frequently reſided at Milan." STEEVENS.

With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

ANT. Good company; with them ſhall Proteus go:
And, in good time, [4] —now will we break with him.[5]

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. Sweet love! ſweet lines! ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
O heavenly Julia!

ANT. How now? what letter are you reading there?

PRO. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation ſent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

ANT. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

PRO. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANT. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?

[4] —— in good time,] *In good time* was the old expreſſion when ſomething happened that ſuited the thing in hand, as the French ſay, *a propos*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Richard III.*

"And, *in good time*, here comes the ſweating lord."

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*now will we* break *with him.*] That is, *break* the matter to him. The ſame phraſe occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*, A& I. ſc. i. M. MASON.

PRO. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.

ANT. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am reſolv'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[6] thou ſhalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readineſs to go:
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.

PRO. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe you, deliberate a day or two.

ANT. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay; to-morrow thou muſt go.—
Come on, Panthino; you ſhall be employ'd
To haſten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* PANT.

PRO. Thus have I ſhunn'd the fire for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father Julia's letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
O, how this ſpring of love reſembleth[7]

6 *Like* exhibition——] i. e. allowance.
So, in *Othello*:
"Due reference of place and *exhibition*."
Again, in the *Devil's Law Caſe*, 1623:
"—in his riot does far exceed the *exhibition* I allowed him."
STEEVENS.

7 *O, how this ſpring of love* reſembleth—] At the end of this verſe there is wanting a ſyllable, for the ſpeech apparently ends in

The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now ſhows all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

a quatrain. I find nothing that will rhyme to *ſun*, and therefore ſhall leave it to ſome happier critic. But I ſuſpect that the author might write thus:

" *O how this ſpring of love reſembleth* right,
" *The uncertain glory of an April day;*
" *Which now ſhows all the glory of the* light,
" *And by and by a cloud takes all away!*"

Light was either by negligence or affectation changed to *ſun*, which conſidered without the rhyme, is indeed better. The next tranſcriber, finding that the word *right* did not rhyme to *ſun*, ſuppoſed it erroneouſly written, and left it out. JOHNSON.

It was not always the cuſtom, among our early writers, to make the firſt and third lines rhyme to each other; and when a word was not long enough to complete the meaſure, they occaſionally exteoded it. Thus Spenſer, in his *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. 12:

" Formerly grounded, and faſt *ſetteled*."

Again, B. II. c. 12:

" The while ſweet Zephirus loud *whiſteled*
" His treble, a ſtrange kind of harmony;
" Which Guyon's ſenſes ſoftly *tickeled*," &c.

From this practice, I ſuppoſe, our author wrote *reſembleth*, which, though it affords no jingle, completes the verſe. Many poems have been written in this meaſure, where the ſecond and fourth lines only rhyme. STEEVENS.

Reſembleth is here uſed as a quadriſyllable, as if it was written *reſembeleth*. See *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. ſc. the laſt:

" And theſe two Dromios, one in *ſemblance*."

As you like it, Act II. ſc. ii:

" The parts and graces of the *wreſtler*."

And it ſhould be obſerved, that Shakſpeare takes the ſame liberty with many other words, in which *l*, or *r*, is ſubjoined to another conſonant. See *Comedy of Errors*, next verſe but one to that cited above:

" Theſe are the parents to theſe *children*,"

where ſome editors, being unneceſſarily alarmed for the metre, have endeavoured to help it by a word of their own:

" Theſe *plainly* are the parents to theſe children."

TYRWHITT.

Thus much I had thought ſufficient to ſay upon this point, in the edition of theſe plays publiſhed by Mr. Steevens in 1778.

Re-enter PANTHINO.

PANT. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.

Since which the Author of *Remarks*, &c. on that edition has been pleaſed to aſſert, p. 7. "that Shakſpeare does not appear, from the above inſtances at leaſt, to have taken the ſmalleſt liberty in extending his words: neither has the incident of *l*, or *r*, being ſubjoined to another conſonant any thing to do in the matter."—"The truth is," he goes on to ſay, "that every *verb* in the Engliſh language gains an *additional ſyllable* by its termination in *eſt*, *eth*, *ed*, *ing*, or, (when formed into a ſubſtantive) in *er*; and the above words, *when rightly printed*, are not only unexceptionable, but moſt juſt. Thus *reſemble* makes *reſemble-eth*; *wreſtle*, *wreſtle-er*; and *ſettle*, *whiſtle*, *tickle*, make *ſettle-ed*, *whiſtle-ed*, *tickle-ed*."

As to this *ſuppoſed* Canon of the Engliſh language, it would be eaſy to ſhew that it is quite fanciful and unfounded; and what he calls *the right method of printing the above words* is ſuch as, I believe, was never adopted before by any mortal in writing them, nor can be followed in the pronunciation of them without the help of an entirely new ſyſtem of ſpelling. But any further diſcuſſion of this matter is unneceſſary; becauſe the hypotheſis, though allowed in its utmoſt extent, will not prove either of the points to which it is applied. It will neither prove that Shakſpeare has not taken a liberty in extending certain words, nor that he has not taken that liberty chiefly with words in which *l*, or *r*, is ſubjoined to another conſonant. The following are all inſtances of nouns, ſubſtantive or adjective, which can receive no ſupport from the ſuppoſed Canon. That Shakſpeare has taken a liberty in extending theſe words is evident, from the conſideration, that the ſame words are more frequently uſed, by his contemporaries and by himſelf, without the additional ſyllable. Why he has taken this liberty chiefly with words in which *l*, or r, is ſubjoined to another conſonant, muſt be obvious to any one who can pronounce the language.

Country, trilyllable.

T. N. Act I. ſc. ii. The like of him. Know'ſt thou this *country*?
Coriol. Act I. ſc. iii. Die nobly for their *country*, than one.

Remembrance, quadriſyllable.

T. N. Act I. ſc. i. And laſting in her ſad *remembrance*.
W. T. Act IV. ſc. iv. Grace and *remembrance* be to you both.

Angry, triſyllable.

Timon. Act III. ſc. v. But who is man, that is not *angry*.

PRO. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Milan. *An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

SPEED. Sir, your glove.
VAL. Not mine; my gloves are on.
SPEED. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.[8]
VAL. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine:—

Henry, triſyllable.
Rich. III. Act II. ſc. iii. So ſtood the ſtate, when *Henry* the Sixth—
2 H. VI. Act II. ſc. ii. Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth.
And ſo in many other paſſages.
Monſtrous, triſyllable.
Macb. Act IV. ſc. vi. Who cannot want the thought how *monſtrous*.
Othello. Act II. ſc. iii. 'Tis *monſtrous*. Iago, who began it?
Aſſembly, qua triſyllable.
M. A. A. N. Act. V. ſc. laſt. Good morrow to this fair *aſſembly*.
Douglas, triſyllable.
1 H. IV. Act V. ſc. ii. Lord *Douglas* go you and tell him ſo.
England, triſyllable.
Rich. II. Act IV. ſc. i. Than Bolingbroke's return to *England*.
Humbler, triſyllable.
1 H. VI. Act III. ſc. i. Methinks his lordſhip ſhould be *humbler*.
Nobler, triſyllable.
Coriol. Act III. ſc. ii. You do the *nobler*. *Cor.* I muſe my mother—.
TYRWHITT.

[8] Val. *Not mine; my gloves are* on.
Speed. *Why then, this may be yours, for this is but* one.] It ſhould ſeem from this paſſage, that the word *one* was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on*. The quibble here is loſt by the change of pronunciation; a loſs, however, which may be very patiently endured. MALONE.

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

SPEED. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

VAL. How now, ſirrah?

SPEED. She is not within hearing, ſir.

VAL. Why, ſir, who bade you call her?

SPEED. Your worſhip, ſir; or elſe I miſtook.

VAL. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.

SPEED. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

VAL. Go to, ſir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

SPEED. She that your worſhip loves?

VAL. Why, how know you that I am in love?

SPEED. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks: Firſt, you have learn'd, like ſir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a Robin-red-breaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to faſt, like one that takes diet;[9] to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to

[9] —— *takes* diet;] To *take diet* was the phraſe for being under regimen for a diſeaſe mentioned in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— bring down the roſe-cheek'd youth
"To the tub-faſt and *the diet*." STEVENS.

[a] —— *Hallowmas.*] This is about the feaſt of All-Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes leſs comfortable. JOHNSON.

It is worth remarking that on *All-Saints-Day* the poor people in *Staffordſhire*, and perhaps in other country places, go from pariſh to pariſh *a ſuling* as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or ſinging ſmall, as Bailey's Dict. explains *puling*) for *ſoul-cakes*, or

crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

VAL. Are all theſe things perceived in me?

SPEED. They are all perceived without you.

VAL. Without me? they cannot.

SPEED. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would:[4] but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

VAL. But, tell me, doſt thou know my lady Silvia?

SPEED. She, that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

VAL. Haſt thou obſerved that? even ſhe I mean.

SPEED. Why, ſir, I know her not.

VAL. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

SPEED. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, ſir?

VAL. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

any good thing to make them merry. This cuſtom is mentioned by *Peck*, and ſeems a remnant of Popiſh ſuperſtition to pray for departed ſouls, particularly thoſe of friends. The *ſouler's* ſong in *Staffordſhire*, is different from that which Mr. *Peck* mentions, and is by no means worthy publication. TOLLET.

3 ——*to walk like* one of the lions;] If our author had not been thinking of the lions *in the Tower*, he would have written—"to walk like *a lion*." RITSON.

4 ——*none elſe would:*] None elſe would *be ſo ſimple*. JOHNSON.

SPEED. Sir, I know that well enough.

VAL. What doſt thou know?

SPEED. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as (of you) well favoured.

VAL. I mean, that her beauty is exquiſite, but her favour infinite.

SPEED. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

VAL. How painted? and how out of count?

SPEED. Marry, ſir, ſo painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VAL. How eſteemeſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

SPEED. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deformed.

VAL. How long hath ſhe been deformed?

SPEED. Ever ſince you loved her.

VAL. I have loved her ever ſince I ſaw her; and ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

SPEED. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

VAL. Why?

SPEED. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at ſir Proteus for going ungartered![5]

VAL. What ſhould I ſee then?

SPEED. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: for he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

5 ——*for going* ungartered!] This is enumerated by Roſalind in *As you like it*, Act III. ſc. ii. as one of the undoubted marks of love: "Then your hoſe ſhould be *ungartered*, your bonnet unbanded," &c. MALONE.

VAL. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

SPEED. True, ſir, I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you ſwinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

VAL. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her,

SPEED. I would you were ſet;[6] ſo, your affection would ceaſe.

VAL. Laſt night ſhe enjoined me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

SPEED. And have you?

VAL. I have.

SPEED. Are they not lamely writ?

VAL. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter SILVIA.

SPEED. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet? now will he interpret to her.[7]

6 *I would you were* ſet;] *Set* for *ſeated*, in oppoſition to *ſtand*, in the foregoing line. M. MASON.

7 *O excellent* motion! &c.] *Motion*, in Shakſpeare's time, ſignified *puppet*. In Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair* it is frequently uſed in that ſenſe, or rather perhaps to ſignify a *puppet-ſhow*; the maſter whereof may properly be ſaid to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors. The ſpeech of the ſervant is an alluſion to that practice, and he means to ſay, that Silvia is a *puppet*, and that Valentine is to interpret *to*, or rather *for* her. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The City Match*, 1639, by Jaſper Maine:

" ——— his mother came
" Who follows ſtrange ſights out of town, and went
" To Brentford for a *motion*———

Again, in *The Pilgrim*:

" ——Nothing but a *motion*?
" A *puppet* pilgrim?"—— STEEVENS.

VAL. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good-morrows.

SPEED. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aſide.*

SIL. Sir Valentine and ſervant,[8] to you two thouſand.

SPEED. He ſhould give her intereſt; and ſhe gives it him.

VAL. As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the ſecret nameleſs friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip.

SIL. I thank you, gentle ſervant: 'tis very clerkly done.[9]

VAL. Now truſt me, madam, it came hardly off;[a]
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SIL. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?

VAL. No, madam; ſo it ſtead you, I will write,

[8] *Sir Valentine and* ſervant,] Here Silvia calls her lover *ſervant*, and again below her *gentle ſervant*. This was the language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakſpeare wrote.
SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in Marſton's *What you will*, 1607;
"Sweet ſiſter, let's ſit in judgement a little; faith upon my *ſervant* Monſieur Laverdure.
"*Mel.* Troth, well for a *ſervant*; but for a huſband!"
Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*:
"Every man was not born with my *ſervant* Briſk's features."
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *'tis very* clerkly *done.*] i. e. like a ſcholar. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:
"Thou art *clerkly*, ſir John, *clerkly*." STEEVENS.

[a] —— *it* came *hardly* off;] A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *Timon of Athens*, Act I. ſc. i:
"This *comes off* well and excellent." STEEVENS.

Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much:
And yet,—

SIL. A pretty period! Well, I gueſs the ſequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPEED. And yet you will; and yet another yet.
[*Aſide.*

VAL. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?

SIL. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

VAL. Madam, they are for you.

SIL. Ay, ay; you writ them, ſir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you;
I would have had them writ more movingly.

VAL. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

SIL. And, when it's writ, for my ſake read it over:
And, if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why, ſo.

VAL. If it pleaſe me, madam! what then?

SIL. Why, if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good-morrow, ſervant. [*Exit* SILVIA.

SPEED. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her; and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?

VAL. How now, ſir? what are you reaſoning with yourſelf?[3]

SPEED. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.

VAL. To do what?

SPEED. To be a ſpokeſman from madam Silvia.

VAL. To whom?

SPEED. To yourſelf: why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

VAL. What figure?

SPEED. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

VAL. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?

SPEED. What need ſhe, when ſhe hath made you write to yourſelf? Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

VAL. No, believe me.

SPEED. No believing you indeed, ſir: But did you perceive her earneſt?

VAL. She gave me none, except an angry word.

SPEED. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

VAL. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

SPEED. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there an end.[4]

VAL. I would it were no worſe.

SPEED. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often you have writ to her; and ſhe, in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;

[3] —— reaſoning *with yourſelf?*] That is *diſcourſing, talking.* An Italianiſm. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*and there an end.*] i. e. there's the concluſion of the matter. So, in *Macbeth:*

"——the times have been
"That when the brains were out, the man would die,
"*And there an end.*" —— STEEVENS.

Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger, that might her mind diſcover,
Herſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her lover.—

All this I ſpeak in print;[1] for in print I found it.—Why muſe you, ſir? 'tis dinner-time.

VAL. I have din'd.

SPEED. Ay, but hearken, ſir: though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſhed by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *Houſe.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

PRO. Have patience, gentle Julia.

JUL. I muſt, where is no remedy.

PRO. When poſſibly I can, I will return.

JUL. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner: Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's ſake.

[*Giving a ring.*

PRO. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

JUL. And ſeal the bargin with a holy kiſs.

PRO. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy;

[1] *All this I ſpeak* in print;] *In print* means *with exactneſs.* So, in the comedy of *All Fooles*, 1605:

"——not a hair
"About his bulk, but it ſtands *in print.*"

Again, in *The Portraiture of Hypocriſie*, bl. l. 1589: "—others laſh out to maintaine their porte, which muſt needes bee *in print.*"
STEEVENS.

And when that hour o'er-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, Julia, for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould:
[*Exit* JULIA.
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do: it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Sir Proteus, you are ſtaid for.
PRO. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A ſtreet.

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

LAUN. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with ſir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the foureſt-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear: he is a ſtone, a very pebble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have ſeen

our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: This ſhoe is my father;—no, this left ſhoe is my father;—no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be ſo neither;—yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole: This ſhoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, ſir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lily, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:"—no, the dog is himſelf, and I am the dog,[7] —O, the dog is me, and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo. Now come I to my father; *Father, your bleſſing;* now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that ſhe could ſpeak now!) like a wood woman;[8]—well, I kiſs

6 ——*I am the dog:* &c.] A ſimilar thought occurs in a play printed earlier than the preſent. See *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612: "——you ſhall ſtand for the lady, you for *her dog*, and I the page; you and the dog looking one upon another: the page preſents himſelf." STEEVENS.

7 ——*I am the dog*, &c.] This paſſage is much confuſed, and of confuſion the preſent reading makes no end. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I am the dog, no, the dog is himſelf and I am* me, *the dog is* the dog, *and I am myſelf.* This certainly is more reaſonable, but I know not how much reaſon the author intended to beſtow on Launce's ſoliloquy. JOHNSON.

8 ——*like a* wood woman;—] The firſt folios agree in *would-woman:* for which, becauſe it was a myſtery to Mr. Pope, he has unmeaningly ſubſtituted *cold woman.* But it muſt be writ, or at leaſt underſtood, *wood woman*, i. e. crazy, hantic with grief; or diſtracted, from any other cauſe. The word is very frequently uſed in Chaucer; and ſometimes writ *wood*, ſometimes *wode.* THEOBALD.

Print thus: "Now come I to my mother, (O, that ſhe could ſpeak now!) like a wood woman."

Perhaps the humour would be heightened by reading—(O, that *the ſhoe* could *ſpeak* now!) BLACKSTONE.

her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhipped, and thou art to poſt after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? Away, aſs; you will looſe the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAUN. It is no matter if the tide were loſt; for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

PAN. What's the unkindeſt tide?

LAUN. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

PAN. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt loſe the flood;

I have followed the punctuation recommended by Sir W. Blackſtone. The emendation propoſed by him was made, I find, by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

O, that ſhe could ſpeak now like a wood woman!] Launce is deſcribing the melancholy parting between him and his family. In order to do this more methodically, he makes one of his ſhoes ſtand for his father, and the other for his mother. And when he has done taking leave of his father, he ſays, *Now come I to my mother*, turning to the ſhoe that is ſuppoſed to perſonate her. And in order to render the repreſentation more perfect, he expreſſes his wiſh that it could ſpeak like a woman frantic with grief! There could be no doubt about the ſenſe of the paſſage, had he ſaid—"O that *it* could ſpeak like a wood woman!" But he uſes the feminine pronoun in ſpeaking of the ſhoe, becauſe it is ſuppoſed to repreſent a woman. M. MASON.

[9] ——*if the* ty'd *were loſt;*] This quibble, wretched as it is, might have been borrowed by Shakſpeare from Lilly's *Endymion*, 1591: "*Epi.* You know it is ſaid, the *tide* tarrieth for no man.—*Sam.* True.—*Epi.* A monſtrous lye: for I was *ty'd* two hours, and tarried for one to unlooſe me." The ſame play on words occurs in Chapman's *Andromeda Liberata*, 1614:

"And now came roaring to the *tied* the *tide*." STEEVENS.

and, in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and, in loſing the voyage, loſe thy maſter; and, in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and, in loſing thy ſervice,—Why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

LAUN. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

PAN. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

LAUN. In thy tale.

PAN. In thy tail?

LAUN. Loſe the tide.[2] and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice? The tide![3] — Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

PAN. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

LAUN. Sir, call me what thou dareſt.

PAN. Wilt thou go?

LAUN. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Milan. *An apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

SIL. Servant—

VAL. Miſtreſs?

SPEED. Maſter, ſir Thurio frowns on you.

[2] *Loſe the tide,*] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read—the *flood.* STEEVENS.

[3] *The tide!*] The old copy reads—"*and* the tide." I once ſuppoſed theſe three words to have been repeated, through ſome error of the tranſcriber or printer: but, pointed as the paſſage now is, (with the omiſſion of *and*) it ſeems to have ſufficient meaning. STEEVENS.

VAL. Ay, boy, it's for love,

SPEED. Not of you.

VAL. Of my miſtreſs then.

SPEED. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

SIL. Servant, you are ſad.

VAL. Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.

THU. Seem you that you are not?

VAL. Haply, I do.

THU. So do counterfeits.

VAL. So do you.

THU. What ſeem I, that I am not?

VAL. Wiſe.

THU. What inſtance of the contrary?

VAL. Your folly.

THU. And how quote you my folly?[4]

VAL. I quote it in your jerkin.

THU. My jerkin is a doublet.

VAL. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

THU. How?

SIL. What, angry, ſir Thurio? do you change colour?

VAL. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

[4] —— *how* quote *you my folly?*] To *quote* is to *obſerve*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"I am ſorry that with better heed and judgement
"I had not *quoted* him." STEEVENS.

Valentine in his anſwer plays upon the word, which was pronounced as if written *coat*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"—— the illiterate, that know not how
"To cipher what is writ in learned books,
"Will *cote* my loathſome treſpaſs in my looks."

In our poet's time words were thus frequently ſpelt by the ear. MALONE.

THU. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

VAL. You have ſaid, ſir.

THU. Ay, ſir, and done too, for this time.

VAL. I know it well, ſir; you always end ere you begin.

SIL. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.

VAL. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

SIL. Who is that, ſervant?

VAL. Yourſelf, ſweet lady; for you gave the fire: ſir Thurio borrow's his wit from your ladyſhip's looks, and ſpends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

THU. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.

VAL. I know it well, ſir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

SIL. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beſet.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

VAL. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

DUKE. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?[5]

[5] *Know you* Don *Antonio, your Countryman?*] The word *Don* ſhould be omitted; as beſides the injury it does to the metre, the

VAL. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert[6] ſo well reputed.

DUKE. Hath he not a ſon?

VAL. Ay, my good lord; a ſon, that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.

DUKE. You know him well?

VAL. I knew him, as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and ſpent our hours together:
And though myſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath ſir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

DUKE. Beſhrew me, ſir, but, if he makes this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counſellor.
Well, ſir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

VAL. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.

characters are *Italians*, not *Spaniards*. Had the meaſure admitted it, Shakſpeare would have written *Signor*. And yet, after making this remark, I noticed Don *Alphonſo* in a preceding ſcene. But for all that, the remark may be juſt. RITSON.

[6] —— *not without* deſert——! And not dignified with ſo much reputation without proportionate merit. JOHNSON.

DUKE. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, ſir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:[7]
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit* DUKE.

VAL. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her cryſtal looks.

SIL. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.

VAL. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them priſoners ſtill.

SIL. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?

VAL. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

THU. They ſay, that love hath not an eye at all.

VAL. To ſee ſuch lovers, Thurio, as yourſelf;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

SIL. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

VAL. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.

SIL. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.

VAL. Miſtreſs, it is: ſweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.

SIL. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.

7 *I need not, 'cite him to it*] i. e. incite him to it. MALONE.

PRO. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.

VAL. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.

PRO. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.

SIL. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.

PRO. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.

SIL. That you are welcome?

PRO. No; that you are worthleſs.[8]

Enter Servant.

SER. Madam, my lord your father[9] would ſpeak with you.

SIL. I'll wait upon his pleaſure. [*Exit* Servant.
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to conſer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

[8] No; *that you are* worthleſs.] I have inſerted the particle *no*, to fill up the meaſure. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the particle ſupplied is unneceſſary. *Worthleſs* was, I believe, uſed as a triſyllable. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 191. MALONE.

Is *worthleſs* a triſyllable in the preceding ſpeech of Silvia? Is there any inſtance of the licence recommended, reſpecting the adjective *worthleſs*, to be found in Shakſpeare, or any other writer? STEEVENS.

[9] Ser. *Madam, my lord your father*——] This ſpeech in all the editions is aſſigned improperly to Thurio; but he has been all along upon the ſtage, and could not know that the duke wanted his daughter. Beſides, the firſt line and half of Silvia's anſwer is evidently addreſſed to two perſons. A ſervant, therefore, muſt come in and deliver the meſſage; and then Silvia goes out with Thurio. THEOBALD.

PRO. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.
[*Exit* SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

VAL. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

PRO. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

VAL. And how do yours?

PRO. I left them all in health.

VAL. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

PRO. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know, you joy not in love-diſcourſe.

VAL. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now: I have done penance for contemning love; Whoſe high imperious[2] thoughts have puniſhed me With bitter faſts, with penitential groans With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs; For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow. O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord; And hath ſo humbled me, as, I confeſs, There is no woe to his correction,[3]

[2] Whoſe *high imperious*——] For *whoſe* I read *thoſe*. I have contemned love and am puniſhed. *Thoſe* high thoughts, by which I exalted myſelf above human paſſions or frailties, have brought upon me faſts and groans. JOHNSON.

I believe the old copy is right. *Imperious* is an epithet very frequently applied to *love* by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries. So, in *The Famous Hiſtory of George Lord Faukenbridge*, 4to. 1616. p. 15: "Such an *imperious* God is love, and ſo commanding." A few lines lower Valentine obſerves that—"love's a *mighty lord*." MALONE.

[3] ——*no woe to his correction*,] No miſery that *can be compared to* the puniſhment inflicted by love. Herbert called for the prayers of the liturgy a little before his death, ſaying, *None to them, none to them*. JOHNSON.

Nor, to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth!
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

PRO. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worſhip ſo?

VAL. Even ſhe; and is ſhe not a heavenly ſaint?

PRO. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.

VAL. Call her divine.

PRO. I will not flatter her.

VAL. O, flatter me; for love delights in praiſes.

PRO. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.

VAL. Then ſpeak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,[4]
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

PRO. Except my miſtreſs.

VAL. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.

PRO. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?

VAL. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

The ſame idiom occurs in an old ballad quoted in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:

"There is no comfort in the world
"To women that are kind." MALONE.

[4] ——*a principality,*] The firſt or *principal* of women. So the old writers uſe *ſtate*. "*She is a lady, a great* ſtate." Latymer. "*This look is called in* ſtates *warlie, in others otherwiſe.*" Sir T. More. JOHNSON.

There is a ſimilar ſenſe of this word in St. Paul's Epiſtle to the Romans viii. 38.—nor angels nor *principalities.*"

Mr. M. Maſon thus judiciouſly paraphraſes the ſentiment of Valentine. "If you will not acknowledge her as divine, let her at leaſt be conſidered as an angel of the firſt order, ſuperior to every thing on earth." STEEVENS.

She ſhall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs,
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the ſummer-ſwelling flower,[5]
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.

PRO. Why, Valentine, what braggardiſm is this?

VAL. Pardon me, Proteus; all I can is nothing
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.[6]

PRO. Then let her alone.

VAL. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me dote upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along; and I muſt after,
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.

PRO. But ſhe loves you?

[5] ——ſummer-ſwelling *flower*,] I once thought that our poet had written *ſummer-ſmelling*; but the epithet which ſtands in the text I have ſince met with in the tranſlation of Lucan, by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, B. VIII. p. 354:

"——no Roman chieftaine ſhould
"Come neer to Nyle's Peluſian mould,
"But ſhun that *ſummer-ſwelling* ſhore."

The original is, "—ripaſque *æſtate tumentes*," l. 829. May likewiſe renders it *ſummer-ſwelled* banks. The *ſummer-ſwelling* flower is the flower which ſwells in ſummer, till it expands itſelf into bloom. STEEVENS.

[6] *She is alone.*] She ſtands by herſelf. There is none to be compared to her. JOHNSON.

VAL. Ay, and we are betroth'd;
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

PRO. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth:
I must unto the road,[7] to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

VAL. Will you make haste?

PRO. I will.— [*Exit* VAL.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.[8]
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,[9]

[7] ——*the* road,] The haven, where ships *ride* at anchor. MALONE.

[8] *Even as one heat another heat expels,*
Or as one nail *by strength* drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.] Our author seems here to have remembered *The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
" And as out of a planke *a nayle a nayle doth drive*,
" *So novel love out of the minde the ancient love doth rive.*"
So also, in *Coriolanus*:
" One fire drives out one fire; *one nayle one nayle.*"
MALONE.

[9] *Is it mine* eye, *or Valentinus' praise.*] The old copy reads—
" Is it mine or Valentine's praise?" STEEVENS.

Here Proteus questions with himself, whether it is his own praise, or Valentine's, that makes him fall in love with Valentine's mistress. But not to insist on the absurdity of falling in love through his own praises, he had not indeed praised her any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend asked it of him.

Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She's fair; and ſo is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,[2]
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reaſon I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I dote on her with more advice,[3]

A word is wantiog in the firſt folio. The line was origioally thus:

"*Is it mine* EYE, *or Valentino's praiſe?*"

Proteus had juſt ſeen Valentine's miſtreſs, whom her lover had been laviſhly praiſing. His encomiums therefore heighteoing Proteus's ideas of her at the interview, it was the leſs wonder he ſhould be uncertain which had made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion. Valentine's praiſes, or his owo view of her. WARBURTON.

The firſt folio reads:

"It is mine or Valeotine's praiſe."

The ſecond:

"Is it mioe *then* or Valentin*ean's* praiſe?" RITSON.

I read, as authoriſed, in a former inſtance, by the old copy,—Valeotio*u*s. See Act I. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

[2] ——a waxen image '*gainſt a fire*,] Alluding to the figures made by witches, as repreſeotatives of thoſe whom they deſigned to torment or deſtroy. See my note on *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

King James aſcribes theſe images to the devil, in his treaaſe of Daemooologie: "to ſome others at theſe times he teacheth how to make pictures of waxe or clayc, that by the roaſting thereof the perſous that they bear the name of may be continually melted, and dried away by continual ſickneſſe." See Servius on the 8th Eclogue of Virgil, Theocritus Idyl. 2. 22. Hudibras, p. 2. c. 2. v. 331. S. W.

[3] ——*with* more advice,] *With more advice*, is *on further knowledge or better conſideration*. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"The Greeks, *upon advice*, did by my Ajax."

The word, as Mr. Malooe obſeives, is ſtill current among mer-

That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture[4] I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reaſon's light;[5]
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my ſkill. [*Exit.*

cantile people, whoſe conſtant language is, "we are *adviſed* by letters from abroad," meaning *informed*. So in the bills of exchange the concluſion always is—"Without further *advice*." So in this very play:

"This pride of hers, upon *advice*,"

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Yet did repent me, *after more advice*." STEEVENS.

4 *'Tis but her picture*——] This is evidently a ſlip of attention, for he had ſeen her in the laſt ſcene, and in high terms offered her his ſervice. JOHNSON.

I believe Proteus means, that, as yet, he had ſeen only her outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

"All of her, that is *out of door*, moſt rich!
"If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare," &c.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. ſc. i:

"Praiſe her but for this her *without-door* form."

Perhaps Proteus, is mentally comparing his fate with that of Pyrocles, the hero of Sydney's *Arcadia*, who fell in love with Philoclea immediately on ſeeing her portrait in the houſe of Kalander. STEEVENS.

5 *And that hath* dazzled *my reaſon's light;*
But when I look, &c.] Our author uſes *dazzled* as a triſyllable. The editor of the ſecond folio not perceiving this, introduced *ſo*, ("And that hath dazzled *ſo*," &c.) a word as hurtful to the ſenſe as unneceſſary to the metre. The plain meaning is, *Her mere outſide has* dazzled *me*;—*when I am acquainted with the perfections of her mind, I ſhall be ſtruck* blind. MALONE.

SCENE V.

The ſame. A ſtreet.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

SPEED. Launce! by mine honeſty, welcome to Milan.[6]

LAUN. Forſwear not thyſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the hoſteſs ſay, welcome.

SPEED. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of five pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, ſirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam Julia?

LAUN. Marry, after they cloſed in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

SPEED. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

LAUN. No.

SPEED. How then? Shall he marry her?

LAUN. No, neither.

SPEED. What, are they broken?

LAUN. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

SPEED. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

LAUN. Marry, thus; when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

6 —— *to* Milan.] It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on Act III. POPE.

SPEED. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

LAUN. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not?
My ſtaff underſtands me.[7]

SPEED. What thou ſay'ſt?

LAUN. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

SPEED. It ſtands under thee, indeed.

LAUN. Why, ſtand under and underſtand is all one.

SPEED. But tell me true, will't be a match?

LAUN. Aſk my dog: if he ſay, ay, it will; if he ſay, no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

SPEED. The concluſion is then, that it will.

LAUN. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

SPEED. 'Tis well that I get it ſo. But, Launce, how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?[8]

[7] *My ſtaff* underſtands *me.*] This equivocation, miſerable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem, B. VI:

"——The terms we ſent were terms of weight,
" Such as, we may perceive, amaz'd them all,
" And ſtagger'd many; who receives them right,
" Had need from head to foot well *underſtand*;
" Not *underſtood*, this gift they have beſides,
" To ſhew us when our foes ſtand not upright." JOHNSON.

The ſame quibble occurs likewiſe in the ſecond part of *The Three Merry Coblers*, an ancient ballad:

" Our work doth the owners *underſtand*,
" Thus ſtill we are on the mending hand." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?*] i. e. (as Mr. M. Maſon has elſewhere obſerved) What ſay'ſt thou to this circumſtance,—namely, that my maſter is become a notable lover? MALONE.

LAUN. I never knew him otherwiſe.

SPEED. Than how?

LAUN. A notable lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

SPEED. Why, thou whorſon aſs, thou miſtakeſt me.

LAUN. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

SPEED. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

LAUN. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himſelf in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo;[9] if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

SPEED. Why?

LAUN. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee, as to go to the ale[a] with a Chriſtian: Wilt thou go?

SPEED. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

9 ——ſo;] *So*, which is wanting in the firſt folio, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond. MALONE.

a ——*the* ale——] *Ales* were merry meetings inſtituted in country places. Thus Ben Jonſon:

" And all the neighbourhood, from old records
" Of antique proverbs drawn from Whitſon lords,
" And their authorities at wakes and *ales*,
" With country precedents, and old wives' tales,
" We bring you now."

Again, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, in the play of *Lord Cromwell:*

" O Tom, that we were now at Putney, at the *ale* there!"

See alſo Mr. T. Warton's Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, Vol. III. p. 128. STEEVENS.

SCENE VI.[3]

The ſame. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. To leave my Julia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair Silvia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn;
And even that power, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet-ſuggeſting love,[4] if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it!
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whoſe ſovereignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty-thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love.
Julia I loſe, and Valentine I loſe:

[3] It is to be obſerved, that, in the folio edition there are no directions concerning the ſcenes: they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more conſiſtency or regularity to the drama by ſuch alterations. I make this remark in this place, becauſe I know not whether the following ſoliloquy of Proteus is ſo proper in the ſtreet. JOHNSON.

The reader will perceive that the ſcenery has been changed, though Dr. Johnſon's obſervation is continued. STEEVENS.

[4] *O ſweet-*ſuggeſting *love,*] To *ſuggeſt* is to *tempt*, in our author's language. So again:

"Knowing that tender youth is ſoon *ſuggeſted.*"

The ſenſe is, O tempting love, *if thou haſt* influenced me to ſin, *teach me to excuſe it.* JOHNSON.

If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe myſelf;
If I loſe them, thus find I by their loſs,
For Valentine, myſelf; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill more precious in itſelf:
And Silvia, witneſs heaven, that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to myſelf,
Without ſome treachery us'd to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myſelf in counſel, his competitor:[5]
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight;[6]

[5] ——*in counſel, his* competitor:] *Myſelf, who am his* competitor *or* rival, being admitted to his counſel. JOHNSON.

Competitor is *confederate, aſſiſtant, partner.*

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" It is not Cæſar's natural vice, to hate
" One great *competitor!*"

and he is ſpeaking of Lepidus, one of the triumvirate. STEEVENS.

Steevens is right in aſſerting, that *competitor*, in this place, means confederate, or partner.—The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Twelfth Night*, where the Clown ſeeing Maria and Sir Toby approach, who were joined in the plot againſt Malvolio, ſays, " The *competitors* enter." And again, in *King Richard III.* the meſſenger ſays,

" ——The Guildfords are in arms,
" And every hour more *competitors*
" Flock to the rebels."

So alſo, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" The king and his *competitors* in oath." M. MASON.

[6] ——pretended *flight;*] *Pretended* flight is *propoſed* or *intended* flight. So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——What good could they *pretend?*"

Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh Valentine;
For, Thurio, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift![7] [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *Houſe.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

JUL. Counſel, Lucetta; gentle girl, aſſiſt me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
LUC. Alas! the way is weariſome and long.
JUL. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection as ſir Proteus.
LUC. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Mr. M. Maſon juſtly obſerves, that the verb *prétendre* in French, has the ſame ſignification. STEEVENS.

Again, in Dr. A. Borde's *Introduction of Knowledge*, 1542, ſig. H 3, "*I pretend* to return and come round about thorow other regyons in Europ." REED.

[7] ——*this drift!*] I ſuſpect that the author concluded the Act with this couplet, and that the next ſcene ſhould begin the third act; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance. JOHNSON.

JUL. O, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.
LUC. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.
JUL. The more thou dam'ſt it up, the more it burns;
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with the enamel'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe:
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in Elyſium.
LUC. But in what habit will you go along?
JUL. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.
LUC. Why then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.
JUL. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantaſtic may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhow to be.

Luc. What faſhion, madam, ſhall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even that faſhion thou beſt lik'ſt Lucetta.

Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.[8]

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta![9] that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hoſe, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.

8 ——*with a* cod-piece, *&c.*] Whoever wiſhes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dreſs, may conſult Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, in which ſuch matters are very amply diſcuſſed. It is mentioned, however, in *Tyro's Riding Megge*, 1598:

"Tyro's round breeches have a clifte behind;
"And that ſame perking longitude before,
"Which for a *fig-caſe* antique plowmen wore."

Ocular inſtruction may be had from the armour ſhown as John of Gaunt's in the Tower of London. The ſame faſhion appears to have been no leſs oſtenſive in France. See Montaigne, Chap. XXII. The cuſtom of ſticking pins in this oſtentatious piece of indecency, was continued by the illiberal wardets of the Tower, till forbidden by authority. STEEVENS.

9 Out, out, *Lucetta!* &c.] Dr. Percy obſerves, that this interjection is ſtill uſed in the North. It ſeems to have the ſame meaning as *apage*, Lat. STEEVENS.

So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act II. ſc. vi:

"*Out, out!* unworthy to ſpeak where he breatheth."

REED.

JUL. Nay, that I will not.

LUC. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

JUL. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite[2] of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

LUC. All these are servants to deceitful men.

JUL. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

LUC. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

JUL. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.[3]
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

2 ——as *infinite*——] Old edit.—*of* infinite. JOHNSON. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

3 ——*my* longing *journey*.] Dr. Grey observes, that *longing* is a participle active, with a passive signification; for *longed*, wished, or desired.

Mr. M. Mason supposes Julia to mean a journey which she shall *pass in longing*. STEEVENS.

My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence:
Come, anſwer not, but to it preſently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Milan, *An Anti-room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

DUKE. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have ſome ſecrets to conſer about.——
Exit THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

PRO. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter;
Myſelf am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to beſtow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended driſt,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

DUKE. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myſelf have often ſeen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing leſt my jealous aim[4] might err,
And ſo, unworthily, diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

PRO. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently;
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcovery be not aimed at;[5]
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.[6]

[4] ——*jealous* aim——] *Aim* is *gueſs*, in this inſtance, as in the following. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I *aim'd* ſo near when I ſuppos'd you lov'd." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *be not* aimed *at*;] Be not *gueſſed*. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*of this* pretence.] Of this *claim* made to your daughter. JOHNSON.

Pretence is *deſign*. So, in *K. Lear*: "—to feel my affection to your honour, and no other *pretence* of danger."

Again, in the ſame play: "—*pretence* and purpoſe of unkindneſs." STEEVENS.

DUKE. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
PRO. Adieu, my lord; ſir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

DUKE. Sir Valentine, whither away ſo faſt?
VAL. Pleaſe it your grace there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
DUKE. Be thy of much import?
VAL. The tenor of them doth but ſignify
My health, and happy being at your court.
DUKE. Nay, then no matter: ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend, ſir Thurio, to my daughter.
VAL. I know it well, my lord; and, ſure, the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
DUKE. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,

6 *And, where* ——] *Where*, in this inſtance, has the power of *whereas*. So, in *Pericles*, Act I. ſc. i:
"*Where* now you're both a father and a ſon." STEEVENS.

I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteems not.

VAL. What would your grace have me to do in this?

DUKE. There is a lady, ſir, in Milan, here,[7]
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Beſides, the faſhion of the time[8] is chang'd;)
How, and which way, I may beſtow myſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.

VAL. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.[9]

[7] ——*ſir, in* Milan, *here,*] It ought to be thus, inſtead of—*in Verona, here*—for the ſcene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from ſeveral paſſages in the firſt act, and in the beginning of the firſt ſcene of the fourth act. A like miſtake has crept into the eighth ſcene of Act II. where Speed bids his fellow-ſervant Launce welcome to Padua. POPE.

[8] ——*the faſhion of the time*——] The modes of courtſhip, the acts by which men recommended themſelves to ladies. JOHNSON.

[9] *Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;*
Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.] So, in our author's *Paſſionate Pilgrim:*

"Spare not to ſpend,—
"The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower, and town,
"The golden bullet beats it down."

A line of this ſtanza,—

"The ſtrongeſt *caſtle*, tower, and town,"

and two in a ſucceeding ſtanza,

"What though ſhe ſtrive to try her ſtrength,
"And ban and brawl, *and ſay thee nay,*"——

remind us of the following verſes in *The Hiſtorie of Graunde Amoure,*

DUKE. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her.[2]

VAL. A woman ſometime ſcorns what beſt contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, *get you gone*, ſhe doth not mean, *away:*
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er ſo black, ſay, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

[ſign. I 2.] written by Stephen Hawes, near a century before thoſe of Shakſpeare:

"Forſake her not, *though that ſhe ſaye nay;*
"A woman's guiſe is evermore delay.
"No *caſtell* can be of ſo great a ſtrength,
"If that there be a ſure ſiege to it layed,
"It muſt yelde up, or els be won at length,
"Though that 'to-fore it hath bene long delayed;
"So contynuance may you right well ayde:
"Some womans hearte can not ſo harded be,
"But buſy labour may make it agree."

Another earlier writer than Shakſpeare, ſpeaking of women, has alſo the ſame unfavourable (and, I hope, unfounded) ſentiment:

"'Tis wiſdom to give much; a gift prevails,
"When deep perſuaſive oratory fails."

Marlowe's HERO AND LEANDER.

MALONE.

[2] ——*that I* ſent her.] To produce a more arrurate rhime, we might read:

"——that I ſent, *Sir:*"

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves that the rhime, which was evidently here intended, requires that we ſhould read—"what beſt content her." The word *what* may imply *thoſe which*, as well as *that which*.

STEEVENS.

DUKE. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.
VAL. Why then I would reſort to her by night.
DUKE. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.
VAL What lets,[3] but one may enter at her window?
DUKE. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
VAL. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
DUKE. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a ladder.
VAL. When would you uſe it? pray, ſir, tell me that.
DUKE. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
VAL. By ſeven o' clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.
DUKE. But hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?
VAL. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.
DUKE. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?
VAL. Ay, my good lord.
DUKE. Then let me ſee thy cloak;

3 *What* lets,] i. e. what hinders. So, in *Hamlet*, A& I. ſc. iv: "By heaven I'll make a ghoſt of him that *lets* me."
STEEVENS.

I'll get me one of ſuch another length.

VAL. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.

DUKE. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this ſame? What's here?—*To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [*reads.*
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying:
O, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge, where ſenſeleſs they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſs'd them,
Becauſe myſelf do want my ſervants' fortune:
I curſe myſelf, for they are ſent by me,[4]
That they ſhould harbour where their lord ſhould be.
What's here?
Silvia, this night I will enfranchiſe thee:
'Tis ſo; and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merop's ſon.)[5]
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!

[4] ——for *they are ſent by me,*] *For* is the ſame as *for that, ſince.* JOHNSON.

[5] ——*Merops' ſon,*)] Thou art Phaëton in thy raſhneſs, but without his pretenſions; thou art not the ſon of a divinity, but a *terræ filius*, a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falſely reproached. JOHNSON.

This ſcrap of mythology Shakſpeare might have found in the puritous play of *K. John*, 1591:

" —— as ſometime *Phaëton*
" Miſtruſting filly *Merops* for his fire."

for in Robert Greene's *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594:

" Why, fooliſh, haſty, daring, ſimple groom.
" Follower of fond conceited Phaëton," &c. STEEVENS.

Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy deſert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyſelf.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe,
But, as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.
[*Exit* DUKE.

VAL. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be baniſh'd from myſelf;
And Silvia is myſelf: baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelf from ſelf; a deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unleſs it be, to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.[6]
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:[7]

6 *And* feed *upon the ſhadow of perfection.*]
Animum picturâ *paſcit* inani. *Virg.* HENLEY.

7 *I fly not death*, to fly his *deadly* doom:] *To fly his doom*, uſed for *by flying*, or *in flying*, is a galliciſm. The ſenſe is, By avoid-

Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

PRO. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.

LAUN. So-ho! ſo-ho!

PRO. What ſeeſt thou?

LAUN. Him we go to find: there's not a hair[8] on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

PRO. Valentine?

VAL. No.

PRO. Who then? his ſpirit?

VAL. Neither.

PRO. What then?

VAL. Nothing.

LAUN. Can nothing ſpeak? maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?

PRO. Whom[9] would'ſt thou ſtrike?

LAUN. Nothing.

PRO. Villain forbear.

LAUN. Why, ſir, I'll ſtrike nothing: I pray you,—

PRO. Sirrah, I ſay, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

VAL. My ears are ſtopp'd, and cannot hear good news,

ing the execution of his ſentence I ſhall not eſcape death. If I ſtay here, I ſuffer myſelf to be deſtroyed; if I go away, I deſtroy myſelf. JOHNSON.

8 ——*there's not a* hair——] Launce is ſtill quibbling. He is now running down the *hare* that he ſtarted when he entered. MALONE.

9 Whom——] Old copy—*Who*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

So much of bad already hath poſſeſs'd them.
PRO. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine,
For thy are harſh, untuneable, and bad.
VAL. Is Silvia dead?
PRO. No, Valentine.
VAL. No Valentine, indeed, for ſacred Silvia!—
Hath ſhe forſworn me?
PRO. No, Valentine.
VAL. No Valentine, if Silvia have forſworn me!—
What is your news?
LAUN. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vaniſh'd.
PRO. That thou art baniſh'd, O, that's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
VAL. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am baniſhed?
PRO. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, ſtands in effectual force,)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.
VAL. No more; unleſs the next word, that thou ſpeak'ſt,

Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.

PRO. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good.
Here if thou ſtay, thou can'ſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts,
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white boſom of thy love.[a]
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:

[a] *Even in the* milk-white boſom of thy love.] So, in *Hamlet:*
" Theſe *to her excellent white boſom*, &c.

Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Adventures of Maſter F. I.* firſt edit. p. 206: " —at deliuerie thereof, [i. e. of a letter] ſhe underſtode not for what cauſe he thruſt the ſame *into her boſome.*"

Trifling as the remark may appear, before the meaning of this *addreſs of letters to the boſom of a miſtreſs* can be underſtood, it ſhould be known that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their ſlays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love tokens, but even their money and materials for needle work. In many parts of England the ruſtic damſels ſtill obſerve the ſame practice; and a very old lady informs me that ſhe remembers when it was the faſhion to wear prominent ſlays, it was no leſs the cuſtom for ſtratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them. STEEVENS.

See Lord Surry's Sonnets, 1557:
" My ſong, thou ſhalt attain to find the pleaſant place,
" Where ſhe doth live, by whom I live; may chance to have the grace,
" When ſhe hath read, and ſeen the grief wherein I ſerve,
" *Between her breaſts ſhe ſhall thee put, there ſhall ſhe thee reſerve.*" MALONE.

As thou lov'ſt Silvia, though not for thyſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

VAL. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou ſeeſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.

PRO. Go, ſirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

VAL. O my dear Silvia! hapleſs Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

LAUN. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave.[3] He

3 Laun. *I am* but a fool, *look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my maſter is* a kind of a knave: *but that's all one, if he be but one* KNAVE.] Where is the ſenſe? or, if you won't allow the ſpeaker that, where is the humour of this ſpeech? Nothing had given the fool occaſion to ſuſpect that his maſter was become double, like Antipholis in *The Comedy of Errors*. The laſt word is corrupt. We ſhould read:

"——*if he be but one* KIND."

He thought his maſter was *a kind of knave*; however, he keeps himſelf in countenance with this reflection, that if he was a knave *but of one kind*, he might paſs well enough amongſt his neighbours. This is truly humourous. WARBURTON.

This alteration is acute and ſpecious, yet I know not whether, in Shakſpeare's language, *one knave* may not ſignify a *knave on only one occaſion*, a *ſingle knave*. We ſtill uſe a *double* villain for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. JOHNSON.

This paſſage has been altered, with little difference, by Dr. *Warburton* and ſir *Tho. Hanmer*.—Mr. *Edwards* explains it,—"if *he only* be a knave, if *I myſelf* be not found to be *another*." I agree with Dr. *Johnſon*, and will ſupport the old reading and his interpretation with indiſputable authority. In the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, *Ariſtippus* declares of *Cariſophus*, "you loſe money by him if you ſell him for *one knave*, for he ſerves for *twayne*."

This phraſeology is often met with: *Arragon* ſays in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"With *one fool's* head I came to woo,
"But I go away with *two*."

Donne begins one of his ſonnets:

"I am *two fools*, I know,
"For *loving* and for *ſaying ſo*."

lives not now, that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horſe ſhall not pluck[4] that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myſelf; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for ſhe hath had goſſips:[5] yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her maſter's maid, and ſerves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel,—which is much in a bare chriſtian.[6] Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions.[7] Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horſe can do no more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is ſhe better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you, a ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

And when *Panurge* cheats St. *Nicholas* of the chapel, which he vowed to him in a ſtorm, *Rabelais* calls him "a rogue—a *rogue and an half—Le gallant, gallant de demy.*" FARMER.

Again, in *Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587:

"Thus thou may'ſt be called a knave in graine,
"And where knaves be ſcant, thou may'ſt go for *twayne.*"

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*a team of horſe ſhall not pluck*——] I ſee how Valentine ſuffers for telling his love-ſecrets, therefore I will keep mine cloſe. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Launce was not intended to ſhew ſo much ſenſe; but here indulges himſelf in talking contradictory nonſenſe. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*for ſhe hath had* goſſips:] *Goſſips* not only ſignify thoſe who anſwer for a child in baptiſm, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble between theſe is evident. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*a* bare *chriſtian.*] *Launce* is quibbling on. *Bare* has two ſenſes; *mere* and *naked*. In *Coriolanus* it is uſed in the firſt:

"'Tis but a *bare* petition of the ſtate."

Launce uſes it in both, and oppoſes the *naked* female to the water-ſpaniel *cover'd with hairs of remarkable thickneſs.* STEEVENS.

—*her* conditions.] i. e. qualities. The old copy has *condition*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Enter SPEED.

SPEED. How now, ſignior Launce? what news with your maſterſhip? [1]

LAUN. With my maſter's ſhip? [8] why it is at ſea.

SPEED. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: What news then in your paper:

LAUN. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

SPEED. Why, man, how black?

LAUN. Why, as black as ink.

SPEED. Let me read them.

LAUN. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou can'ſt not read.

SPEED. Thou lieſt, I can.

LAUN. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

SPEED. Marry, the ſon of my grandfather.

LAUN. O illiterate loiterer! it was the ſon of thy grandmother: [9] this proves, that thou can'ſt not read.

SPEED. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

LAUN. There; and ſaint Nicholas be thy ſpeed! [2]

[8] With my *maſter's ſhip?*] In former editions it is,—
"*With my* maſterſhip? *why, it is at ſea.*"
For how does Launce miſtake the word? Speed aſks him about his maſterſhip, and he replies to it *literatim*. But then how was his maſterſhip at ſea, and on ſhore too? The addition of a letter and a note of apoſtrophe, makes Launce both miſtake the word, and fets the pun right: it reſtores, indeed, but a mean joke; but without it, there is no ſenſe in the paſſage. Beſides, it is no character with the reſt of the ſcene; and, I dare be confideot, the poet's own conceit. THEOBALD.

[9] ——*the ſon of thy* grandmother:] It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. I ſuppoſe *Launce* infers, that if he could read, he muſt have read this well known obſervation. STEEVENS.

[2] ——ſaint Nicholas *be thy ſpeed!*] St. Nicholas preſided over ſcholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas's clerks*. Hence

SPEED. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

LAUN. Ay, that ſhe can.[3]

SPEED. Item, *She brews good ale.*

LAUN. And thereof comes the proverb;—Bleſſing o' your heart,[4] you brew good ale.

SPEED. Item, *She can ſew.*

LAUN. That's as much as to ſay, Can ſhe ſo?

SPEED. Item, *She can knit.*

LAUN. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock.[5]

SPEED. Item, *She can waſh and ſcour.*

by a quibble between Nicholas and Old Nick, highwaymen, in *The Firſt Part of Henry the Fourth*, are called *Nicholas's clerks*.
WARBURTON.

That this ſaint preſided over young ſcholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Colet*, p. 362. for by the ſtatutes of Paul's ſchool there inſerted, the children are required to attend divine ſervice at the cathedral on his anniverſary. The reaſon I take to be, that the legend of this ſaint makes him to have been a biſhop, while he was a boy. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So Puttenham, in his *Art of Poeſie*, 1589: "Methinks this fellow ſpeaks like biſhop Nicholas; for on Saint Nicholas's night commonly the ſcholars of the country make them a biſhop, who, like a fooliſh boy, goeth about bleſſing and preaching with ſuch childiſh terms, as maketh the people laugh at his fooliſh counterfeit ſpeeches." STEEVENS.

3 Speed. Imprimis, *ſhe can milk.*
Laun. *Ay, that ſhe can.*] Theſe two ſpeeches ſhould evidently be omitted. There is not only no attempt at humour in them, contrary to all the reſt in the ſame dialogue, but *Launce* clearly directs *Speed* to go on with the paper where he himſelf left off. See his preceding ſoliloquy. FARMER.

4 *Bleſſing o your heart*, &c.] So, in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Augurs*:
"Our ale's o' the beſt,
"And each good gueſt
"*Prays for their ſouls* that brew it." STEEVENS.

5 —— *knit him a* ſtock.] i. e. *ſtocking*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd *ſtock*."
STEEVENS.

LAUN. A ſpecial virtue; for then ſhe need not be waſhed and ſcoured.

SPEED. Item, *She can ſpin.*

LAUN. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

SPEED. *She hath many nameleſs virtues.*

LAUN. That's as much as to ſay, baſtard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

SPEED. *Here follow her vices.*

LAUN. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

SPEED. Item, *She is not to be kiſſed faſting.*[6] *in reſpect of her breath.*

LAUN. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: Read on.

SPEED. Item, *She hath a ſweet mouth.*[7]

LAUN. That makes amends for her ſour breath.

SPEED. Item, *She doth talk in her ſleep.*

LAUN. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

SPEED. Item, *She is ſlow in words.*

6 ——*ſhe is not to be* kiſſed *faſting,*] The old copy reads,—*ſhe is not to be faſting*, &c. The neceſſary word, *kiſſed*, was firſt added by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

7 ——*ſweet mouth.*] This I take to be the ſame with what is now vulgarly called a *ſweet tooth*, a luxurious deſire of dainties and ſweetmeats. JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Paynell's tranſlation of Ulrich Hutten's Book *De medicina Guaiaci & Morbo Gallico*, 1539: "—delycates and deynties, wherewith they may ſtere up their *ſweete mouthes* and prouoke theyr appetites."

Yet how a *luxurious deſire of dainties* can make amends for *offenſive breath*, I know not. A *ſweet* mouth may, however, mean a *liquoriſh* mouth, in a wanton ſenſe. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Their ſaucy *ſweetneſs* that do coin heaven's image," &c.
STEEVENS.

LAUN. O villain, that ſet this down among her vices! to be ſlow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

SPEED. Item, *She is proud.*

LAUN. Out with that too; It was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

SPEED. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

LAUN. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

SPEED. Item, *She is curſt.*

LAUN. Well; the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

SPEED. Item, *She will often praiſe her liquor.*[8]

LAUN. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

SPEED. Item, *She is too liberal.*[9]

LAUN. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ down ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe ſhe ſhall not; for that I'll keep ſhut: now of another thing ſhe may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

SPEED. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

8 ——*praiſe her liquor.*] That is, ſhew how well ſhe likes it by drinking often. JOHNSON.

9 ——*She is too* liberal.] *Liberal*, is licentious and groſs in language. So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a profane and very *liberal* counſellor?" JOHNSON.

Again, in *The Fair Maid of Briſtow*, 1605, bl. l:

"But Vallenger, moſt like a *liberal* villain,
"Did give her ſcandalous ignoble terms."

Mr. Malone adds another inſtance from *Woman's a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612:

"Next that the ſame
"Of your neglect, and *liberal* talking tongue,
"Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong." STEEVENS.

LAUN. Stop there; I'll have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt article: Rehearſe that once more.

SPEED. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*[2] —

LAUN. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

SPEED. —*And more faults than hairs,*—

LAUN. That's monſtrous: O, that that were out!

SPEED. —*And more wealth than faults.*

LAUN. Why, that word makes the faults gracious:[3] Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible,—

[2] ——*She hath* more hair than wit.] An old Engliſh proverb. See Ray's Collection:

"Buſh natural, *more hair than wit.*"

Again, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix:*

"*Hair!* 'tis the baſeſt ſtubble; in ſcorn of it

"This proverb ſprung,—*He has more hair than wit.*"

Again, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631:

"Now is the old proverb really perform'd;

"*More hair than wit.*" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*makes the faults* gracious:] *Gracious*, in old language, means *graceful*. So, in *K. John:*

"There was not ſuch a *gracious* creature born."

Again, in *Albion's Triumph*, 1631:

"On which (*the freeze*) were feſtoons of ſeveral fruits in their natural colours, on which in *gracious* poſtures lay children ſleeping."

Again, in *The Mal-content*, 1604:

"The moſt exquiſite, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious* by torch-light." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation of the word *gracious* has been controverted, but it is right. We have the ſame ſentiment in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

"O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd *faults*

"Look *handſome* in *three hundred* pounds a year!"

MALONE.

SPEED. What then?

LAUN. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north gate.

SPEED. For me?

LAUN. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

SPEED. And muſt I go to him?

LAUN. Thou muſt run to him, for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

SPEED. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

LAUN. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter: An unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

DUKE. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that ſhe will love you,
Now Valentine is baniſh'd from her ſight.

THU. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

DUKE. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice;[4] which with an hour's heat

[4] Trenched *in ice;*] Cut, carved in ice. *Trancher*, to cut, French. JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" is deeply *trenched* in my bluſhing brow." STEEVENS.

Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs Valentine ſhall be forgot.—
How now, ſir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

PRO. Gone, my good lord.

DUKE. My daughter takes his going grievouſly.[1]

PRO. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

DUKE. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not ſo.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert,)
Makes me the better to conſer with thee.

PRO. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

DUKE. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between ſir Thurio and my daughter.

PRO. I do, my lord.

DUKE. And alſo, I think thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.

PRO. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

DUKE. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſévers ſo.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love ſir Thurio?

PRO. The beſt way is, to ſlander Valentine
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

DUKE. Ay, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoke in hate.

PRO. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

[1] ——*grievouſly.*] So ſome copies of the firſt folio; others have, *heavily*. The word therefore muſt have been corrected, while the ſheet was working off at the preſs. The word *laſt*, p. 243. l. 2. was inſerted in ſome copies in the ſame manner. MALONE.

Therefore it muſt, with circumſtance,[7] be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

DUKE. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.

PRO. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend.[8]

DUKE. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

PRO. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that ſhe will love ſir Thurio.

THU. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe ſir Valentine.

DUKE. And, Proteus, we dare truſt you in this kind;

[7] ——*with circumſtance,*] 'With the addition of ſuch incidental particulars as may induce belief. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*his very friend.*] *Very* is *immediate*. So, in *Macbeth*:
" And the *very* ports they blow." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*as you unwind her love*——] As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The houſewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Grange's Garden*, 1577, " in anſwer to a letter written unto him by a Curtyzan:"

" A *bottome* for your ſilke it ſeems
" My letters are become,
" Which oft with winding off and on
" Are waſted whole and ſome." STEEVENS.

Becauſe we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her,[2] by your perſuaſion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

PRO. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, ſir Thurio, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay lime,[3] to tangle her deſires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.

DUKE. Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poeſy.[4]

PRO. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:[5] —
For Orpheus' lute was ſtrung with poets' ſinews;[6]

[2] —— *you may* temper *her,*] Mould her, like wax, to whatever ſhape you pleaſe. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb; and ſhortly will I ſeal with him." MALONE.

[3] —— *lime,*] That is, *birdlime.* JOHNSON.

[4] *Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poeſy.*] The old copy reads— "*Ay, much is,*" &c. RITSON.

[5] —— *ſuch integrity:*] *Such integrity* may mean ſuch ardour and ſincerity as would be manifeſted by practiſing the directions given in the four preceding lines. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect that a line following this has been loſt; the import of which perhaps was—

"As her obdurate heart may penetrate." MALONE.

[6] *For Orpheus' lute was ſtrung with* poets' ſinews;] This ſhews Shakſpeare's knowledge of antiquity. He here aſſigns Orpheus his true character of legiſlator. For under that of a poet only, or

Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forſake unſounded deeps to dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet concert:[7] to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump;[8] the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining griev-
ance.

lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, conſidered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquiſitely beautiful. For by his *lute*, is to be underſtood his *ſyſtem of laws*; and by the *poets' ſinews*, the power of numbers, which Orpheus actually employed in thoſe laws to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people. WARBURTON.

Proteus is deſcribing to Thurio the powers of poetry; and gives no quality to the lute of Orpheus, but thoſe uſually and vulgarly aſcribed to it. It would be ſtrange indeed if, in order to prevail upon the ignorant and ſtupid Thurio to write a ſonnet to his miſtreſs, he ſhould enlarge upon the legiſlative powers of Orpheus, which were nothing to the purpoſe. Warburton's obſervations frequently tend to prove Shakſpeare more profound and learned than the occaſion required, and to make the Poet of Nature the moſt unnatural that ever wrote. M. MASON.

7 ——*with ſome ſweet* concert:] The old copy has *conſort*, which I once thought might have meant in our author's time a band or company of muſicians. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou *conſort'ſt* with Romeo.

"*Mer. Conſort!* what, doſt thou make us *minſtrels?*"

The ſubſequent words, "*To* their *inſtruments*—," ſeem to favour this interpretation; but other inſtances, that I have ſince met with, in books of our author's age, have convinced me that *conſort* was only the old ſpelling of *concert*, and I have accordingly printed the latter word in the text. The epithet *ſweet* annexed to it, ſeems better adapted to the muſick itſelf than to the band. *Conſort*, when accented on the firſt ſyllable, (as here) had, I believe, the former meaning; when on the ſecond, it ſignified a company. So, in the next ſcene:

"What ſay'ſt thou? Wilt thou be of our *Conſort?*"

MALONE.

8 *Tune a deploring* dump;] A *dump* was the ancient term for a *mournful elegy*. STEEVENS.

This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.[9]

DUKE. This diſcipline ſhows thou haſt been in love.

THU. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, ſweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently
To ſort[4] ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in muſick:
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.

DUKE. About it, gentlemen.

PRO. We'll wait upon your grace, till after ſupper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

DUKE. Even now about it; I will pardon you.[5]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Foreſt, near Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 OUT. Fellows, ſtand faſt; I ſee a paſſenger.

2 OUT. If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

9 ——*will* inherit *her.*] To *inherit*, is, by our author, ſometimes uſed, as in this inſtance, for *to obtain poſſeſſion* of, without any idea of acquiring *by inheritance*. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"He that had wit, would think that I had none,
"To bury ſo much gold under a tree,
"And never after to *inherit it*."

This ſenſe of the word was not wholly diſuſed in the time of Milton, who in his *Comus* has—"diſ*inherit* Chaos,"—meaning only, *diſpoſſeſs* it. STEEVENS.

4 *To* ſort —] i. e. to chooſe out. So, in *K. Richard III*:

"Yet I will *ſort* a pitchy hour for thee." STEEVENS.

5 ——*I will pardon you.*] I will excuſe you from waiting. JOHNSON.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 OUT. Stand, ſir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you ſit and riſle you.[4]

SPEED. Sir, we are undone! theſe are the villains
That all the travellers do fear ſo much.

VAL. My friends,—

1 OUT. That's not ſo, ſir; we are your enemies.

2 OUT. Peace; we'll hear him.

3 OUT. Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.[5]

VAL. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity:
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.

2 OUT. Whither travel you?

VAL. To Verona.

1 OUT. Whence came you?

VAL. From Milan.

3 OUT. Have you long ſojourn'd there?

VAL. Some ſixteen months: and longer might have ſtaid,

[4] *If not, we'll make you ſit, and riſle you.*] The old copy reads as I have printed the paſſage. Paltry as the oppoſition between *ſtand* and *ſit* may be thought, it is Shakſpeare's own. My predeceſſors read—"we'll make you, *ſir*," &c. STEEVENS.

Sir, is the corrupt reading of the third folio. MALONE.

[5] ——*a proper man.*] i. e. a *well-looking* man; he has the appearance of a gentleman. So, afterwards:

"And partly, ſeeing you are *beautified*
"*With goodly ſhape*—." MALONE.

Again, in *Othello*:

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." STEEVENS.

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 OUT. What, were you baniſh'd thence?

VAL. I was.

2 OUT. For what offence?

VAL. For that which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.

1 OUT. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo:
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?

VAL. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.

1 OUT. Have you the tongues?

VAL. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or elſe I often had been miſerable.

3 OUT. By the bare ſcalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[6]

6 ——Robin Hood's *fat friar,*] *Robin Hood* was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen. JOHNSON.

So, in *A merry Geſte of Robyn Hoode*, &c. bl. l. no date:

"Theſe *byſhoppes* and theſe *archebyſhoppes*
"Ye ſhall them beate and bynde," &c.

But by Robin Hood's *fat friar*, I believe, Shakſpeare means *Friar Tuck*, who was confeſſor and companion to this noted out-law. So, in one of the old ſongs of *Robin Hood:*

"And of brave little John,
"Of *Friar Tuck* and Will Scarlett,
"Stokelly and Maid Marian."

Again, in the 26th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"Of *Tuck the merry friar* which many a ſermon made,
"In praiſe of *Robin Hoode*, his out-lawes, and his trade."

See figure III. in the plate at the end of the firſt part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have miſunderſtood this paſſage. The ſpeaker does not ſwear by the ſcalp of ſome churchman who had been plundered, but by the ſhaven crown of Robin Hood's chaplain.—"We will live and die together, (ſays a perſonage in Peele's *Edward I.* 1593.) like Robin Hood, little John, *friar Tucke*, and Maide Marian." MALONE.

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 OUT. We'll have him: ſirs, a word.

SPEED. Maſter, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

VAL. Peace, villain!

2 OUT. Tell us this: Have you any thing to take to?

VAL. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 OUT. Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men:[7]
Myſelf was from Verona baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the Duke.[8]

[7] —— awful *men:*] Reverend, worſhipful, ſuch as magiſtrates, and other principal members of civil communities. JOHNSON.

Awful is uſed by Shakſpeare, in another place, in the ſenſe of *lawful*. Second part of *K. Henry IV.* A& IV. ſc. ii:

" We come within our *awful* banks again. TYRWHITT.

So, in *King Henry V.* 1600:

" —— creatures that by *awe* ordain
" An *act* of order to a peopled kingdom." MALONE.

I believe we ſhould read —*lawful* men —i. e. *legales* homines. So, in *The Newe Boke of Juſtices*, 1560: "—commandinge him to the ſame to make an inqueſt and pannel of *lawful* men of his countie." For this remark I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

Awful men means men *well-governed, obſervant of law and authority; full of, or ſubject to awe.* In the ſame kind of ſenſe as we uſe *fearful.* RITSON.

[8] *An* heir, *and* near *allied unto the duke.*] All the impreſſions, from the firſt downwards, read —*An heir and* niece *allied unto the duke.* But our poet would never have expreſſed himſelf ſo ſtupidly, as to tell us, this lady was the duke's *niece*, and *allied* to him: for her alliance was certainly ſufficiently included in the firſt term. Our author meant to ſay, ſhe was an *heireſs*, and *near allied* to the duke; an expreſſion the moſt natural that can be for the purpoſe, and very frequently uſed by the ſtage-poets. THEOBALD.

A *niece*, or a *nephew*, did not always ſignify the daughter of a

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.[9]
1 Out. And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives,)
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape; and by your own report
A linguiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we do in our quality[1] much want;—
2 Out. Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderneſs?
3 Out. What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our
conſort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

brother or ſiſter, but any remote deſcendant. Of this uſe I have given inſtances, as to a *nephew*. See *Othello*, Act I. I have not, however, diſturbed Theobald's emendation. STEEVENS.

Heir in our author's time (as it ſometimes is now) was applied to females, as well as males. The old copy reads—*And* heir. The correction was made in the third folio. MALONE.

9 *Whom in my* mood *I ſtabb'd unto the heart.*] Thus Dryden:

"Madneſs laughing in his ireful *mood*."

Again, Gray:

"*Moody* madneſs, laughing, wild," HENLEY.

Mood is anger or reſentment. MALONE.

1 ——*in our* quality——] Our *quality* means our profeſſion, calling, or condition of life. Thus in Maſſinger's *Roman Actor*, Aretinus ſays to Paris the tragedian:

"In thee, as being chief of thy profeſſion,
"I do accuſe the *quality* of treaſon:"

that is, the whole profeſſion or fraternity.

Hamlet, ſpeaking of the young players, ſays, "will they purſue the *quality* no longer than they can ſing!" &c. &c. M. MASON.

1 Out. But if thou ſcorn our courteſy, thou dieſt.
2 Out. Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers,[3]

3 Out. No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, all reſt at thy diſpoſe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been falſe to Valentine,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts.
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,[4]

[3] —— *no outrages*
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.] This was one of the rules of Robin Hood's government. Steevens.

[4] —— ſudden *quips*,] That is, haſty paſſionate reproaches and ſcoffs. So Macbeth is in a kindred ſenſe ſaid to be *ſudden*; that is, irafcible and impetuous. Johnson.

The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes Thurio: now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſic to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Muſicians.*

THU. How, now, ſir Proteus? are you crept before us?

PRO. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice were it cannot go.[1]

THU. Ay, but, I hope, ſir, that you love not here.

PRO. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

THU. Whom? Sir?

PRO. Ay, Silvia,—for your ſake.

THU. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

Enter Hoſt, *at a diſtance; and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

HOST. Now, my young gueſt! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

JUL. Marry, mine hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

HOST. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the gentleman that you aſk'd for.

The ſame expreſſion is uſed by Dr. Wilſon in his *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553: "And make him at his wit's end through the *ſudden quip*." MALONE.

1 ——*you know, that love*
Will creep *in ſervice where it cannot go.*] Kindneſs will *creep* where it cannot *gang*, is to be found in Kelly's Collection of Scottiſh Proverbs, p. 226. REED.

JUL. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?
HOST. Ay, that you ſhall.
JUL. That will be muſick. [*Muſick plays.*
HOST. Hark! hark!
JUL. Is he among theſe?
HOST. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is ſhe,
That all our ſwains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe;
The heavens ſuch grace did lend her,[6]
That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kind, as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs:[7]
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us ſing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excells each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

[6] *Who is Silvia? what is ſhe,* &c.——
The heavens ſuch grace did lend her,] So, in *Pericles*:
"So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
"*As heaven had lent her all his grace.*" DOUCE.

[7] ——*beauty* lives *with kindneſs*:] Beauty without kindneſs *dies* unenjoyed, and undelighting. JOHNSON.

HOST. How now? you are ſadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the muſick likes you not.

JUL. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

HOST. Why, my pretty youth?

JUL. He plays falſe, father.

HOST. How? out of tune on the ſtrings?

JUL. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

HOST. You have a quick ear.

JUL. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a ſlow heart.

HOST. I perceive, you delight not in muſick.

JUL. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.

HOST. Hark, what fine change is in the muſick!

JUL. Ay; that change is the ſpite.

HOST. You would have them always play but one thing?

JUL. I would always have one play but one thing. But, hoſt, doth this ſir Proteus, that we talk on, often reſort unto this gentlewoman?

HOST. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.[8]

JUL. Where is Launce?

[8] ——*out of all* nick.] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched ſticks or tallies. WARBURTON.

So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

" ——I have carried
" The tallies at my girdle ſeven years together,
" For I did ever love to deal honeſtly in the *nick*."

As it is an inn-keeper who employs the alluſion, it is much in character. STEEVENS.

HOST. Gone to ſeek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady.

JUL. Peace! ſtand aſide; the company parts.

PRO. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will ſo plead, That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

THU. Where meet we?

PRO. At ſaint Gregory's well.

THU. Farewell. [*Exeunt* THURIO *and Muſicians.*

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

PRO. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip.

SIL. I thank you for your muſick, gentlemen: Who is that, that ſpake?

PRO. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth. You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

SIL. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

PRO. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your ſervant.

SIL. What is your will?

PRO. That I may compaſs yours.

SIL. You have your wiſh; my will is even this,[9]— That preſently you hie you home to bed. Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man! Think'ſt thou, I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs, To be ſeduced by thy flattery, That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows? Return, return, and make thy love amends. For me,—by this pale queen of night I ſwear, I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,

9 *You have your wiſh; my* will *is even this,*] The word *will* is here ambiguous. He wiſhes to *gain* her *will*: ſhe tells him, if he wants her *will* he has it. JOHNSON.

That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide myſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

PRO. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.

JUL. 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried. [*Aſide.*

SIL. Say, that ſhe be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

PRO. I likewiſe hear, that Valentine is dead.

SIL. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave[a]
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.

PRO. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

SIL. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepulchre thine.

JUL. He heard not that. [*Aſide.*

PRO. Madam, if your heart be ſo obdúrate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For, ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

JUL. If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would, ſure, deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am. [*Aſide.*

SIL. I am very loth to be your idol, ſir;

[a] ——*in his grave*—] The old copy has—*her* grave. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

But, ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well[3]
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.

PRO. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; *and* SILVIA, *from above.*

JUL. Hoſt, will you go?

HOST. By my hallidom,[4] I was faſt aſleep.

[3] *But, ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well*—] This is hardly ſenſe. We may read, with very little alteration,

" But ſince *you're falſe*, it ſhall become you well."

JOHNSON.

There is no occaſion for any alteration, if we only ſuppoſe that *it* is underſtood here, as in ſeveral other places:

" But, ſince your falſhood, ſhall become you well
" To worſhip ſhadows and adore falſe ſhapes,"

i. e. But ſince your falſhood, *it* ſhall become you well, &c.

Or indeed, in this place, *To worſhip ſhadows*, &c. may be conſidered as the nominative caſe to *ſhall become*. TYRWHITT.

" I am very loth, ſays Silvia, to be your idol; but ſince your falſhood to your friend and miſtreſs will become you to worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes (i. e. will be properly employed in ſo doing), ſend to me, and you ſhall have my picture." RITSON.

I once had a better opinion of the alteration propoſed by Dr. Johnſon than I have at preſent. I now believe the text is right, and that our author means, however licentious the expreſſion,—But, ſince your falſhood well becomes, or is well ſuited to, the worſhipping of ſhadows, and the adoring of falſe ſhapes, ſend to me in the morning for my picture, &c. Or, in other words, But, ſince the worſhipping of ſhadows and the adoring of falſe ſhapes ſhall well become *you*, *falſe as you are*, ſend, &c. *To worſhip ſhadows*, &c. I conſider as the objective caſe, as well as *you*. There are other inſtances in theſe plays of a double accuſative depending on the ſame verb. I have therefore followed the punctuation of the old copy, and not placed a comma after *falſhood*, as in the modern editions. *Since* is, I think, here an adverb, not a prepoſition. MALONE.

[4] *By my* hallidom,] i. e. my ſentence at the general reſurrection, or, as I hope to be ſaved: *haligdom*, Saxon. RITSON.

JUL. Pray you, where lies ſir Proteus?

HOST. Marry, at my houſe: truſt me, I think, 'tis almoſt day.

JUL. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd and the moſt heavieſt.[5]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGL. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

SIL. Who calls?

EGL. Your ſervant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's command.

SIL. Sir Eglamour, a thouſand times good-morrow.

EGL. As many, worthy lady, to yourſelf.
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,[6]
I am thus early come, to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.

SIL. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,

[5] ——*moſt heavieſt.*] This uſe of the double ſuperlative is frequent in our author. So, in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. iii:
"To take the baſeſt and *moſt pooreſt* ſhape." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*your ladyſhip's* impoſe,] *Impoſe* is *injunction, command.* A taſk ſet at college, in conſequence of a fault, is ſtill called an *impoſition.* STEEVENS.

(Think not, I flatter, for, I ſwear, I do not,)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſeful,[7] well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very ſoul abhorr'd.
Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whoſe grave thou vowd'ſt pure chaſtity,[8]
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company,
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune ſtill reward with plagues.

[7] —— remorſeful,] *Remorſeful* is pitiful. So, in *The Maids Metamorphoſis* by Lyly, 1600:

"Provokes my mind to take *remorſe* of thee."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 2d book of Homer's Iliad, 1598:

"Deſcend on our long-toyled hoſt with thy *remorſeful* eye."

STEEVENS.

[8] *Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure* chaſtity.] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chaſtity in honour of their deceaſed wives or huſbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*, page 1013, there is the form of a commiſſion by the biſhop of the dioceſe for taking a vow of chaſtity made by a widow. It ſeems that, beſides obſerving this vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. Some ſuch diſtinction we may ſuppoſe to have been made in reſpect of male votariſts; and therefore this circumſtance might inform the players how ſir Eglamour ſhould be dreſt; and will account for Silvia's having choſen him as a perſon in whom ſhe could confide without injury to her own character. STEEVENS.

I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

EGL. Madam, I pity much your grievances;[9]
Which ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Recking as little[2] what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

SIL. This evening coming.

EGL. Where ſhall I meet you?

SIL. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

EGL. I will not fail your ladyſhip:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

SIL. Good-morrow, kind ſir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I ſaved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I

[9] ——*grievances*;] Sorrows, ſorrowful affections. JOHNSON.

[2] Recking *as little*—] To *reck* is to care for. So, in *Hamlet*:
"And *recks* not his own read."
Both Chaucer and Spenſer uſe this word with the ſame ſignification. STEEVENS.

have taught him—even as one would ſay preciſely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was ſent to deliver him, as a preſent to miſtreſs Silvia, from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf[3] in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a dog[4] indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall judge. He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the duke's table; he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while,[5] but all the chamber ſmelt him. *Out with the dog*, ſays one; *What cur is that?* ſays another; *Whip him out*, ſays the third; *Hang him up*, ſays the duke. I, having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs:[6] *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many maſters would

[3] ——keep *himſelf*—] i. e. reſtrain himſelf. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*to be a dog*—] I believe we ſhould read—*I would have*, &c. *one that takes upon him to be a dog*, to be a dog *indeed, to be*, &c. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*a* piſſing while,] This expreſſion is uſed in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady*: "—have patience but a *piſſing while*." It appears from Ray's Collection, that it is proverbial. STEEVENS.

[6] *The fellow that* whips *the dogs*:] This appears to have been part of the office of an *uſher of the table*, So, in *Mucedorus*:

"—I'll prove my office good: for look you, &c.—When a dog chance to blow his noſe backward, then with a *whip* I give him good time of the day, and ſtrew ruſhes preſently." STEEVENS.

do this for their ſervant?[7] Nay, I'll be ſworn, I have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtolen, otherwiſe he had been executed: I have ſtood on the pillory for geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't: thou think'ſt not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you ſerved me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia;[8] did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? When didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

PRO. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice preſently.

JUL. In what you pleaſe;—I will do what I can.

PRO. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreſon peaſant? [*To* LAUNCE.
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?

LAUN. Marry, ſir, I carry'd miſtreſs Silvia the dog you bade me.

[7] ——their *ſervant?*] The old copy reads—*his* ſervant? STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[8] —— *madam* Silvia;] Perhaps we ſhould read of madam *Julia*. It was *Julia* only of whom a formal leave could have been taken. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, without any neceſſity I think, reads—Julia; "alluding to the leave his maſter and he took when they left Verona." But it appears from a former ſcene, (as Mr. Heath has obſerved,) that Launce was not preſent when Proteus and Julia parted. Launce on the other hand has juſt taken leave of, i. e. parted from, (for that is all that is meant) madam Silvia. MALONE.

Though Launce was not preſent when *Julia* and Proteus parted, it by no means follows that he and Crab had not likewiſe their audience of leave. RITSON.

PRO. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

LAUN. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

PRO. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

LAUN. No, indeed, ſhe did not: here have I brought him back again.

PRO. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

LAUN. Ay, ſir; the other ſquirrel[9] was ſtolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

PRO. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight.
Away, I ſay; Stay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that ſtill an end,[2] turns me to ſhame
[*Exit* LAUNCE.
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs,
For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh lowt;

[9] ——*the other* ſquirrel, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—"the other, *Squirrel*," &c. and conſequently makes *Squirrel* the proper name of the beaſt. Perhaps Launce only ſpeaks of it as a diminutive animal, more reſembling a *ſquirrel* in ſize, than a dog. STEEVENS.

The ſubſequent words,—who is a dog *as big as ten of yours*," ſhew that Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one. MALONE.

[2] ——an end,] i. e. *in the end*, at the concluſion of every buſineſs he undertakes. STEEVENS.

Still an end, and *moſt an end*, are vulgar expreſſions, and mean commonly, generally. So, in Maſſinger's *Very Woman*, a Citizen aſks the Maſter, who had ſlaves to ſell, "What will that girl do?" To which he replies:

"——ſure no harm at all, ſir,
"For ſhe ſleeps *moſt an end*." M. MASON.

But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not,)
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou,[3] for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.[4]

JUL. It ſeems you lov'd her not, to leave her token:[5]
She's dead, belike.[6]

[3] ——*know* thou,] The old copy has—*thee*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] *She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.*] i. e. She, *who* deliver'd it to me, lov'd me well. MALONE.

[5] *It ſeems, you lov'd her* not, *to* leave *her token:*] Proteus does not properly leave his lady's token, he gives it away. The old edition has it:

"It ſeems you lov'd her not, *not* leave her token."

I ſhould correct it thus:

"It ſeems you lov'd her not, *nor love* her token."

JOHNSON.

The emendation was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Johnſon, not recollecting the force of the word *leave*, propoſes an amendment of this paſſage, but that is unneceſſary; for, in the language of the time, to *leave* means to *part with*, or *give away*. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia, ſpeaking of the ring ſhe gave Baſſanio, ſays,

"—— and here he ſtands;
"I dare be ſworn for him, he would not *leave* it,
"Or pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
"That the world maſters."

And Baſſanio ſays, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"If you did know to whom I gave the ring, &c.
"And how unwillingly I *left* the ring,
"You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure."

M. MASON.

To *leave*, is uſed with equal licence, in a former ſcene, for to *ceaſe*. "I *leave* to be," &c. MALONE.

[6] *She's dead, belike.*] This is ſaid in reference to what Proteus had aſſerted to Silvia in a former ſcene; viz. that both *Julia* and Valentine were dead. STEEVENS.

PRO. Not ſo; I think, ſhe lives.

JUL. Alas!

PRO. Why doſt thou cry, alas?

JUL. I cannot chooſe but pity her.

PRO. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?

JUL. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

PRO. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heavenly picture.
Your meſſage done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary.

[*Exit* PROTEUS.

JUL. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou haſt entertain'd
A fox, to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.[7]

[7] *To carry that, which I would have refus'd;* &c.] The ſenſe is, to go and preſent that which I wiſh to be not accepted, to praiſe him whom I wiſh to be diſpraiſed. JOHNSON.

I am my maſter's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet ſo coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with madam Silvia.
SIL. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?
JUL. If you be ſhe, I do entreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.
SIL. From whom?
JUL. From my maſter, ſir Proteus, madam.
SIL. O!—he ſends you for a picture?
JUL. Ay, madam.
SIL. Urſula, bring my picture there.
[*Picture brought.*
Go, give your maſter this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this ſhadow.
JUL. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this letter.——
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your ladyſhip.
SIL. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
JUL. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
SIL. There, hold.
I will not look upon your maſter's lines:
I know, they are ſtuff'd with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear his paper.
JUL. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this ring.

SKL. The more ſhame for him that he ſends it me;
For, I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his falſe finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his Julia ſo much wrong.

JUL. She thanks you.

SIL. What ſay'ſt thou?

JUL. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my maſter wrongs her much.

SIL. Doſt thou know her?

JUL. Almoſt as well as I do know myſelf:
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.

SIL. Belike, ſhe thinks that Proteus hath forſook her.

JUL. I think ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

SIL. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?

JUL. She hath been fairer, madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,[8]
That now ſhe is become as black as I.

[8] *And* pinch'd *the lily-tincture of her face,*] The colour of a part *pinched*, is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue*. The weather therefore may juſtly be ſaid to *pinch* when it produces the ſame viſible effect. I believe this is the reaſon why the cold is ſaid to *pinch*. JOHNSON.

Cleopatra ſays of herſelf:

"——think on me,
"That am with Phœbus' amorous *pinches* black."

STEEVENS.

SIL. How tall was ſhe?[9]

JUL. About my ſtature: for, at Pentecoſt,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which ſerved me as fit, by all men's judgement,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know ſhe is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,[2]
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, paſſioning
For Theſeus' perjury, and unjuſt flight;[3]

9 SIL. *How tall* was *ſhe?*] We ſhould read—"How tall *is* ſhe?" For that is evidently the queſtion which Silvia means to aſk. RITSON.

2 ——*weep* a-good,] i. e. in good earneſt. *Tout de bon.* Fr. STEEVENS.

So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"And therewithal their knees have rankled ſo,
"That I have laugh'd *a-good.*" MALONE.

3 ——'*twas Ariadne*, paſſioning
For Theſeus' perjury, and unjuſt flight;] The hiſtory of this twice-deſerted lady is too well known to need an introduction here; nor is the reader interrupted on the buſineſs of Shakſpeare: but I find it difficult to refrain from making a note the vehicle for a conjecture which I may have no better opportunity of communicating to the public.—The ſubject of a picture of Guido (commonly ſuppoſed to be Ariadne deſerted by Theſeus and courted by Bacchus) may poſſibly have been hitherto miſtaken. Whoever will examine the fabulous hiſtory critically, as well as the performance itſelf, will acquieſce in the truth of the remark. Ovid, in his *Faſti*, tells us, that Bacchus (who left Ariadne to go on his Indian expedition) found too many charms in the daughter of one of the kings of that country.

"Interea Liber, depexus crinibus, Indos
"Vincit, & Eoo dives ab orbe redit.
"Inter captivas facie præſtante puellas
"Grata nimis Baccho filia regis erat
"Flebat amans conjux, ſpatiataque litore curvo
"Edidit inculto talia verba comis:

Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!

SIL. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!—
I weep myſelf, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA.

JUL. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't if e'er you know her.—

" Quid me deſertis perituram, Liber, arenis
" Servabas? potui dedoluiſſe ſemel.——
" Auſus es ante oculos, adducta pellice, noſtros
" Tam bene compoſitum ſollicitare torum," &c.
Ovid. Faſt. l. iii. v. 465.

In this picture he appears as if juſt returned from India, bringing with him his new favourite, who hangs on his arm, and whoſe preſence only cauſes thoſe emotions ſo viſible in the countenance of Ariadne, who had been hitherto repreſented on this occaſion:

" —— as paſſioning
" For Theſeus' perjury and unjuſt flight."

From this painting a plate was engraved by Giacomo Freij, which is generally a companion to the Aurora of the ſame maſter. The print is ſo common, that the curious may eaſily ſatisfy themſelves concerning the propriety of a remark which has intruded itſelf among the notes on Shakſpeare.

To paſſion is uſed as a verb, by writers contemporary with Shakſpeare. In *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, printed 1598, we meet with the ſame expreſſion:

" ——what, art thou *paſſioning* over the picture of Cleanthes?"

Again, in *Eliozo Libidinoſo*, a novel, by *John Hinde*, 1606:

" —— if thou gaze on a picture, thou muſt, with Pigmalion, be *paſſionate*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. 2:

" Some argument of matter *paſſioned*." STEEVENS.

——'*twas Ariadne*, paſſioning —— | On her being deſerted by Theſeus in the night, and left on the iſland of Naxos.
MALONE.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope, my maſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.[4]
Alas, how love can trifle with itſelf!
Here is her picture: Let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig.[5]

[4] —my miſtreſs' *love ſo much.*] She had in her preceding ſpeech called Julia *her miſtreſs*; but it is odd enough that ſhe ſhould thus deſcribe herſelf, when ſhe is *alone*. Sir T. Hanmer reads—"*his* miſtreſs;" but without neceſſity. Our author knew that his audience conſidered the diſguiſed Julia in the preſent ſcene as a page to Proteus, and this, I believe, and the love of antitheſis, produced the expreſſion. MALONE.

[5] *I'll get me ſuch a colour'd* periwig.] It ſhould be remembered, that falſe hair was worn by the ladies, long before *wigs* were in faſhion. Theſe falſe coverings, however, were called *perriwigs*. So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "There is a new trade come up for eaſt gentlewomen, of *perriwig-making*: let your wife ſet up in the Strand." "*Perwickes*;" however, are mentioned by Churchyard, in one of his earlieſt poems. STEEVENS.

See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. ſc. iii: "—and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God."—and *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. ſc. ii:

"So are criſped ſnaky golden locks," &c.

Again, in *The Honeſtie of this age, proving by good circumſtance that the world was never honeſt till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615: "My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's ſhop, where ſhe ſhaketh her crownes, to beſtowe upon ſome new-faſhioned attire t—upon ſuch artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furniſh a theatre, or for her that in a ſtage play ſhould repreſent ſome hag of hell, than to be uſed by a Chriſtian woman." Again, ibid: "Theſe attire-makers within theſe forty years were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commudity of *periwigs*, and their monſtrous attires, cloſed in boxes,—and thoſe women that uſed to weare them

Her eyes are grey as glaſs;[6] and ſo are mine:
Ay, but her forhead's low,[7] and mine's as high.
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective[8] in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.[9]

would not buy them but in ſecret. But now they are not aſhamed to ſet them forth upon their ſtalls, — ſuch monſtrous mop-powles of haire, ſo proportioned and deformed, that but within theſe tweuty or thirty years would have drawne the paſſers-by to ſtand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MALONE.

6 *Her eyes are* grey as glaſs;] So Chaucer, in the character of his Prioreſs:

" Ful ſemely hire wimple y-pinched was;
" Hire noſe tretis; hire *eyen grey as glas.*" THEOBALD.

7 ——*her forehead's low,*] A high forehead was in our author's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. So, in *The Hiſtory of Guy of Warwick*, "Felice his lady" is ſaid to "have *the ſame high forehead as Venus.*" JOHNSON.

8 ——reſpective—] i. e. *reſpectable.* STEEVENS.

9 *My ſubſtance ſhould be* ſtatue *in thy ſtead.*] It would be eaſy to read with no more roughneſs than is found in many lines of Shakſpeare:

" —— ſhould be *a* ſtatue in thy ſtead."

The ſenſe, as Mr. Edwards obſerves, is, "He ſhould have my ſubſtance as a *ſtatue*, inſtead of thee [the picture] who art a ſenſeleſs form." This word, however, is uſed without the article *a* in Maſſinger's *Great Duke of Florence:*

" ——it was your beauty
" That turn'd me *ſtatue.*"

And again, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the 4th Æneid:

" And Trojan *ſtatue* throw into the flame."

Again, in Dryden's *Don Sebaſtian:*

" ——try the virtue of that Gorgon face,
" To ſtare me into *ſtatue.*" STEEVENS.

Steevens has clearly proved that this paſſage requires no amendment; but it appears from hence, and a paſſage in Maſſinger, that

I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by Jove I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,[a]
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

the word *ſtatue* was formerly uſed to expreſs a *portrait.* Julia is here addreſſing herſelf to a *picture;* and in the *City Madam*, the young ladies are ſuppoſed to take leave of the *ſtatues* of their lovers, as they ſtyle them, though Sir John, at the beginning of the ſcene, calls them *pictures*, and deſcribes them afterwards as nothing but ſuperficies, colours, and no ſubſtance. M. MASON.

——ſtatue—] *Statue* here, I think, ſhould be written *ſtatua*, and pronounced as it generally, if not always, was in our author's time, a word of three ſyllables. It being the firſt time this word occurs, I take the opportunity of obſerving that alterations have been often improperly made in the text of Shakſpeare, by ſuppoſing *ſtatue* to be intended by him for a diſſyllable. Thus in *King Richard III.* Act III. ſc. vii:

"But like dumb *ſtatues*, or breathing ſtones."

Mr. Rowe has unneceſſarily changed *breathing* to unbreathing, for a ſuppoſed defect in the metre, to an actual violation of the ſenſe.

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"She dreamt to-night ſhe ſaw my *ſtatue.*"

Here, to fill up the line, Mr. Capell adds the name of Decius, and the laſt editor, deſerting his uſual caution, has improperly changed the regulation of the whole paſſage.

Again, in the ſame play, Act III. ſc. ii:

"Even at the baſe of Pompey's *ſtatue.*"

In this line, however, the true mode of pronouncing the word is ſuggeſted by the laſt editor, who quotes a very ſufficient authority for his conjecture. From authors of the times it would not be difficult to fill whole pages with inſtances to prove that *ſtatue* was at that period a triſyllable. Many authors ſpell it in that manner. On ſo clear a point the firſt proof which occurs is enough. Take the following from *Bacon's Advancement of Learning*, 4to. 1633: "It is not poſſible to have the true pictures or *ſtatuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæſar, no nor of the kings or great perſonages of much later years," &c. p. 88. Again, "—without which the hiſtory of the world ſeemeth to be as the *Statua* of Polyphemus with his eye out," &c. REED.

[a] ——*your* unſeeing *eyes*,] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Thou haſt *no ſpeculation* in thoſe eyes—." STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGL. The ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Patrick's cell ſhould meet me.[3]
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time;
So much they ſpur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where ſhe comes: Lady a happy evening.
SIL. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the poſtern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.
EGL. Fear not: the foreſt is not three leagues off:
If we recover that, we are ſure enough.[4] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. An Apartment in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

THU. Sir Proteus, what ſays Silvia to my ſuit?
PRO. O, ſir, I find her milder than ſhe was;
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
THU. What, that my leg is too long?
PRO. No; that it is too little.

[3] *That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, ſhould meet me.*] The old copy redundantly reads: "—*friar* Patrick's cell—". But the omiſſion of this title is juſtified by a paſſage in the next ſcene, where the Duke ſays—"At Patrick's cell this even; and there ſhe was not." STEEVENS.

[4] —— ſure *enough.*] *Sure* is ſafe, out of danger. JOHNSON.

THU. I'll wear a boot, to make it ſomewhat rounder.

PRO. But love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loaths.

THU. What ſays ſhe to my face?

PRO. She ſays, it is a fair one.

THU. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

PRO. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is, Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.[5]

JUL. 'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies' eyes; For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aſide.*

THU. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?

PRO. Ill, when you talk of war.

THU. But well, when I diſcourſe of love, and peace.

JUL. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aſide.*

THU. What ſays ſhe to my valour?

PRO. O, ſir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.

JUL. She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice. [*Aſide.*

THU. What ſays ſhe to my birth?

PRO. That you are well deriv'd.

JUL. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aſide.*

THU. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?

[5] Black *men are* pearls &c.] So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"——a *black complexion*
"Is always *precious* in a *woman's eye.*"

Again, in *Sir Gyles Gooſecap:*

"——but to make every *black* ſlovenly cloud a *pearl in her eye.*"
STEEVENS.

"A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye," is one of Ray's proverbial ſentences. MALONE.

[6] Jul. *'Tis true*, &c.] This ſpeech, which certainly belongs to Julia, is given in the old copy to Thurio. Mr. Rowe reſtored it to its proper owner. STEEVENS.

PRO. O, ay; and pities them.
THU. Wherefore?
JUL. That ſuch an aſs ſhould owe them. [*Aſide.*
PRO. That they are out by leaſe.[7]
JUL. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. How now, ſir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you ſaw ſir Eglamour[8] of late?
THU. Not I.
PRO. Nor I.
DUKE. Saw you my daughter?
PRO. Neither.
DUKE. Why, then ſhe's fled unto that peaſant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt:
Him he knew well, and gueſs'd that it was ſhe;
But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it:
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At Patrick's cell this even; and there ſhe was not:

7 *That they are* out by leaſe.] I ſuppoſe he means, becauſe Thurio's folly has let them on diſadvantageous terms. STEEVENS.

She pities Sir Thurio's poſſeſſions, becauſe they are let to others, and are not in his own dear hands. This appears to me to be the meaning of it. M. MASON.

"By Thurio's *poſſeſſions*, he himſelf underſtands his lands and eſtate. But Proteus chooſes to take the word likewiſe in a figurative ſenſe, as ſignifying his *mental endowments:* and when he ſays they are *out by leaſe*, he means they are no longer enjoyed by their maſter (who is a fool) but are leaſed out to another." *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

8 —— Sir *Eglamour* —] *Sir*, which is not in the old copy, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Ang. Kauffman Lucchi. L. Epine, sculp.

SHAKSPEARE.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ACT. V. SCENE III.

Sil. *O heaven!*
Pro. *I'll force thee yield to my desire.*

Val. *Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch*
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently; and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled;
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

THU. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,[9]
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckleſs Silvia.[a] [*Exit.*

PRO. And I will follow, more for Silvia' love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

JUL. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Frontiers of Mantua. *The Foreſt.*

Enter SILVIA, *and* Out-laws.

OUT. Come, come;
Be patient, we muſt bring you to our captain.

SIL. A thouſand more miſchances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 OUT. Come, bring her away.

1 OUT. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 OUT. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
But Moyſes, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the weſt end of the wood,

[9] ——*a* peeviſh *girl,*] *Peeviſh*, in ancient language, ſignifies *fooliſh*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:
"To ſend ſuch *peeviſh* tokens to a king." STEEVENS.

[a] ——reckleſs *Silvia.*] i. e. careleſs, heedleſs. So, in *Hamlet:*
"——like a puff'd and *reckleſs* libertine." STEEVENS.

There is our captain: We'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.

1 OUT. Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſsly.

SIL. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter VALENTINE.

VAL. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns:
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes,[3]
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was![4]

[3] ——record *my woes.*] To *record* anciently ſignified to *ſing*. So, in the *Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——O ſweet, ſweet! how the birds *record* too!"

Again, in a paſtoral, by N. Breton, publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Sweet Philomel, the bird that hath the heavenly throat,
"Doth now, alas! not once afford *recording* of a note."

Again, in another *Ditty*, by Tho. Watſon, *ibid:*

"Now birds *record* with harmonie."

Sir John Hawkins informs me, that to *record* is a term ſtill uſed by bird-fanciers, to expreſs the firſt eſſays of a bird in ſinging.

STEEVENS.

[4] *O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,*
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!] It is hardly poſſible to

Repair me with thy preſence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain!—
What halloing, and what ſtir, is this to-day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chace:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[*ſteps aſide.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

PRO. Madam, this ſervice I have done for you,
(Though you reſpect not aught your ſervant doth,)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchſafe me, for my meed,[1] but one fair look;
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I am ſure, you cannot give.

VAL. How like a dream is this I ſee and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aſide.*

SIL. O miſerable, unhappy that I am!

PRO. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

point out four lines, in any of the plays of Shakſpeare, more remarkable for eaſe and elegance. STEEVENS.

And leave no memory of what it was!] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta:*

"And leave no memory *that e'er I* was." RITSON.

[1] —— *my* meed,] i. e. reward. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"—— thanks, to men
"Of noble minds, is honourable *meed.*" STEEVENS.

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575:

"O Chriſt! that I were ſure of it! in faith he ſhould have his *mede.*"

See alſo Spenſer, and almoſt every writer of the times. REED.

SIL. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.

JUL. And me, when he approacheth to your preſence. [*Aſide.*

SIL. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,
Rather than have falſe Proteus reſcue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be,)
I do deteſt falſe perjured Proteus:
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.

PRO. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,[6]
When women cannot love where they are belov'd.

SIL. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou had'ſt two,
And that's far worſe than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

PRO. In love,
Who reſpects friend?

SIL. All men but Proteus.

PRO. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a ſoldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love, force you.

[6] —— *and ſtill* approv'd,] *Approv'd* is *felt, experienced.* MALONE.

SIL. O heaven!
PRO. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.
VAL. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill faſhion!
PRO. Valentine!
VAL. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;[7]
(For ſuch is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me: Now I dare not ſay
I have one friend alive; thou would'ſt diſprove me.
Who ſhould be truſted now, when one's right hand[8]
Is perjur'd to the boſom? Proteus,
I am ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt:[9] O time, moſt curſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!

7 ——that's *without faith or love*;] *That's* is perhaps here uſed, not for *who is*, but for *id eſt*, *that is to ſay*. MALONE.

8 *Who ſhould be truſted* now, *when one's right hand*—] The word *now* is wanting in the firſt folio. STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio, to complete the metre, reads:

"Who ſhall be truſted *now* when one's right hand,—"

The addition, like *all* thoſe made in that copy, appears to have been merely arbitrary; and the modern word [*own* which was introduced by Sir T. Hanmer] is, in my opinion, more likely to have been the author's than the other. MALONE.

What! "*all* at one fell ſwoop!" are they *all* arbitrary, when Mr. Malone has honoured ſo many of them with a place in his text? Being completely ſatisfied with the reading of the ſecond folio, I have followed it. STEEVENS.

9 *The private wound*, &c.] I have a little mended the meaſure, The old edition, and all but Sir T. Hanmer's, read:

"*The private wound is deepeſt: O time moſt* accurs'd."

JOHNSON.

Deepeſt, *higheſt*, and other ſimilar words, were ſometimes uſed by the poets of Shakſpeare's age as monoſyllables.

PRO. My ſhame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.
VAL. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honeſt:
Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd;
By penitence the eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.[a]

So, in our poet's 133d Sonnet:
"But ſlave in ſlavery my *ſweeteſt* friend muſt be." MALONE.

Perhaps our author only wrote—"*ſweet*," which the tranſcriber, or printer, prolonged into the ſuperlative—"ſweet*eſt*." STEEVENS.

[a] *All, that was mine in* Silvia, *I give thee.*] It is (I think) very odd, to give up his miſtreſs thus at once, without any reaſon alledged. But our author probably followed the ſtories juſt as he found them in his novels as well as hiſtories. POPE.

This paſſage either hath been much ſophiſticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakſpeare; for it is impoſſible he could make Valentine act and ſpeak ſo much out of character, or give to Silvia ſo unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this ſtrange confeſſion, if it had been made. HANMER.

Valentine, from ſeeing *Silvia* in the company of Proteus, might conceive ſhe had eſcaped with him from her father's court, for the purpoſes of love, though ſhe could not foreſee the violence which his villainy might offer, after he had ſeduced her under the pretence of an honeſt paſſion. If Valentine, however, be ſuppoſed to hear all that paſſed between them in this ſcene, I am afraid I have only to ſubſcribe to the opinions of my predeceſſors. STEEVENS.

——*I give thee.*] Tranſfer theſe two lines to the end of Thurio's ſpeech in page 287, and all is right. Why then ſhould Julia faint? It is only an artifice, ſeeing Silvia given up to Valentine, to diſcover herſelf to Proteus, by a pretended miſtake of the rings. One great fault of this play is the haſtening too abruptly, and without due preparation, to the denouement, which ſhews that, if it be Shakſpeare's (which I cannot doubt,) it was one of his very early performances. BLACKSTONE.

JUL. O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*
PRO. Look to the boy.
VAL. Why, boy! why wag! how now? what is the matter?
Look up; ſpeak.
JUL. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia [3]
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.
PRO. Where is that ring, boy?
JUL. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*
PRO. How! let me ſee: [4]
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.
JUL. O, cry you mercy, ſir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to Silvia.
[*Shows another ring.*
PRO. But, how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.
JUL. And Julia herſelf did give it me;
And Julia herſelf hath brought it hither.
PRO. How! Julia!
JUL. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths, [5]

[3] *To* deliver *a ring to madam Silvia;*] Surely our author wrote—"To *give* a ring," &c. A verſe ſo rugged muſt be one of thoſe corrupted by the players, or their tranſcriber. STEEVENS.

[4] PRO. *How! let me ſee:* &c.] I ſuſpect that this unmetrical paſſage ſhould be regulated as follows:

Pro. How! let me ſee *it*: Why, this is the ring
I gave to Julia.
Jul. 'Cry you mercy, ſir,
I have miſtook: this is the ring you ſent
To Silvia.
Pro. But how cam'ſt thou by this?
At my depart, I gave this unto Julia. STEEVENS.

[5] *Behold her that* gave aim *to all thy oaths,*] So, in *Titus Andronicus*, Act V. ſc. iii:

But gentle people, *give* me *aim* a while."

And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?[6]
O Proteus, let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment; if ſhame live[7]
In a diſguiſe of love:
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.

PRO. Than men their minds! 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in Julia's with a conſtant eye?

VAL. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.

PRO. Bear witneſs, heaven, I have my wiſh for ever.

JUL. And I have mine.[8]

Both theſe paſſages allude to the *aim-crier* in archery. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act III. ſc. ii: "—all my neighbours ſhall *cry aim*." See note, *ibid.* STEEVENS.

[6] *How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the* root?] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*cleft the root* on't. JOHNSON.

——*cleft the* root?] i. e. of her heart. MALONE.

[7] ——*if* ſhame *live*—] That is, *if it be any ſhame to wear a diſguiſe for the purpoſes of love.* JOHNSON.

[8] *And I* have *mine.*] The old copy reads—
"And I mine."
I have inſerted the word *have*, which is neceſſary to metre, by the advice of Mr. Ritſon. STEEVENS.

Enter Out-laws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

OUT. A prize, a prize, a prize!

VAL. Forbear, I ſay; it is my lord the duke.[9]
Your grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
baniſh'd Valentine.

DUKE. Sir Valentine!

THU. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

VAL. Thurio give back, or elſe embrace thy death;
Come not within the meaſure[2] of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan ſhall not behold thee.[3] Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

THU. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.

DUKE. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,

9 Forbear, *I ſay; it is my lord the duke.*] The old copy, without regard to metre, repeats the word *forbear*, which is here omitted. STEEVENS.

2 ——*the meaſure*—] The length of my ſword, the reach of my anger. JOHNSON.

3 Milan *ſhall not behold thee.*] All the editions—*Verona ſhall not behold thee.* But, whether through the miſtake of the firſt editors, or the poet's own careleſſneſs, this reading is abſurdly faulty. For the threat here is to Thurio, who is a Milaneſe; and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona. Beſides, the ſcene is betwixt the confines of Milan and Mantua, to which Silvia follows Valentine, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon theſe circumſtances, I ventured to adjuſt the text, as I imagine the poet muſt have intended; i. e. Milan, *thy country ſhall never ſee thee again: thou ſhalt never live to go back thither.* THEOBALD.

To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,[4]
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love.[5]
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,[6]
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new ſtate[7] in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe,—ſir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia for thou haſt deſerv'd her.

VAL. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.

DUKE. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

VAL. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

DUKE. Thou haſt prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee;

4 *To* make ſuch means *for her as thou haſt done,*] i. e. to make ſuch intereſt for, to take ſuch diſingenuous pains about her. So, in *King Richard III:*

"One that *made means* to come by what he hath."

STEEVENS.

5 *And think thee* worthy of an empreſs' love.] This thought has already occurred in the fourth ſcene of the ſecond act:

"He is as *worthy for an empreſs' love.*" STEEVENS.

6 —— *all former* griefs,] *Griefs* in old language frequently ſignified *grievances, wrongs.* MALONE.

7 Plead *a new ſtate*—] Should not this begin a new ſentence? *Plead* is the ſame as *plead thou.* TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction. STEEVENS.

Diſpoſe of them as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars[8]
With triumphs,[9] mirth, and rare ſolemnity.

VAL. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your grace to ſmile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

DUKE. I think the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.

VAL. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

DUKE. What mean you by that ſaying?

VAL. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours;
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs.

[*Exeunt.*[a]

[8] ——include *all jars*—] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads—*conclude*. JOHNSON.

To *include* is to *ſhut up*, to *conclude*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——and *ſhut up*
"In meaſureleſs content."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ix:

"And for to *ſhut up* all in friendly love." STEEVENS.

[9] *With* triumphs,] *Triumphs* in this and many other paſſages of Shakſpeare, ſignify Maſques and Revels, &c. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"With ſtately *triumphs*, mirthful comic ſhews."

STEEVENS.

[a] In this play there is a ſtrange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The verſification is often excellent, the alluſions are learned and juſt; but the author conveys his heroes by ſea from one inland town to another in the ſame country; he places the emperor at Milan, and ſends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, ſay he has only ſeen her picture; and, if we

may credit the old copies, he has, by miſtaking places, left his ſcenery inextricable. The reaſon of all this confuſion ſeems to be, that he took his ſtory from a novel, which he ſometimes followed, and ſometimes forſook, ſometimes remembered, and ſometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakſpeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom ſhall it be given? This queſtion may be aſked of all the diſputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that Shakſpeare might ſometimes ſink below his higheſt flights than that any other ſhould riſe up to his loweſt. JOHNSON.

Johnſon's general remarks on this play are juſt, except that part in which he arraigns the conduct of the poet, for making Proteus ſay, that he had only ſeen the picture of Silvia, when it appears that he had had a perſonal interview with her. This, however, is not a blunder of Shakſpeare's, but a miſtake of Johnſon's, who conſiders the paſſage alluded to in a more literal ſenſe than the author intended it. Sir Proteus, it is true, had ſeen Silvia for a few moments; but though he could form from thence ſome idea of her perſon, he was ſtill unacquainted with her temper, manners, and the qualities of her mind. He therefore conſiders himſelf as having ſeen her picture only. — The thought is juſt, and elegantly expreſſed. — So, in *The Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveleſs ſays to her:

> "I was mad once when I loved *pictures*;
> "For what are ſhapes and colours elſe, but *pictures*?"

M. MASON.

Mr. Ritſon's reply to the objections of Mr. Tyrwhitt, was not only too long to appear in its proper place, but was communicated too late to follow the note on which it was founded. STEEVENS.

Pro. *O, how this ſpring of love* reſembleth, &c. pp. 191, 192, 193.

The learned and reſpectable writer of theſe obſervations is now unfortunately no more; but his opinions will not on that account have leſs influence with the readers of Shakſpeare: I am therefore ſtill at liberty to enforce the juſtice and propriety of my own ſentiments, which I truſt I ſhall be found to do with all poſſible delicacy and reſpect toward the memory and character of the truly ingenious gentleman from whom I have the misfortune to differ. I humbly conceive that, upon a more mature conſideration, Mr. Tyrwhitt would have admitted, that, if the propoſed method of printing the words in queſtion were once proved to be right, it would be of little conſequence whether the diſcovery had ever been "adopted before," or could "be followed in the pronunciation of them, without the help of an entire new ſyſtem of ſpelling:"

which, in fact, is the very object I mean to contend for; or rather for a ſyſtem of ſpelling, as I am perfectly conſident we have none at preſent, or at leaſt I have never been able to find it. We are not to regard the current or faſhionable orthography of the day, as the reſult of an enquiry into the ſubject by men of learning and genius; but rather as the mechanical or capricious efforts of writers and printers to expreſs by letters, according to their ear, the vulgar ſpeech of the country, juſt as travellers attempt that of the Chickſaws or Cherokees, without the aſſiſtance of grammar, and utterly ignorant or regardleſs of conſiſtency, principle, or ſyſtem. This was the caſe in Caxton's time, when a word was ſpelled almoſt as many different ways as it contained letters, and is no otherwiſe at this day; and, perhaps, the prejudices of education and habit, even in minds ſufficiently expanded and vigorous on other ſubjects, will always prevent a reform, which it were to be wiſhed was neceſſary to objects of no higher importance. Whether what I call the *right method* of printing theſe words be "ſuch as was never adopted before by any mortal," or not, does not ſeem of much conſequence; for, reaſoning from principle and not precedent, I am by no means anxious to avail myſelf of the inconſiſtencies of an age in which even ſcholars were not always agreed in the orthography of their own name: a ſufficient number of inſtances will, however, occur in the courſe of this note to ſhew that the remark was not made with its author's uſual deliberation; which I am the rather diſpoſed to believe, from his conceiving that this method could not "be followed in pronunciation;" ſince were it univerſally adopted, pronunciation neither would nor poſſibly could be affected by it in any degree whatever. "Fanciful and unfounded" too as my "ſuppoſed canon" may be, I find it laid down in Ben Jonſon's *Grammar*, which expreſsly ſays that "the ſecond and third perſon ſingular of the preſent are made of the firſt by adding *eſt* and *eth*, which laſt is ſometimes ſhortened into *s*." And afterward ſpeaking of the firſt conjugation, he tells us that "it fetcheth the time paſt from the preſent by adding *ed*." I ſhall have reaſon to think myſelf peculiarly unfortunate, if, after my hypotheſis is "allowed in its utmoſt extent," it will not prove what it was principally formed to do, *viz.* that Shakſpeare has not taken a liberty in extending certain words to ſuit the purpoſe of his metre. But, ſurely, if I prove that he has only given thoſe words as they ought to be written, I prove the whole of my poſition, which ſhould ceaſe, of courſe, to be termed or conſidered an hypotheſis. A mathematical problem may, at firſt ſight, appear "fanciful and unfounded" to the ableſt mathematician, but his aſſent is enſured by its demonſtration. I may ſafely admit that the words in queſtion are "more frequently uſed" by our author's contemporaries, and by himſelf, "without the additional ſyllable;" as this will only ſhew that his contemporaries and himſelf have "more fre-

quently" taken the liberty of ſhortening thoſe words, than written them at length. Such a word as *alarm'd*, for inſtance, is generally, perhaps conſtantly, uſed by poets as a diſſyllable; and yet, if we found it given with its full power *a-larm-ed*, we ſhould ſcarcely ſay that the writer had taken the liberty of lengthening it a ſyllable. Thus too the word *diamond* is uſually ſpoken as if two ſyllables, but it is certainly three, and is ſo properly given by Shakſpeare:

" Sir, I muſt have that *diamond* from you."

Hadſt is now a monoſyllable, but did our author therefore take a liberty in writing *Hadeſt*?

" Makes ill deeds done. *Hadeſt* thou not been by."

Not only this word, but *mayeſt*, *doeſt*, *doeth*, and the like are uniformly printed in the *bible* as diſſyllables. Does Butler, to ſerve his rhime, ſtretch out the word *brethren* in the following paſſage?

" And fierce auxiliary men,
" That came to aid their *brethren*."

Or does he not rather give it, as he found it pronounced, and as it ought to be printed? The word *idly* is ſtill more to the purpoſe: It is at preſent a diſſyllable; what it was in Shakſpeare's time may appear from his *Comedy of Errors*, 1623:

" God helpe poore ſoules how *idlely* doe they talk:"

or, indeed, from any other paſſage in that or the next edition, being conſtantly printed as a triſyllable. So, again in Spenſer's *Fairy Queene*, 1609. 1611:

" Both ſtaring fierce, and holding *idlely*."

And this orthography, which at once illuſtrates and ſupports my ſyſtem, appears in Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Sir T. Smith's *Commonwealth*, Goulart's *Hiſtories*, Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, and numberleſs other books; and conſequently proves that the word was not ſtretched out by Spenſer to ſuit the purpoſe of his metre, though I am aware that it is miſſpelled *idlely* in the firſt edition, which is leſs correctly printed. But the true and eſtabliſhed ſpelling might have led Mr. Seward and Dr. Farmer to a better reading than *gently*, in the following line of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" For when the weſt wind courts her *gently*."

Proved, I ſuppoſe, is rarely found a diſſyllable in poetry, if even pronounced as one in proſe; but, in the *Articles of Religion*, Oxford, 1728, it is ſpelled and divided after my own heart: " — whatſoever is not read therein, nor may be *prove-ed* thereby, &c." The words *obſervation* and *affection* are uſually pronounced, the one as conſiſting of three, the other of four ſyllables, but each of them is in reality a ſyllable longer, and is ſo properly given by our author:

" With *obſervation*, the which he vents:"
" Yet have I hence *affections*, and think."

Examples, indeed, of this nature would be endleſs; I ſhall therefore content myſelf with producing one more, from the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood:*

"You that executors be made,
"And *overſeers* eke."

In this paſſage the word *overſeers* is evidently and properly uſed as a quadriſyllable; and, in one black letter copy of the ballad, is accurately printed as ſuch, *overſeers*; which, if Shakſpeare's orthography ſhould ever be an editor's object, may ſerve as a guide for the regulation of the following line:

"The high *all-ſeer* that I dallied with."

Of the words quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, as inſtances of the liberty ſuppoſed to have been taken by Shakſpeare, thoſe which I admit to be properly a ſyllable ſhorter, certainly obtained the ſame pronunciation in the age of this author which he has annexed to them. Thus *country*, *monſtrous*, *remembrance*, *aſſembly*, were not only pronounced, in his time, the two firſt as *three*, the other as *four* ſyllables, but are ſo ſtill; and the reaſon, to borrow Mr. Tyrwhitt's words, "muſt be obvious to every one who can pronounce the language." *Henry* was not only uſually pronounced, (as indeed it is at preſent,) but frequently written as a triſyllable; even in proſe. Thus in Dr. Hutton's *Diſcourſe on the Antiquities of Oxford*, at the end of Hearne's *Textus Roſſenſis*, "*King Henery* the eights colledge." See, upon this ſubject, *Walliſii Grammatica*, p. 57. That Mr. Tyrwhitt ſhould have treated the words *angry*, *humbler*, *nobler*, uſed as triſyllables, among thoſe which could "receive no ſupport from the ſuppoſed canon," muſt have been owing to the obſcure or imperfect manner in which I attempted to explain it; as theſe are, unluckily, ſome of the identical inſtances which the canon, if a canon it muſt be, is purpoſely made to ſupport, or rather, by which it is to be ſupported: an additional proof that Mr. Tyrwhitt, though he might think it proper to reprobate my doctrine as "fanciful and unfounded," did not give himſelf the trouble to underſtand it. This canon, in ſhort, is nothing but a moſt plain and ſimple rule of Engliſh grammar, which has, in ſubſtance, at leaſt, been repeated over and over:—Every word, compounded upon the principles of the Engliſh or Saxon language, always preſerves its roots unchanged: a rule which, like all others, may be liable to exceptions, but I am aware of none at preſent. Thus *humbler* and *nobler*, for inſtance, are compoſed by the adjectives *humble*, *noble*, and *er*, the ſign of the comparative degree; *angry*, of the noun *anger*, and *y* the Saxon adjective termination *ig*. In the uſe of all theſe, as triſyllables, Shakſpeare is moſt correct; and that he is ſo leſs ſo in *England*, which uſed to be pronounced as three ſyllables, and is ſo ſtill, indeed, by thoſe who do not acquire the pronunciation of their mother tongue from the books of purbliud pedants, who

want themſelves the inſtruction they preteod to give, will be evident from the etymology and diviſion of the word, the *criteria* or touchſtooes of orthography. Now, let us divide *England* as we pleaſe, or as we can, we ſhall produce neither its roots nor its meaning; for what cao one make of the *land* of the *Engs* or the *gland* of the *Ens*? but write it as it ought to be written, and divide it as it ought to be divided, *En-gle-land*, (indeed it will divide itſelf, for there is no other way) aod you will have the ſenſe aod derivatioo of the word, as well as the origin of the natioo, at hrſt ſight; from the Saxon *Engla landa* the *land* or country of the *Engles* or *Angles:* juſt as *Scotland*, *Ireland*, *Finland*, *Lapland*, which neither ignorance nor pedantry has been able to corrupt, deſign the eountry of the *Scot*, the *Ire* the *Fin*, and the *Lap:* and yet io ſpite of all ſenſe and reaſon, about half the words in the language are io the ſame aukward and abſurd predicament, than which nothing cao be more diſtorted and unnatural; as, I am confideot it muſt have appeared to Mr. Tyrwhitt, had he voluntarily turned his attention that way, or adually attempted, what he haſtily thought would be very eaſy, to ſhew that this "ſuppoſed eanoo was quite faociful and unfounded;" or, in ſhort, as it will appear to any perſon, who tries to ſubjed the language to the rules of ſyllabicatioo, or in plainer Eogliſh to ſpell his words; a taſk which, however uſeful, and eveo neceſſary, no Dictionary-maker has ever dared to attempt, or, at leaſt, found it poſſible to execute. Indeed, the ſame kind of objection which Mr. Tyrwhitt has made to *my* ſyſtem might be, and, no doubt, has, by ſuperficial readers, been frequently made to *his own*, of inſertiog the final ſyllable in the genitives *Peneus's*, *Theſeus's*, *Venus's*, *ox's*, *aſs's*, *St. James's*, *Thomas's*, *Wallis's*, &c. and printing, as *he* has done, *Peneuſes*. *Theſeuſes*, *Venuſes*, *oxes*, *aſſes*, *St. Jameſes*, *Thomaſes*, *Walliſes*; an innovation neither leſs ſingular nor more juſt, thao the ooe I am contendiug for, io the eonjugation, or uſe in eompoſition, of *reſemble*, *wreſtle*, *whiſtle*, *tickle*, &c. But, as I am eonſcious that *I burn day-light*, ſo my readers are probably of opinion that *the game is not worth the candle:* I ſhall, therefore, take the hint; aod, to ſhew how much or little one would have occaſion, io adopting my ſyſtem, to deviate from the orthography at preſeot in uſe, I beg leave, in the few words I add, to introduce that which, as a cooſiderable eaſy aod laſtiog improvement, I wiſh to ſee eſtabliſhed. Tedious, then, as my note has become, and imperfed as I am obligeed to leave it, I flatter myſelf I have eompletely juſtifyed this divineeſt of authors from the ill founded charge of rackiog his words, as the tyrant did his captives. I hope too I have, at the ſame time, made it appear that there is ſomething radically defective aod erroneous io the vulgar methods of ſpelling, or rather miſſpelling; which requires correction. A lexieographer of emineoee and abilitys will have it

very much in his power to introduce a ſyſtematical reform, which, once eſtabliſhed, would remain unvaryed and invariable as long as the language endureed. This Dr. Johnſon might have had the honour of; but, learned and eloquent as he was, I muſt be permitted to think that a profound knowledge of the etymology, principles, and formation of the language he undertook to explain, was not in the number of thoſe many excellencys for which he will be long and deſerveedly admireed. RITSON.

THE END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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OF

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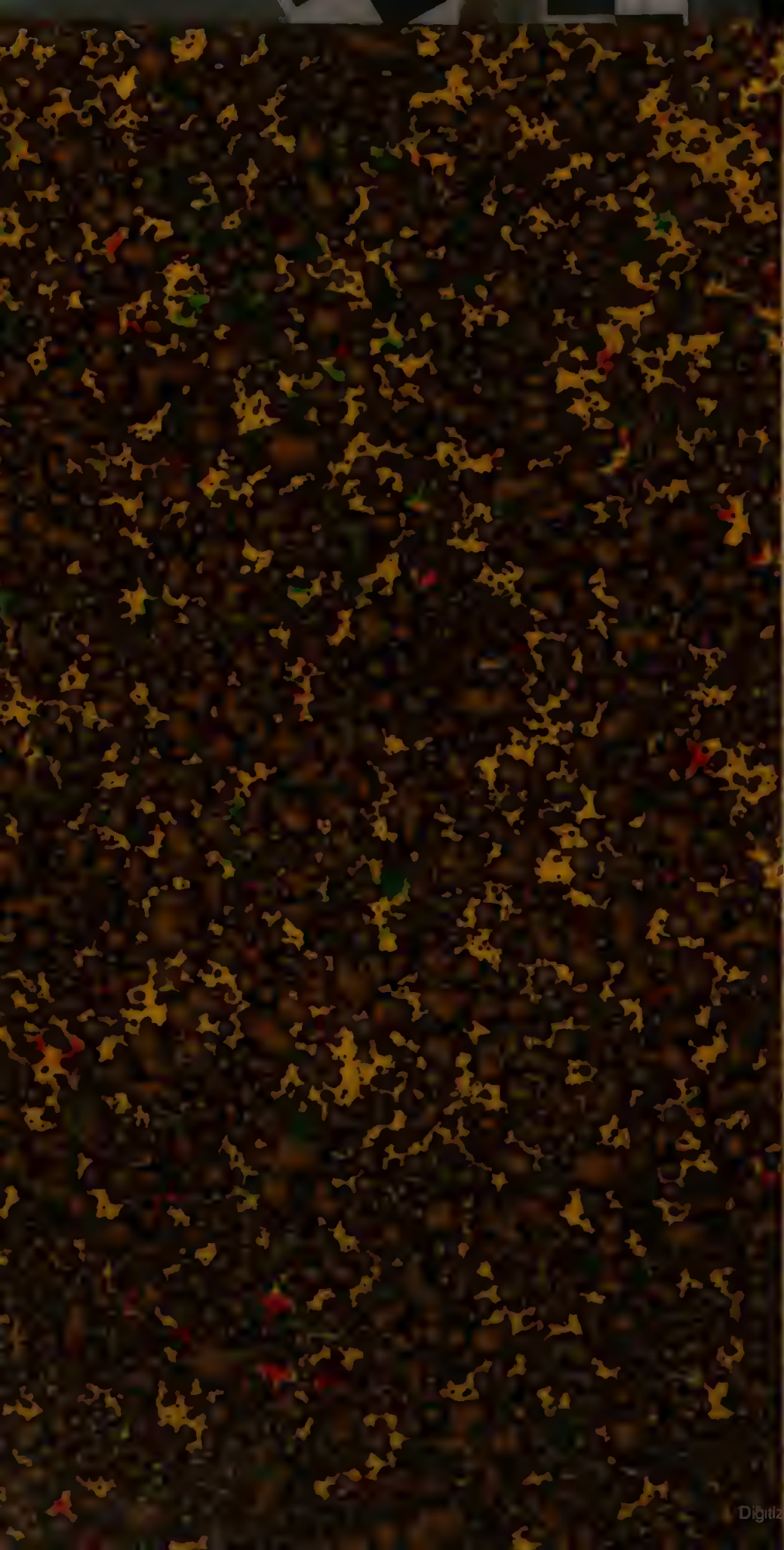
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